C. T.
Strickland



Queen Anne





LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.



Queen Anne ratifying the Union

VOL. VIII.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

From the Norman Conquest.

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LIVES

OF

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Life, as princess, under the reign of William III.—Retrospect of her proceedings immediately before her sister queen Mary's death—Princess Anne fears infection for her son—Removes him from the vicinity of Kensington—Influx of courtiers to visit her on Christmas-day, 1694—Emotion at hearing of her sister's death—Seeks reconciliation with her brother-in-law, William III.—Her letter of condolence to him—Interview at Kensington-palace—Alliance between the princess Anne and the king—Anecdote of her levees—Court honours permitted to her—Alteration of her correspondence with her father—Departure of William III.—Princess Anne recovers her health—Her hunting—Embarrassments regarding etiquette—Her domestic life and the education of her son the duke of Gloucester—Her maternal anxieties—Residence at Twickenham—Returns with him to Campden-house—Goes to an oculist in Bloomsbury—Morning interviews with her son at her toilet—Forbids his Welch usher to give him instruction—The princess writes a congratulatory letter to king William—His contemptuous neglect of it—Princess receives studied marks of disrespect from the king—She instigates parliamentary inquiry on his granting away the appanages of the princes of Wales—Disregard shown by the king to her rank—Princess is neglected in his drawing-room—Her part taken by the people.

The contest between good and evil does not affect the human mind so powerfully as the struggle between rights. The lives of the daughters of James II., placed in contradistinction to the Jacobite cause, present strong illustrations of this axiom of ethics. On either side, right has been loudly pleaded. In behalf of the daughters may be urged, that they found it requisite to support the interests of Protestantism against

their father and his religion. Many who believed in the actual danger of the church of England have sympathized with them, and will continue so to do; others will judge them according to the standard of common humanity and moral duty. It is this contest which invests the Jacobite cause with its undying interest.

Wheresoever the influence of royal personages has effected great changes in national property, the light of truth, respecting their private characters and motives, is prevented from dawning on historical biography for centuries after such persons have passed onward to eternity. The testimony of either losers or winners becomes suspicious, vested interests bias the recording pen; for which causes certain characters have remained enveloped like veiled idols, to which were offered clouds of incense in the semblance of baseless panegyric, or they were hooted at through countless pages of vituperation, in which facts are concealed with sedulous care. Slowly and surely, however, time does its appointed work. Royal personages, in stirring epochs, cannot always give their orders *vivâ voce;* letters and autographs are kept in self-defence by their agents, and these, given to the public long after the persons they would compromise—nay, even after their great-grandchildren—have passed away, cast the required light on characters purposely concealed. Lo! the veiled idols cast aside their mysterious shrouds, and assume the semblance of humanity—erring and perverse humanity, perchance, but yet more attractive and interesting than the mere abstract idea the political historian has given. They are thus seen, not as expediency has painted them, but as they were in life, subject to the same passions and infirmities as ourselves, and acting according to the impulses of anger, generosity, ambition, grief, tenderness, disappointment, revenge, and avarice. These impulses, of course, produced varied and even contradictory actions, which, however, when related according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, as much as possible in their very words, are found to blend together into a course of narrative by no means outraging probability, when one fact is viewed according to its connexion with another. Yet there are two

adverse parties in this country, each imagining that the continuous narrative of facts must be prejudicial to their present interests; each have chosen their political idols, or their reprobated characters, from the royal personages that have existed from the days of Henry VIII. It is most curious to watch the attempts of these parties to force the inexorable past to comply with fancied expediency,—conduct which has had the natural effect of hitherto exiling many important characters from their proper stations on the pages of historical biography, one party wholly refusing to listen to any wrong of its idol, and the other to any right of its victim. Now if the one faction insists upon snatching all the black, and the other all the white, which, classical metaphor affirms, make the blended thread of human life, where is an honest narrator, willing to present that mingled twine, to look for any material?

Away with these childish wranglings with the unalterable past! Facts regarding the queenly sisters, both of Tudor and of Stuart, remain extant, defying all attempts to stifle them, guarded in manuscript among our archives, or those of France. Incidents may be told maliciously or apologetically; in both cases the author's comment may stand in absurd contradiction to quoted authority, but these deviations from the majestic simplicity of rectitude will have the consequence of disgusting the public, and will ever render a narrative unreadable. Can a more absurd spectacle exist, than when the comments of writers appear at open war with the facts they have just cited from documents?

Although the parliamentary change in the law of the succession to the crowns of Great Britain did not permit the princess Anne to occupy her place for years as the natural heiress of her childless sister, Mary II., still the death of that queen drew the princess insensibly into a more ostensible position, and rendered her public life more important, notwithstanding her habitual feebleness of purpose, arising from infirm health and bad education. It has been shown, in the preceding biography, that the establishment of the princess Anne was merely like that of a private person, her sole distinction being

derived from her only child, who was recognised by parliament as heir to the throne after Mary II., William III., and herself. The princess, despite of her sister's remonstrances, pertinaciously continued to lavish favour on the lady Marlborough, and on lord Marlborough for her sake; she likewise continued to write letters professing duty and loyalty to her father, who, having suffered much from her previous conduct in the Revolution, was dubious regarding her sincerity. Her conduct as a wife and mother gives a more estimable view of her disposition, than her political career as a member of the royal family. Anne was perfect in all her conjugal and maternal duties, sacrificing even her personal ease to nurse and attend on her husband and son, when either was suffering from ill health. She was likewise a gentle and indulgent mistress to her dependants in her household, even to those whom she did not view with any particular favour. It is true that no evidence exists of her kindness or benevolence in the early period of her life, or the least trait of feminine tenderness or sympathy towards any living creature not included in the narrow circle of her home, neither is a single instance of charity quoted; but as such virtues appeared indisputably directly she emerged from under the overpowering dominion of the Marlboroughs, no doubt can exist that the imperious favourite kept the good qualities of her mistress as much in the shade, as she brought out her evil ones in strong relief.

At the close of 1694, the princess Anne was residing with her son at Campden-house, close to the back gate of Kensington-palace, in a state of health that precluded, not only invigorating exercise, but progression of any kind: she could only move as she was carried. When it was declared, on Christmas-day 1694, that her sister, queen Mary II., was dying of the smallpox, the first care of the princess Anne was to remove her child from the infected vicinity of Kensington-palace, where many of the royal household were suffering from the same pestilence which threatened to be fatal to the queen. At that period, the smallpox had neither been modified by the discovery of inoculation nor vaccination; there was no escape from its terrors but in flight. The prin-

cess Anne, therefore, had her son conveyed to her town residence, Berkeley-house, directly she ascertained the nature of the queen's malady. The princess herself was secure from danger, having in her youth encountered the disease, at the time of the marriage of her sister[1] with the prince of Orange in 1677.

When the recovery of the queen was declared utterly hopeless, vast crowds of the nobility and gentry then resident in London, in consequence of this report, took the opportunity of its being Christmas-day to pay their compliments of the season at Berkeley-house, and at the same time to make their court to the princess Anne.[2] Most of these flatterers had for years passed her by with utter neglect; but now, by swarming round her, indicated infallibly the sudden improvement in her prospects, owing to the mortal danger of her royal sister. Queen Mary's courtiers had previously affected to consider the probabilities of the prospects of Anne and her boy to the succession as very remote indeed; they had calculated that, according to all human chances, the sickly life of William III. would be but a short one, that his royal widow would marry again, and then it was possible that very great changes might happen regarding the heirs to the crown. It may be remembered, that queen Elizabeth was beset with a similar influx of visitors, who besieged her retreat at Hatfield when her sister queen Mary was at her last gasp: she always mentioned the circumstance with irrepressible disgust. Such movements seem to have been customary in English court routine, and courtiers had not improved in delicacy or disinterested attachment at the close of the seventeenth century.

Three days subsequent to this extraordinary influx of courtiers the princess Anne received the tidings of her sister's death. Her ungrateful favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, was certainly present when the news came, for she, when impelled by pique, afterwards asserted that the heart of the princess was hard, and that she never saw her shed a tear or manifest an emotion of tenderness, on that or any other occasion. A

[1] Life of Mary II., vol. vii. chap. i.
[2] Inedited MSS., Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

witness of humbler degree,[1] however, declares that the princess was deeply affected by the loss of her sister, and that she felt very bitter grief. He says that her tears were flowing fast when she sent for her little son, the duke of Gloucester, and communicated to him the demise of his royal aunt. On this occasion, Lewis Jenkins, who was the young duke's attendant in waiting at Berkeley-house, owns that he was much disappointed at the utter want of sympathy manifested by the child, whose insensibility to the loss of queen Mary, with whom he had been familiar as a frequent visitor and petted plaything, greatly scandalized all his mother's ladies.[2] But such is often the case, when similar communications are made to young children: "What should they know of death?" as Wordsworth pathetically asks. All they can be aware of is, that the person they have been used to meet returns no more; yet, if they actually witness mortal suffering, and the demise of one they have been accustomed to see, such grief and terror is more than their tender natures can bear. Insensibility to tidings of death is therefore a merciful dispensation of Providence in favour of children, and they ought not to be blamed for their usual indifference to facts, of which they cannot form an abstract idea; neither do they comprehend, that "to affect a sorrow though they feel it not," is a conventional decency that is expected from them. The young heir of England was at this time little more than five years old, and all that ought to be said is, that he received the important intelligence, which agitated every adult in the kingdom to which he was the reversionary successor, like every other infant of his age.

The personal aversion that William III. had ever displayed towards his sister-in-law, Anne, it is well known was met by equal loathing on her part; yet the dispensations of Providence had rendered the king in some degree dependent on the forbearance of her who was very lately the object, not only of his contempt, but of actual persecution. The princess was, however, in the most pitiable state of health, rendered

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester: Tracts, Brit. Museum.
[2] Ibid.

still more painful by muscular infirmity. Premature old age had fallen upon her; she was, moreover, suffering grief for the deplorable death of her sister,—perhaps not the less because Mary had departed in a state of enmity to her. The royal sisters had loved each other fondly, as well in early womanhood as in infancy, and every one knows that when such has been the case, if the grave closes over an object once loved and irrevocably lost, all the involuntary affections awake, and melt the soul into natural grief. Although but one simple-minded menial mentions the sorrow of Anne, yet his testimony may be implicitly believed, because it is in full accordance with her actions, and with the movements of the human heart. The desperate grief of William III. for the loss of his devoted wife was touching, even to one whom he had hated and persecuted, because he mourned for her on whose account the heart of the princess was sore and sad. It is certain that Anne took the first step in the reconciliation that ensued between herself and her brother-in-law, and it is as certain that it was wholly against the will and wishes of her imperious ruler, Sarah of Marlborough, who thus spoke her mind on the subject: "I confess, for my own part, that in point of respect to the king, (and to the queen when living,) I thought the princess did a great deal too much, and it often made me very uneasy."[1] This testimony is of some value in regard to the private character of the princess Anne, since it proves that she had always to strive against domestic tempters whenever she was desirous of doing her duty, if not to the king and queen, at least to the people of Great Britain, for the miseries arising from foreign war would have been infinitely aggravated by court factions flaming out into civil war.

William obstinately remained at Kensington-palace,[2] instead of following the usual royal etiquette of leaving the abode where death was triumphant to the defunct, and to the attendants presiding over the funeral ceremonials. No person, even those most familiar, dared break on his mental anguish, which was aggravated by the consciousness that he had not

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 112. [2] Ibid., p. 110.

only lost in Mary the most devoted wife and friend, but an indefatigable agent and able regal ruler, whose study it was to adorn him with the praise and credit due to her own great talents; and, with all this, he had lost the only shadow of hereditary right that pertained to his sceptre. Henceforth he felt that he should hold no higher rank in Great Britain than he had done in Holland,—that of a mere elective magistrate, "whom a breath had made, and a breath could unmake." Such was the mood in which, on the day of his dreadful bereavement, the king was sitting at the end of his closet at Kensington-palace, absorbed in an agony of grief more acute than could have been expected from his disposition. Lord Somers, whose private and personal interests were deeply connected with the support of William's regality, entered the room, but the king took not the least notice of him. Somers plunged at once into the cause of his intrusion, by proposing to terminate the hostility that the court had for years maintained against the princess Anne. "My lord, do what you will; I can think of no business," was the reply of the king.[1] Lord Somers took this sufferance for consent: he negotiated the reconciliation with the old treacherous courtier lord Sunderland, once, as we have seen, the object of the hatred of Anne;[2] he was now, in a manner of which history presents few examples, acting *incognito* as prime-minister, and as such he was the agent of the political armistice she concluded at once with the English government, and with her inimical brother-in-law, William III.

The princess Anne, by the advice of Sunderland, wrote to king William the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM III.[3]

"SIR,

"I beg your majesty's favourable acceptance of my sincere and hearty sorrow for your great affliction in the loss of the queen; and I do assure your majesty, I am as sensibly touched with this sad misfortune as if I had never been so unhappy as to have fallen into her displeasure.

---

[1] Letter of Mrs. Burnet to the duchess of Marlborough, quoted p. 58, vol. i. of Coxe's Life of Marlborough. We have vainly searched for the original.

[2] See her letters of extreme aversion regarding Sunderland and his wife, addressed to her sister Mary, quoted chapter ii. vol. vii.

[3] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 108.

"It is my earnest desire your majesty would give me leave to wait upon you as soon as it can be without inconveniency to you, and without danger of increasing your affliction, that I may have the opportunity myself, not only of repeating this, but of assuring your majesty of my real intentions to omit no occasion of giving you constant proofs of my sincere respect and concern for your person and interest, as becomes, sir,

"Your majesty's affectionate sister and servant,

"ANNE."

This formal and rather polished missive brings direct evidence that queen Mary actually died at enmity with her sister, for it mentions her displeasure without the least allusion to any reconciliation having taken place between them. The letter must be considered as a mere piece of state-machinery, conducive to the coalition of two political parties, and by no means illustrative of Anne's personal feeling. The favourable reception of her royal highness's condolence was negotiated by archbishop Tennison, who probably presented it to the king, as from this time that prelate took an active part in this treaty of amnesty. The circumstance of the deceased queen having confided to the charge of archbishop Tennison the casket that contained her letter of remonstrance to the king, concerning the anguish that his preference of her maid Elizabeth Villiers had given her during the whole of her married life,[1] caused that prelate to exercise extraordinary power over William III. at this crisis, and indeed for the rest of his life. Irritable and impracticable as the king was in regard to all remonstrance, or even implied contradiction, he permitted henceforth the archbishop to use great freedom in lecturing him.

The letter of the queen has hitherto eluded research. The only historian[2] who ever read it did not deem it *proper* for publication, neither could he comprehend the allusions the queen made to persons unknown. Had her majesty been less reserved in her lifetime, it is possible that her husband would have altered his conduct, especially after their establishment in England, since, in deference to Dr. Tennison's remonstrance, he actually broke his *public* intimacy with Elizabeth Villiers, and about a twelvemonth afterwards gave her in marriage to a nobleman base enough to take her.[3] It is said, in

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence. [2] Sir John Dalrymple.

[3] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by Coxe. Elizabeth Villiers married lord George Hamilton fifth son of the duke of Hamilton. William III. created him

the course of the same year, that the lady expressed herself greatly surprised why she never saw the king after the death of the queen.[1] As her majesty had endured her wrongs silently while in life, it seems enigmatical why she should make her complaints known, not only to her unfaithful husband when remedy was impossible, but to the newly appointed archbishop, Tennison, to whom they were both almost personal strangers.[2] There can be but one explanation: the queen must have dreaded lest her husband should marry her rival, and took this means of preventing it. In the course of a few months after the marriage of Elizabeth to Orkney, the king was as intimate with her as ever, and she was as busy

earl of Orkney, the worthy pair being enriched by the spoils the wife had gathered from her royal paramour. All that is known regarding the personal qualifications of the rival of Mary II., is left by the graphic pen of lady Mary Wortley Montague: "Mrs. Villiers had no beauty, but she contrived to thaw the phlegmatic heart of William III., and make him very bountiful, by granting her the private estates in Ireland belonging to his uncle, James II. After the death of her royal lover she became a high tory, if not a Jacobite, and was very busy with Harley and Swift in expelling the whigs." Swift calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and leaves her portrait as a legacy in his will. We presume it did not exactly correspond with that sketched by lady Mary, whose wit was equalled, if possible, by her malice. She describes her walking at George II.'s coronation: "She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably lady Orkney; she displayed a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and no little corpulence. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual." So far lady Mary; but she does not finish the most noted portion of the lady Orkney's adventures at the accession of George II., but left it to a wit wickeder than herself, Horace Walpole, who affirms that lady Orkney thought fit to present herself in queen Caroline's drawing-room which succeeded the coronation with two ladies, her equals in an evil notoriety, being the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, then in extreme old age, and Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester. As was natural, the virtuous matronage of England left these women to their own society, and they found themselves forming a triangular group, and standing by themselves. Their isolation was noted by the coarse audacity of Catharine Sedley with a loud laugh, and an exclamation, in her own shameless phraseology, at the odd chance that had brought three women of their character all together in the same room. Lady Orkney's remarkable rencontre with the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Dorchester in queen Caroline's coronation drawing-room, seems the last public act of her eventful life.

[1] Devonshire MSS.; letters of lady Halifax, 1695.

[2] The resemblance between the names of "archbishop Tillotson" and "archbishop Tennison" has led our Edinburgh reviewer into an odd historical mistake; but Tennison really was a personal stranger to both the king and queen, as Burnet expressly points out, owing to the sudden death of his predecessor Tillotson, the intimate friend of both majesties.

in public affairs;[1] but to prevent the animadversions of archbishop Tennison and the English court, the lady took the trouble of meeting his majesty at Loo.

Archbishop Tennison did not confine his exertions to the reproof and conviction of the sin, which her late majesty had commissioned him to bring home to her husband, during the first consternation occasioned by her loss, for bishop Kennet informs us that "His grace the new archbishop of Canterbury, on this favourable opportunity to reconcile the royal family, represented to his majesty the prudent and loyal conduct of her royal highness and the prince of Denmark during their recess from court; that they had been so far from giving any obstruction to his majesty's affairs, that they were always in the same public measures with him; and that those members of either house of parliament who had places [in their households], had always appeared forward in promoting his majesty's interest." All this the king knew to be mere factless verbiage, although archbishop Tennison might believe it to be true. King William was as well aware as those who have read our transcripts of Anne's letters, and those of her confidant, Marlborough, to St. Germains, what was the real nature of their devotion to his interest. His majesty, however, with his usual sagacious appreciation of minds of their cast, placed surer reliance on their fidelity to their own interests, which were at this juncture inextricably linked with his own. The archbishop therefore offered the foregoing reasons "as comment on the letter of the princess," not only without interruption, "but worked so effectually on the heart of the king, that, as a mark of his favour and affection, he did immediately present her royal highness with most of the late queen's jewels; and his sorrow for the loss of so good a wife was, in some measure, alleviated by the reconcilement of so kind a sister."[2] The bishop of Peterborough, who records this remarkable pacification, lived too near the time to view events in their true light. According to an

[1] Bibl. Birch, vol. 4245, p. 108.

[2] White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough, p. 674, vol. iii. He does not mention either the date of the visit of Anne, or the visit itself.

inedited authority of some importance,[1] the interview took place the day *before* the king received the condolences of parliament on the death of the queen. Whensoever reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William took place, the time was appointed through the intervention of archbishop Tennison.[2]

The princess came to Campden-house, and from thence was carried in a sedan-chair to Kensington-palace. It was impossible for her to walk a step; her sedan and bearers, therefore, brought her into the very presence of the royal widower. Lewis Jenkins was in waiting at that time as one of her ushers; he walked by the side of the sedan of her royal highness, and as she could not move without assistance, he was perforce witness to the first meeting of these kindred enemies. "When the princess waited on the king at Kensington-palace," says Lewis, "her royal highness was forced to be carried up stairs in her chair to the presence-chamber. I, as was my duty, opened the door of her chair, and upon her entering, the king came and saluted her. She told his majesty, in faltering accents, that 'she was truly sorry for his loss.' The king replied, that 'he was much concerned for hers.' Both were deeply affected, and could not refrain from tears, or speak distinctly. The king then handed the princess *in*, who stayed with him three-quarters of an hour."[3] The interview of the bereaved sister and husband probably took place in the king's private sitting-room, or closet, since it was strictly private. Had it proceeded in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears would have been on lawful duty, and the whole conference would have been matter of history; instead of which, no particulars further than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired. But the commonest capacity can divine, that then and there the widower king and his sister-cousin came to an understanding that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the duke of Gloucester, without his majesty and her royal highness suppressed all memory of the mutual injuries they had

[1] Jacobite Portfolio; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.
[2] Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, Brit. Museum. [3] Ibid.

inflicted, and stifled the disgusts which each felt against the other, and combined their personal and political interests once more against James II. and his son. King William was even reduced to submit to an amnesty with the object of his moral contempt and loathing, the earl of Marlborough, who was undoubtedly in diplomatic co-operation with his old ally, Sunderland, throughout the whole movement, although he durst not appear ostensibly in it, because his imperious wife had set her face against it.

There is no inconsistency in attributing to William III. the contempt he never attempted to conceal for such deeds as led Marlborough and his wife to the ascent of the ladder of wealth and ambition. Whether the royal diplomatist ever scanned his own conduct with equal severity, is another question; but it was among the peculiarities of his singular character to be minutely fastidious regarding honour, fidelity, truth, high spirit, and integrity in man, as well as of virtue, beauty, grace, and fine temper in woman. Perhaps it was part of the punishment of the crowned politician, to see himself, before he left this world, deprived of or deserted by the few he loved or esteemed, and allied with all he despised and abhorred. The faithful friend of his youth, Bentinck lord Portland, for some mysterious reasons withdrew himself from all possible communication with his once-beloved master, and after the peace of Ryswick seldom visited him, excepting on formal business. History tells us that Bentinck was out of favour with William III.; but the true sources and well-springs of biography will show, in the course of a few pages,—thanks to the candour and liberality of one of England's greatest nobles, who has thrown open to us those in his keeping,—that William III. was out of favour with Bentinck, and that no courting, no solicitation could win this only surviving friend back to his former habits of confidential affection, although, when urged, he sometimes held conferences with him. Bentinck was, at this juncture, consulted officially regarding his opinion of the pacification between his king and the princess Anne and her partisans; his response was, an earnest warning against any trust being put in the professions

of either the princess or the Marlboroughs. Nevertheless, the fact that lord Marlborough was one of the high contracting powers of this political reconciliation, is proved by one of the duke of Shrewsbury's letters to admiral Russell. "Since," he says, "the death of Queen Mary, and the reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William,[1] the court of the latter is as much crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his majesty and his government, and our friend Marlborough, who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continuance of this union. He has not yet kissed the king's hand."[2] It was not probable that king William, oppressed as he was with personal grief and political care, could endure the intrusion of the man for whom his scorn and dislike had hitherto proved uncontrollable; and if William III. had heretofore abhorred Marlborough, before he had received aught but benefit from him, purely for his treachery to James II., what could have been his feelings towards him after he had betrayed Tollemache and his troops to slaughter at Camaret-bay? However, time was given to the king to stifle the indignation which his own line of conduct scarcely justified him in manifesting, and the change of his affairs, by the death of his queen, obliged his majesty to be subsequently, not only tolerant to lord Marlborough, but, if we may trust printed history, courteous and caressing.

The house of peers went in a body to Kensington-palace, on Monday, 31st of December, and presented his majesty with an address, deploring the death of the queen:[3]—

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with inexpressible grief, humbly assure

[1] The duchess of Marlborough says the interview took place quickly after the queen's death. Macpherson does not mention it; neither does White Kennet describe or date the interview. Barnard relates it before he quotes the addresses, on which he bestows no date. Lewis Jenkins seems to imply that the interview between the king and princess took place within a few hours of the queen's death. The inedited paper in the Jacobite Portfolio, found for us by the kind exertion of M. Champollion, Bib. du Roi, Paris, says it took place the day *before* the parliamentary addresses, and the natural current of circumstances leads us to believe that this is the truth. In general history the date is not mentioned: Burnet slurs over the whole occurrence.

[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Papers.

[3] White Kennet's Hist. vol. iii. p. 674.

your majesty of the deep sense we have of the loss your majesty and the whole kingdom doth sustain by the death of that excellent princess, our late sovereign lady the queen, most humbly beseeching your majesty that you would not indulge your grief on this sad occasion to the prejudice of the health of your royal person, in whose preservation, not only the welfare of your own subjects, but all Europe, is so much concerned."

To this address his majesty was pleased to give this "decent answer:"—

"I heartily thank you for your kindness to me, but much more for the sense you show of our great loss, which is above what I can express."

The house of commons arrived in person the same afternoon at Kensington, with an address similar to that of the lords, but longer and more laudatory in regard to the queen, recommending, withal, attention to his own preservation with greater earnestness. To which the royal widower was pleased to reply,—

"Gentlemen, I take very kindly your care of me, especially at this time, when I am able to think of nothing but our great loss."[1]

January passed on, but the royal widower remained still inconsolable, for the pitying duke of Shrewsbury, while bewailing his own complication of personal maladies, wrote again to admiral Russell,—

"You will excuse me not writing to you with my own hand, which I can scarcely do at present. Certainly, there never was any one more really and universally lamented than the queen, but the king particularly has been dejected beyond what could be imagined; but I hope he begins to recover out of his great disorder, and that a little time will restore him to his former application to business.[2] . . . . . .

"The misfortunes of my own, joined with the affliction his majesty has been under, and still expresses to a passionate degree, has hindered me from making any steps towards what you commanded me in your late letters. I dare not yet be too bold in writing to him."[3]

The concourse of courtiers that flocked to Berkeley-house, for the purpose of worshipping the rising fortunes of the princess Anne and her son, excited the derision of the party that had remained stanch to their interests while their prospects were not so promising. A ludicrous incident occurred at one of these levees. Lord Caernarvon, a nobleman who was considered as half-witted, felt some jealous astonishment when he saw the crowds that filled the reception-rooms of the

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.
[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, pp. 218, 219. [3] Ibid., p. 218.

princess, which occasioned him to say aloud, as he stood close to her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember, that I always came to wait on you when none of this company did."[1] This speech caused a great deal of mirth, which was not decreased by the fact, that some of the time-servers appeared out of countenance.

The pacification between the princess and the king had not occurred too soon, for the adversaries of the revolutionary government had already begun to moot the point of whether Anne was not, at this period, queen of Great Britain and Ireland *de facto?* On this question, agitated by M. Renaud, French minister for Jacobite affairs, a reply was made to him from the French cabinet, emanating apparently from James II.: "The *king*[2] finds your reflections on the death of the princess of Orange well founded; but it appears that, if the declarations of the lords and commons, assembled at Westminster February 13, 1689, are examined thoroughly, one cannot come to the same conclusion as you do; namely, 'that the princess Anne has been queen ever since the 7th of this month,[3] the day of the death of her sister the *princess of Orange,* [Mary II.], and that the prince of Orange, as a naturalized Englishman, is *her subject,*' since it is said by this act, 'that the exercise of the royal power will be vested solely in his person, but in the names of both the prince and princess of Orange;' and such was during their lives. We shall discuss this matter more at large when we come to Paris, which will be next week. I have the idea, as well as you, that there is somewhat to be done, for I cannot lose all hope of the good intentions of the English."

The people at large, in fact, testified many symptoms of what was called, by the king over the water, "good intentions." Wheresoever the terrors of the standing army did not extend, as in Norwich, Warwick, and many other distant provincial places, the populace were agitated with the convulsive

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

[2] Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris: inedited MS.

[3] New style is here reckoned. According to the computation of time then used in England, Mary II. died December 28, old style; the despatch is dated ...nuary 21, 1695, N.S.

throes of civil war. Lancashire was in open revolt. The Jacobites in St. Germains and Great Britain believed that the English would never practically suffer their sceptre to pass from Anne, the next Protestant heir, to a king who was merely elective. The example of the elective kingdom of Poland, then tottering to its fall, was not an inviting one to any part of the people, who were not likely to draw pecuniary profit from the liberty of electing kings. The preceding centuries had witnessed in the Germanic empire similar miseries to those which were even then desolating Poland. These were motives which would have impelled many persons to join the party of the princess Anne, rather than suffer any precedent to exist for subjecting England to the frequent recurrence of the corrupting anarchy which is the constant scourge of nations whose rulers are elective. Many of the Jacobites would have joined the party of the princess Anne from a romantic idea that her first movement would have been, if placed on the throne, to resign in favour of her father and brother, since her letters to her father were generally known among the party. Such considerations may serve to show how formidable was the crisis, which passed favourably owing to the prompt pacification of king William and the daughter of James II. Arrests of the most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled queen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and, like that bird, he still flew free from danger himself. "Mr. Oglethorpe," wrote the indefatigable Renaud,[1] "has almost entirely supported Crosby in prison, who has confided to him the letters [to the Jacobites] in England, which have since been destroyed by that gentleman. Oglethorpe has since aided the escape of divers of our people; among others, of a young lady, a relative of *Mr. Jones*,[2] who has been employed in sundry political messages seldom confided to persons of her sex. All this became known to the

[1] Inedited MS., Bib. du Roi, Paris; dated Jan. 19, 1695, N.S.

[2] King James, who is often thus designated in ciphered correspondence.

prince of Orange [William III.], who gave orders to arrest her, and she was thrown in prison."

The Gazette now began to bear witness to the king's recognition of the rank of the princess Anne, by the insertion of such notices as the following, which were the visits of condolence for the death of her sister, queen Mary, paid her by all the foreign ministers resident in London:—"January 31st, 1694. This evening count Aversberg, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor, had his first audience of her royal highness the princess of Denmark, as also of the prince, being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, master of the ceremonies; and the viscount de Font Arcada, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Portugal, was conducted to his audience of their royal highnesses in the same manner."[1]

The only son of the princess Anne was considered by the world promising in person as well as intellect; and though the princess knew his health was fragile, yet she had seen too many transitions from pining infancy to robust adolescence wholly to despair of one day beholding the coronal of the principality circle the brow of her Gloucester. Such expectations once more hardened the heart of the princess Anne to its original temperature towards her father and the rival prince of Wales. Her penitent letters to her exiled parent having been merely instigated by revenge against William III., her actions now proved that she found it more profitable to be the friend than the foe of the monarch of the Revolution. The princess, nevertheless, continued the correspondence with her father, and even continued to make promises which she intended not to fulfil. James II. was not deceived when this second alliance with his enemy took place, for he thus notes the circumstance in the journal of his life:[2] "The princess

[1] There are many other paragraphs concerning audience to envoys who waited on the princess on this occasion; it is thought not worth while to copy any more,—the Spanish, Danish, Dutch, &c.

[2] Life of James II. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 244. It is desirable to mention that these notations, which described the deposed king's inmost thoughts and feelings, are of a more personal nature than the memoir of public events edited by the rev. Stanier Clark, and published under the patronage of his late majesty George IV. His faithful servant, Nairne, preserved the s advice to his son Berwick, which is one of his best literary productions, s totally free from any doctrinal bigotry. It is a solemn warning "not to

Anne, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, appeared now to be more satisfied that the prince of Orange [William III.] should remain, though he had used her ill and usurped on her rights, than that her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression should be restored. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for him. He was much afflicted at the manner of his eldest daughter's death." He adds, "that he made no effort to disturb the revolutionary government when it took place."

The state funeral of the late queen did not occur until March 5, 1694-5. No part was taken in this high ceremonial by the princess Anne, or even by her husband.[1] The duchess of Somerset filled the place of the former as chief mourner; this precedency devolved on the duchess as the wife of the duke of Somerset, surnamed the Proud, who was first peer of the English blood-royal, by descent from lady Katharine Gray. The princess Anne herself, had there been no other reasons, could not follow as chief mourner; she was actually unable to walk, being infirm and unwieldy in person from a complication of dropsical maladies. Her sufferings were, however, supported by the hope that she was once more likely to increase her family, in which she was finally deceived.[2] The reasons of the exclusion of prince George of Denmark from the precedence at the royal funeral which his rank and affinity as a near kinsman of Mary II. demanded, (if only their mutual descent from Frederic II. of Denmark[3] be considered,) has never been

follow his example in sinning, but in repenting." Nairne appends, in explanation of the paper, "It was the constant practice of my royal master, James II., ever since he first appeared in the world, to write short notes from time to time of all that was remarkable in the affairs wherein he had any share; these memoirs of events, which occurred before his last escape out of England, have been happily preserved, although writ on loose papers, and they may possibly serve hereafter as materials for an authentic and complete history of his life, they being safely kept, by his majesty's order, in the library of the Scotch college at Paris. But these writ by him since the Revolution are of a different nature from the former. In the first, he sets down what passed abroad in the world wherein he was concerned; in these, he describes what passed within his own soul. It may be truly said that his own picture is to be seen in them drawn to the life, as it was in his later days."

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 682. [2] Lewis Jenkins.

[3] Father of Anne of Denmark, Mary II.'s great-grandmother, and of Christiern IV., prince George's great-grandfather.

explained. Among the banners carried round the royal defunct which marked her alliance with the royal blood of Europe, that of Denmark seems to have been omitted.[1] Although Mary survived archbishop Tillotson but a month, she had faithfully redeemed her promise to him, by settling a pension on his widow.[2] Mrs. Tillotson was left but in narrow circumstances, for the archbishop, her husband, had possessed his great preferment little more than three years. In the course of this short period, the example of the great charity of his predecessors, Sheldon and Sancroft, had been followed as far as the actual maintenance of a wife and family would permit; therefore he left no fortunes for them from the goods of the church.

The king, who had no longer the partner of his throne to rely on as his faithful regent in his absence, was forced to submit to the loss of most of the power that the Revolution had left to the royal functions; nevertheless, there was no intention manifested of giving the princess Anne any share in the government, during the long absences of his majesty as general of the confederated armies of Spain and Germany against France. In fact, the English oligarchy, since the death of Mary II., had attained the object which the writings of Marvel, Shaftesbury, and many other of the minor political pamphleteers had long aimed at. The regal power was vested in a council of nine, after the model of the Venetian Council of Ten. Among the governing junta of nine regents was included the archbishop of Canterbury. A long lapse of years had intervened since any prelate had shared in the government of this country. The step was probably taken in consideration of the deep veneration testified by the princess Anne for the church, and on the calculation that her royal highness was not likely, during the king's absence, to unsettle, by the agency of her faction, any administration in which an archbishop of Canterbury was concerned. That influential class,

[1] White Kennet gives a minute account of the ceremonial, but makes no mention of the prince of Denmark, or of any alliance of the queen by blood with the Danish royal family being manifested by banner or bannerol,—vol. iii. p. 682.

[2] Ibid.

the writers of doggerel lampoons, vented their spleen on this occasion, by an abusive epigram to the following effect:—

"THE NINE KINGS.

"Will's wafted to Holland on some state intrigue,
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,
He cantoned his kingdoms, and left them to Nine,—
Eight ignorant peers and a blockish divine."[1]

The princess Anne slowly recovered her health, and with it the use of her limbs and power of progression without assistance. She made efforts to suppress, by the violent exercise of hunting, and by the practice of cold bathing, the tendency to corpulence which her habits of self-indulgence had brought upon her. Some traditionary traces still remain that such was the case. A bath-house, in a shabby old street between Soho-square and Long-acre, named 'New Bolton-street,' has lately been laid open in the course of the improvements in St. Giles's; it is called by tradition 'queen Anne's bath.' The water is considered very salubrious, and is brought by pipes from Hampstead to a well-constructed bath in the aforesaid street, neatly finished with Dutch tiles, and retaining the traditional name of 'queen Anne's bath' to this hour. It is nevertheless improbable that Anne resorted to this place when she was in possession of the palace of St. James and all its appurtenances, either before or after her disgrace with king William: it was most likely her occasional bath-room when she resided at Berkeley-house.

In regard to exercise, the princess Anne, whensoever the muscular infirmity occasioned by access of gout and dropsy did not incapacitate her, was as indefatigable a huntress as queen Elizabeth. Anne had, from an early period of life, been accustomed to pursue this diversion with her father in the parks of Richmond and Windsor. After she had been barred, by the enmity of her brother-in-law and sister, from all approach to Windsor-castle and park, she purchased a cottage lodge not far from the royal residence,[2] and every summer hunted the stag in Windsor forest. There is a noble

[1] MS. Harleian.

[2] Duchess of Marlborough's MSS.; Coxe Papers, British Museum.

oak among its glades which used to have a brass plate affixed to it, intimating that it was called 'queen Anne's oak,' for beneath its branches she was accustomed to mount her horse for the chase, and view her officials and dogs assembled for the stag-hunt.[1] But these equestrian feats had been discontinued since the birth of the duke of Gloucester, her enormous increase of size having precluded them. Anne, whether as queen or princess, after that period followed the chase in a light one-horse chair, constructed to hold only herself, and built with enormously high wheels.[2] In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting-equipage she has been known to drive her fine strong hackney forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon. It is well-known that Louis XIV. and his successors, during the last century, were accustomed to hunt in the forests of St. Germain and Fontainebleau in phætons and cabriolets; how matters were arranged between them and the stag in such cases, we leave those more learned in field-sports than ourselves to decide. Notwithstanding the straight avenues in which the chases and forests of France are cut, likewise those of Hampton-Court and Windsor to imitate them, the chaise-hunting of Anne, and the phæton-hunting of the French kings and their courts, remain to us historical mysteries.

Whilst the king was absent, (and he never remained a whole year in England,) the case became rather embarrassing how the council of regency were to conduct themselves, if they happened to be by any chance altogether in the presence of the princess Anne, and, as most of them were her particular friends, and held the great state-offices, this was not unlikely. As the whole together represented the majesty of the English government and sovereignty, it was according to etiquette for them to sit, and the princess to stand in their presence. This dilemma was, however, successfully modified, by observing that a quorum (or four members) of this body never entered collectively the presence of the princess, who was thus able to retain her seat at her own receptions, as three persons of the council of regency were not entitled to this homage.[3] Anne,

[1] Pyne's Palaces.
[2] Swift notes this practice only a few months before her death.
[3] Roger Coke, p. 126, vol. iii.

who was herself the most rigorous observer of court etiquette, expressed her obligation to the lord keeper for this considerate arrangement.

It has been asserted, that when the princess paid her remarkable visit of condolence to the king, his majesty had formally invited her to take up her residence at St. James's-palace, the usual abode of the heir to the throne of Great Britain. Years, nevertheless, intervened before she left Berkeley-house, which was but a hired dwelling, to take possession of the ancient palace of her ancestors, when an event occurred of an extraordinary nature: the princess had before been plundered by highwaymen; she was now robbed by burglars. The mysterious disappearance of her great silver cistern, worth 750*l.*, from Berkeley-house, was advertised in 'the Postman' in the spring of 1695. It was discovered in the possession of a distiller of some wealth at Twickenham, who was afterwards tried and convicted of the robbery.

The young duke of Gloucester continued to reside at Campden-house, on account of its salubrity and its bracing air, which was withal so mild, that in sheltered spots in the grounds the wild olive,[1] being planted, was seen growing vigorously, and enduring the severity of English winters and springs. The health of the young prince, who was the hope of protestant England, was of so very precarious a nature, that it was desirable to keep him, not only in the most salubrious locality, but as much retired as possible from the view of the people, whose attention had been, since the death of queen Mary, anxiously directed towards him. The real cause of the little prince's ill health was water on the brain. "His head was extremely long and large," says his biographer, "which made him very difficult to be fitted with a peruke!" His hat, poor infant! at five years old, was large enough for most men. It was the terrific malady of hydrocephalus that prevented him from walking freely, long after the time when children usually run alone. The complaint seems to have been little understood, because when, ever and anon, the suffering child craved the assistance of

[1] Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, first edition; *art.* olea.

two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water at such times gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years. She led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so;"[1] he obstinately refused to stir, without being led by at least one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone. The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid.[2] The whole circumstance was revolting, for the difficulty is, in general, to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in its exuberance of animal spirits. Great indeed must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle induced by cruelty have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary, it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The cruelty in that era regarding education was one of its most disgusting and demoralizing features, too much of which is still retained in public schools; but such discipline exercised towards children in health seems light indeed, when compared to the regimen prescribed and administered by the prince of Denmark to his infirm child, in his utter ignorance of the physiology of disease. The prince, probably, was stimulated by his dread of the lampoons and caricatures which had become efficient weapons of party attack in England. Since the day

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester: Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

when Shaftesbury promulgated an axiom worthy of him, that "ridicule is the test of truth," lampoons had become positively atrocious at the close of the eighteenth century. Every calamity that poor frail human nature is heir to was held up to public scorn, in the most loathsome language or coarsest limning, by hired party scrawlers, who, merciless as demons, were as active in calumny at that era, as persons of the same fraternity were, subsequently, in the French revolution. We may be proud of the age we live in, when the tone of the periodical press of the present day is contrasted with the party strife in those centuries, which, in its malignant spirit of assault, spared no human suffering, and neither considered age nor sex if it could excite that species of mirth which debases the human face far below the brutes, to whom laughter is denied. Prince George of Denmark knew that the worst of the Jacobites in England would retaliate on his child all the brutalities that were daily issued against 'the young Pretender,' if his infirmity in walking became matter of public discussion.

The habits of life of the little duke of Gloucester had been strangely divided between the feminine cherishing and petting that the princess, his mother, and her ladies thought needful to preserve his fragile existence, and the rudeness and ferocity which the prince, his father, considered ought to be inculcated into the mind and manners of the heir of a kingdom, where the cry of war prevailed over every other sound, and where brute strength and animal bravery were valued far above wisdom, benevolence, and even that majestic attribute of royalty,—moral courage. The father, it has been seen, sought to whip a dire disease out of the young prince; the princess, on the contrary, if she only saw him totter as he crossed the room, expressed by the fading of her colour and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony.[1] During the spring and summer of the same year when prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady craved, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preter-

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

natural exertions to seem robust and rollicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their due. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the evident one; even the smell of some harmless leeks was supposed by the sapient establishment of the prince and princess to have given him a fever.

The princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's-day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welch usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts: he then, being thoroughly tired, threw himself down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden-house[1] among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks on St. David's-day. Doubtless the Jacobites, of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for from Oxford, at fiery speed. The princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, declared that the young duke had a fever, but he recovered in nine days. The fever was, however, soon succeeded by a relapse, which again confined the child to his bed. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys; while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed,—probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father,—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications builded by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying. Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys, (filling at that time the office of privy-purse in the household at Campden-house,) thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up toys since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started the idea that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces,—an execution which was instantly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The next notion adopted was, that the messenger ought to receive condign punishment for the crime of bringing a doll to the hope of England. Wetherby, the chairman, however, taking warning by the ungracious reception of the present, had not waited for this determination, but decamped, and rushing down Campden-hill, had taken refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington town. In the course of the afternoon he was discovered and captured, and being detained all night in prison, the duke of Gloucester[1] ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence, which he pronounced. Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy, because he had been the foremost in playing off similar practical jokes on others, for the amiable pastime of the heir to the British throne. When Wetherby was half-drowned with his shower-baths, his tormentors drew him on the horse into the bed-room of the sick duke of Gloucester, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woful condition.

The princess was extremely solicitous that her young son should never repeat any vulgar or profane expressions in his conversation; her precepts on which head, it may be supposed, were not much heeded while he witnessed similar amusements conducted by Robin Church and Dick Drury,

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

the drunken and swearing coachmen, aided by the running footmen and chairmen of the palace, such functionaries being, in that era, many grades less civilized than their class at the present day. The fruits of this companionship soon were manifest by the conversation of the infant prince, which was garnished with expressions very startling to the ladies of the household of the princess. The duchess of Northumberland,[1] when one day visiting her royal highness, was greeted by the little duke, in return for her caresses, with some expletives, which were any thing but appropriate to courtly circles. The princess Anne was roused by this incident into strict inquiry as to the persons that had corrupted the conversation of her little son. She was told that he learned his ill language by hearing his small soldiers "becall one another."[2] After the evil had taken root, the princess in vain exercised almost teasing vigilance respecting its recurrence; but coarse and profane language on the lips of a child in those days, was considered to give hopeful promise of a warlike manhood. One day her royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "confounded dry."—"Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury,"[3] whispered the duke of Gloucester to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down stairs. Mamma," added he aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet-visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess, his mother, demanded "who he had heard speak in that manner?"—"Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child; "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it." Surrounded as the royal boy was with attendants, having a preceptor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he appears to have learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident. Prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock by his preceptor, Mr. Pratt, be-

[1] Wife of George Fitzroy, duke of Northumberland, Anne's illegitimate kinsman.

[2] Lewis Jenkins. [3] The duke of Gloucester's coachman.

fore he took his reading lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused to give his attention, simply because he could not understand what they meant. That no explanation had been given to him, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in the summer of 1695. The princess inquired for houses at Epsom, Richmond, and Hampstead; at last, her own early reminiscences led her to prefer Twickenham, but she no longer had the command of the old palace where she was nursed. She was offered, for her son's household and her own, a pleasant mansion, an adjunct formerly belonging to the queen's manor-house opposite to Twickenham church, held in crown-lease from Catharine of Braganza by Mrs. Davies, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was aunt to the old earl of Berkeley, and consequently great-aunt to the governor of the little prince, lord Fitzharding. She was devout, and lived an ascetic life on herbs and fruit, although a lady of family and property. Simple as were her habits, she enjoyed a healthy and cheerful old age. All the fields and hedgerows of the estate, consisting of sixteen acres, she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable owner gave the individuals of the princess's household leave to gather as much fruit as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." The caution was not misplaced, for the young duke of Gloucester's regiment of boys followed him to Twickenham; but their exercises were confined to the ait in the Thames, nearly opposite the church. When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and offer them to their aged hostess in payment for rent and for the trouble which she and her people had given, but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, pressed the payment on her, and put the guineas in her lap; but Mrs.

Davies persisted in her refusal, and rising up, let the gold she rejected roll to all corners of the room, leaving the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The princess Anne was astonished at generosity she had been little accustomed to, declaring, "that although it would have been pleasure to have rewarded this loyal gentlewoman to the utmost of her power, yet they must abstain from the further tender of money, since her delicacy was hurt by it."[1]

There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the practice of beneficent piety. Mrs. Davies and the little duke of Gloucester soon became confidential friends. Many younger and fairer faces were around him, all full of flattery and indulgence; yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow that was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers which were satisfactory to his intelligence. There can be no doubt but that the devout lady accompanied her tuition by explanation and instruction suitable to his infant mind, for he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, with great exactness, every night and morning,[2] although he still remained utterly obtuse to the prayers read by his preceptor. These facts are detailed by Lewis Jenkins, without the slightest perception of the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the church of England. Her religious influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince, who had manifested active hatred to every semblance of the worship of God, must have been effected by conversations of vital interest to Christian civilization.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go to church with her for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The duke of Gloucester told her

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

[2] Ibid.

that he was going to Twickenham church with his mamma. My lady Fitzharding asked him, "If, when there, he would say the Psalms?" for he had made great resistance to this part of his religious exercises. "I will sing them," replied the little prince. He became henceforth, somewhat observant and critical regarding the ecclesiastical establishment of the palace, and the tendency of his thoughts soon was apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains, and I but one?" "Pray," asked the princess Anne, by way of an answer, "what do you give your one chaplain?" Now it is well known that this office in the royal household is merely titular and honorary. The little duke must have heard the fact by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty." At which answer the princess laughed heartily, and often repeated it as a good instance of royal patronage and benevolence to the church of England.[1]

When the household of the princess Anne left Twickenham, the duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden-house, and here he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him, to his great pleasure, with presented arms and the honours of war. Their exercises were now occasionally transferred to "Wormwood Common;" perhaps Lewis means the place called Wormwood Scrubs, or Shrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air with "a pistol in his hand:" he fell down, and hurt his forehead against it. When he returned to Campden-house, the ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt; he told them "that a bullet had grazed his forehead, but that, as a soldier, he could not cry when wounded." Again he was very earnest in his desire to be prince of Wales, but he was, as usual, "checked by his mother."

The princess, finding that her child about this time suffered with inflammation in the eyes, became alarmed lest he should be as much subject to this distressing complaint as she was, and her sister queen Mary. The idea grieved her so much,

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

that she went in person to Bloomsbury, where lived old Dr. Richley, who was, in the language of our narrator, "famous for bad eyes." It is to be feared that he was a quack doctor. He gave the princess a little bottle, and directed the liquid therein to be applied to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush. At that time the duke of Gloucester's eyes were almost closed, so that he could not bear the light. He had been prescribed diet-drink, which he refused to take until his father, prince George of Denmark, had enforced obedience by another castigation; but when swallowed, "the diet-drink" did no good. The princess Anne, who had been harassed and vexed by these contentions, applied the nostrum of the oculist she had sought, which effected an immediate cure; upon which her royal highness sent the Bloomsbury doctor a purse with fifty guineas, in token of gratitude.[1]

The faithful Welch usher of the young duke was anxious to acquire the elements of many sciences, for the purpose of imparting them to his young master. According to his own account, he gave him his first ideas of fencing, fortification, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day, to display his new acquisitions in her dressing-room; yet they brought neither thanks nor reward to the unfortunate Welchman, but reproofs for presumption from enemies on all sides, and advice from the princess "to mind his own business." Mr. Pratt, the tutor, considered his office was invaded, and "my lady governess" Fitzharding, was particularly enraged at the very idea of "the mathematics," which she evidently took for some species of conjuration. The following scene and dialogue, ruefully related by the poor Welchman, is simple matter of fact, and took place before Swift or Goldsmith had dashed at the same incident in their fictitious characters. "One day, the young duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry. He looked it over, and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.'—'No question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

prince to the toilet of the princess Anne, that excited the wrath of the fair Fitzharding, who possibly mistook the geometrical figures for magic characters. The same day, the lady Fitzharding having superintended the dinner of the young prince her charge, sailed out of the room, with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train: while they were proceeding thus down stairs to the apartment of the princess, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to the obsequious squire performing the office of her train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff*."[1] Poor Lewis Jenkins answered widely enough from this accusation, by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to divert and assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady governess on the hapless bearer of her train. "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" Such a question, it appears, was unanswerable; but the fair one's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son any thing, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences according to the regular methods." The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child; "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them."

The poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high-spirited and lively.

[1] All the comic literature of that era was taken from life, and the above seems to be the original of Swift's satirical lines,—

> "With their Ovids and Plutarchs, and Homers and *stuff*:
> Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
> But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Goldsmith has re-echoed it in his poem of "Retaliation."

Unlike his parents, he showed marked indifference to food. His nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, to remind him that it was needful to eat, and even to feed him occasionally: he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs, eating them in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "Yes, yes," replied the child; "but I'm a chick o' the game, though!" The tutor seems to have been an object of the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him. The prohibitions which the princess Anne gave repeatedly to the historical narratives told by Lewis to her son, are attributed to the jealousy that Mr. Pratt manifested, because more than once in conversation, the young prince his pupil discussed with him incidents from ancient history, which the tutor was fully aware had not been acquired from himself. Mr. Pratt complained to lady Fitzharding, his patroness, who represented the circumstance to the princess, so as to excite her displeasure.

The princess Anne enjoyed during the summer, at least in the regard of the people, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of the king, her brother-in-law, in October 1695, did not increase her tranquillity or happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual, but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was in a painful state of exasperation. Namur, it is true, had fallen into his possession, gained at an awful cost of blood and treasure; but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat, than king William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England. His gracious majesty distributed sarcasms on all sides by way of answers.

The princess Anne, considering herself eminently successful in her letter of condolence on the death of the queen, now penned her royal brother-in-law an adulatory epistle on his

conquest of Namur,[1] to which his majesty had not the civility to return any answer. The mayor of Norwich, or of some other distant city, brought him up condolences for the death of queen Mary, and congratulations for the taking of Namur, and presented them with a speech, which was rather smart and pithy for a civic address, saying, "I bring your majesty my hands full of joy and sorrow."—"Put both in one hand, master mayor,"[2] interrupted the king, in a hoarse voice. The bystanders stood aghast, unable to tell whether his majesty meant to sneer or joke at the condolence for his queen; but William was tired at the expression of public sorrow so many months after date, and disgusted with being reminded of the tardy capture of Namur, which had cost him the lives of 12,000 men, and was, indeed, but a piece taken on the Flemish chess-board of war, where he and Louis XIV. had for many years amused themselves by playing away the blood, treasure, and commerce of their subjects. Among other victims of this dear-bought capture, was the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Godfrey, who had visited the seat of war regarding money transactions from the bank; "being permitted by the king himself to go into the trenches, to witness the glory of the confederate armies, a cannon ball killed him by his majesty's side,—an odd chance of war, which, taking the man of money, and leaving the man of battles, is said to have strengthened more than ever William III.'s belief in fatalism. However, on the death of the poor banker, he rather ungraciously asked, 'What business had he there?'...... But after this accident, if any one of his own household servants came out of curiosity to see the progress of the siege, he gave him a caning."[3]

The king paid a state visit to the princess Anne, or rather

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. She gives the letter, which is mere verbiage, not worth quoting.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History says it was the lord mayor of London; a mistake, for he had long before condoled on the queen's death. It was evidently some of the disaffected cities which had rejoiced at the death of the queen, and now, being alarmed at the king's success in Flanders, had remembered the omitted condolences.

[3] True and Secret History, &c., from the library of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, p. 250, vol. ii.

to her son, at Campden-house; the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with the pike, according to the mode then in vogue of paying military honours. King William, who was fond of children, seemed pleased, and began conversing with him by the question of, "Whether he had any horses yet?"—"Yes," replied the little duke; "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him for keeping *dead horses*, in a manner which exceedingly aggravated the child; he then gave him the information, "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony, "no bigger than a mastiff," which occasionally carried him. He took the words of king William in their literal sense, and insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit was concluded. This he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines as epitaph, which, though childish doggerel, contradict the assertion, gravely recorded in history as one of his juvenile virtues, "that he showed a marked aversion to verses and poetry;" instead of which, several other instances are preserved of his early propensity for rhyming.[1]

Hostility was, soon after this visit, renewed, on the part of king William, towards the princess Anne. The reason undoubtedly was, because he guessed that it was at her instigation the house of commons entered very severely into the subject of the vested rights of the princes of Wales, which the childless Dutch sovereign had thought proper to grant to his countryman and favourite, Bentinck earl of Portland, and his heirs for ever. William had permitted the appanage belonging to the heir-apparent of England to rest in abeyance while his queen was in existence, according to the hope her party continued to express while she lived, that she might one day, have a son. At her death, he recklessly made a present of it to his friend, and for ever, too! The princess Anne and the country viewed the measure much as the people of the present century would have done, if his late majesty

[1] Lewis Jenkins; Biographical Tracts, British Museum.

George IV. had given away the principality of Wales to one of his friends after the death of his daughter. Had lord Portland been put in as a mere *locum tenens*, the matter might have been endurable; but in the intense ignorance, both of master and man, on the subject of British history, they boldly seized on this inalienable property. The discussion in the house of commons would have covered them with disgrace, if the speeches pronounced therein had been reported to the public as they are at present. But this was liberty which the revolutionists had not dreamed of granting; pillory, loss of ears, and the lash, were castigations distributed by them with great liberality among the *literati* who reported aught of the sayings and doings of the house of commons or the house of peers, if in either a majority considered such reports to be breach of privilege. Even so late as the days of Dr. Johnson (the head and precursor of that mighty band of literary talent, the gentlemen reporters of the press) the most absurd subterfuges were resorted to when information was given to the nation of the debates which took place in the house of commons; initials, and blanks of the members' names, with the cant name of "the parliament of Lilliput," took the places of the present regular reports.[1]

The speech, however, of a learned native of the principality, Price,[2] the member for Denbigh, became matter of history, for he probably reported his own oration on the enormity committed by the Dutch king, in his gift to his favourite of the appanage England expected one day to see possessed by the son of her princess. When lord Portland endeavoured to obtain the revenues of this absurd grant, his demand was met by a petition against his possession from the country gentlemen of Denbigh, presented by Price, whose speech on the occasion presents an abstract of the immunities of princes of Wales, as heirs to the English crown. "Give me patience and pardon," said he, "and I will lay before you the true facts upon the petition, of the manner of the grant, and what

[1] In copies of Magazines extant, printed about the middle of the last century, (Gentleman's, Universal, and European,) this subterfuge may be seen.

[2] In the very history from which this speech is transcribed, the name of Price is indicated thus, P - - ce.—Life of William III., printed 1705. See pp. 440, 441.

is granted. The great lordships of Denbigh, Bromfeld, and Yale have been for some centuries the revenues of the kings of England and princes of Wales, where upwards of fifteen hundred tenants pay rents and other royal services. These lordships are four parts in five of the whole country, and thirty miles in extent: there are great and profitable wastes of several thousand acres, rich and valuable mines, besides other advantages which a mighty favourite and great courtier might make. Nor was such grant for any short term to lord Portland, it being to him and his heirs for ever, only leaving a reservation of 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum to the king and his successors. When the long parliaments in the reign of Charles II. passed the act concerning his fee-farm rents, they excepted these within the principality of Wales,—a plain intimation that parliament thought them not fitting to be aliened, but preserved for the support of the future princes of Wales. There is a great duty lies upon the freeholders of these lordships: on the creation of the prince of Wales they pay him 800*l.* for *mizes*, [probably these were robes and apparel,] which is a duty that cannot be severed, and it will be very difficult to find how this tenure can be reconcileable with the lord Portland's grant. If we are to pay these *mizes* to this noble lord, then he is *quasi* prince of Wales, for such duty was never paid to any other; but if it is to be paid to the prince of Wales and this noble lord too, then are the Welch doubly charged. But I suppose that the grant of the revenues of the principality is the forerunner of the honour too! The story goes, that we were brought to entertain the nominee of Edward I. by being recommended as one who knew not a word of the English tongue: how we were deceived is known. I suppose Bentinck, lord Portland, does not understand our language either; nor is it to be supposed he will come amongst us to learn it, nor shall we be fond of learning *his*."

The sturdy ancient Briton then quoted, with considerable aptness, various historical passages relative to the indignation the English people had always manifested against greedy foreign favourites of royalty, and concluded the most remark-

able historical speech of his era with these remarkable words: "By the old law, it was part of the coronation-oath of our kings not to alienate the ancient patrimony of the crown without the consent of parliament. But now, when God shall please to send us a prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him as a pope did to king John, made by his father king of Ireland, surnamed *Sans Terre*,[1] or *Lackland*; the pope confirmed the grant, but gave him a crown of peacock's feathers, in consideration of his poverty. I would have you consider we are Englishmen, and must, like patriots, stand by our country, and not suffer it to be tributary to strangers; and rejoicing that we have beat out of this kingdom *popery* and slavery, and now with as great joy entertain *socinianism*[2] and poverty, yet do we see our rights given away, and our liberties will soon follow. The remedies of our forefathers are well known, yet I desire not punishment, but redress." King William used all the influence of his person and party to prevent the revocation of his Denbigh grant to Bentinck, but the house of commons inexorably resumed it. Had the intentions of the hero of Nassau been carried out, the present hope of England would have received only an income of 6*s*. 8*d*. yearly from his fair principality of Wales.

The insult offered to Anne in regard to her neglected congratulations, was not the only one she had to endure. When William found that he remained on the English throne notwithstanding the death of his partner, he repented him of the concessions he had made to his sister-in-law, and treated her with less respect than if she had been the wife of a Dutch burgomaster.[3] His majesty's regal jealousy of the princess Anne particularly manifested itself in matters connected with the church of England. All the chaplains and clergy who preached before her were still interdicted from making any bows to her before they began their sermons. These bows the princess (who, says our authority,[4] was remarkably civil)

[1] The English pale was of very narrow limits round Dublin centuries afterwards.

[2] Alluding to the popular complaint that most of the archbishops and bishops appointed by William and Mary leant to the royal creed.

[3] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [4] Hooper MS.

used always to return in a very dignified manner, even if the rank of the clergyman was the lowest. But Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Birch, rector of St. James's church, ever disregarded the prohibitions of the Dutch king, and paid her royal highness the same respect which she always received at church by the command of her father, during his reign.

Since the death of queen Mary, William III. had become more gloomy and misanthropic than ever, and more addicted to drinking schnaps of Hollands gin in his solitary hours. These potations had not the effect of intoxicating his phlegmatic temperament, but made him very irritable, and in the succeeding mornings he was very apt to cane his inferior servants, if they infringed in the slightest manner on the severe order he established. A French servant, who had the care of his guns, and who attended him in his shooting excursions in Bushy-park, and the 'Home-park' of Hampton-Court, one day forgot to provide himself with shot, although it was his duty to load his majesty's fowling-piece; he determined, if possible, to conceal his neglect, and therefore repeatedly charged the king's gun merely with powder, and kept his own counsel, exclaiming, when his royal master fired, "I did never,—no, never see his majesty miss before!"[1] The Banqueting-house on the strand of the Thames, a little to the left of the Trophy gateway at Hampton-Court, was the favourite scene of the evening potations of the royal widower. There, away from the irksome restraint which ever attended his life in the state apartments of an English palace, he unbent his mind with his Dutchmen, and enjoyed, in that isolated retreat, all the freedom from courtly refinement which endeared his palace over the water at Loo. The Banqueting-house at Hampton-Court is said to have been built by William,[2] but in all probability he only altered it. The orgies celebrated therein, when thus converted by William III. into a

[1] Pyne's Palaces; likewise the traditions of Hampton-Court.

[2] An engraving at the British Museum, among the King's MSS., from an ancient painting representing the former state of Hampton-Court in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, before William III.'s alterations, shows the Banqueting-house just in the square form it is, (and on the same spot,) with gothic windows and a flat roof, but with a turret at the western corner, and the royal [...]d flying.

royal gin-temple, produced such remarkable irritation in his majesty's temper, that few or none but his lowest foreign menials chose to cross his path on the succeeding mornings;[1] for the persons on whom he was wont to inflict marks of his fractious humour were facetiously called in the royal household, "king William's knights of the cane,"[2]—a distinction by no means endurable to the proud Norman blood of the English aristocracy who held state offices in his household. And here those who are interested in the historical statistics of civilization may observe, that the example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England, throughout the last century, every species of castigation with scourges and sticks, not only by parliamentary licence in the English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur performances from the strong to the weak. The national usages of northern Europe, when emerging from barbarism, seem to have been imported by him into these islands. Moreover, his contemporary sovereigns of Germany and the far North, it is notorious, wielded their canes with remarkable vigour for the maintenance of the palace discipline they chose to be observed. The cudgellings bestowed by czar Peter on all ranks and conditions of his loving Russians, without partiality or regard to age or sex, are matters of history. The canings of Frederic I. of Prussia, (who was cousin-german of William III., and to whom he wished to leave his empire,) it is well known refreshed, not only his army and household, but his sons, daughters, and friends. Frederic the Great, whose kindred to the hero of Nassau was manifested by many points of resemblance in mind and person, did not forget, being brought up under his father's baton, to wield "the cane-sceptre of Prussia," as a French wit has aptly called it, at certain times and seasons, when he considered it peculiarly efficacious.

The studied marks of disrespect which the princess Anne received from her brother-in-law on the throne, in the autumn of 1695, began to excite the murmurs of the people: the king's conduct to her, on his birthday, completed the public

[1] Observations upon the late Revolution in England, in the Somers' Tracts, vol. iv. p. 45. [2] Life of his late majesty King William III.

discontent. It seems that all the English and Scotch nobility who were particularly interested in the revolutionary government, hastened to London at the end of October, or in the beginning of November, 1695, that they might pay their respects to king William, when he was to hold his lonely drawing-room to receive congratulations on the anniversary, at once of his birthday and of the English revolution of 1688. A letter of lady Drumlanrig[1] (whose husband, as duke of Queensberry, afterwards played such a remarkable part in the Scottish union) mentions the expectation of this drawing-room to her correspondent, lady Hartington, the daughter of the celebrated lady Russell, in a letter dated October 27th, in which several curious traits of the costume of the times are comprised. As the father-in-law of the writer died the same year, the mourning reception she describes as customary then in noble families on occasions of death, must have been on that account.[2] "I am every day set out in form [to receive company] on a dismal black bed,[3] from which I intend to make my escape next week, and be of this world again. My lady Hyde [the first-cousin of the princess Anne] came up to town with very grave resolutions of not seeing a play, but by the instigations of the Evil one, and the persuasions of some friends, she has *bin* at three within the week; and I hope to follow her example the next, for they act now in Covent-garden, and they say they are there very full. I hear nothing yet of Cockatoo and lady Betty, by which I suppose they are not come to town yet; but all our Bath acquaintance are, almost as soon as myself. I was in hopes the birthday would have brought your ladyship to town; if you are still at Woburn, I must beg leave to present my service to my lady Russell." The birthday reception, for

[1] Lady Mary Boyle, grand-daughter of the earl of Burlington, was wife to James, second duke of Queensberry, who succeeded to the title before the year of 1695 had expired.

[2] Although the lady had just become a duchess, she signs herself by her old familiar name of *M. Drumlanrig*. The letter is edited from the MS. in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, by permission.

[3] This ceremony is mentioned in the Life of Catharine of Braganza. In all visits of condolence, even for the loss of places under government, it was etiquette, in this era, for the recipient party to be reclining on a couch or bed.

which the beaux and belles of the English nobility were thus flocking to town, was no pleasant ceremonial for the bereaved king, who probably had forgotten it, and, withal, did not know how to conduct himself, having always escaped, as much as possible, from the etiquette of such affairs, and left them to the able guidance of his regal partner and consort, queen Mary.

Princesses of the royal family who were nearest to the throne, when there happened to be no queen-consort, had taken distinguished parts in such receptions in preceding reigns; the sisters of Edward VI., and the mother of Charles II., had received the female nobility in the royal withdrawing-room. The princess Anne, in addition to her birth-rank, (far higher than that of the king,) was, withal, the apparent successor to the British crown, and therefore she ought, according to all precedents, to have had a distinguished place near the throne of her brother-in-law, even if she had not been deputed by him to have received the female nobility as his nearest relative. But so far was the Dutch sovereign from according the usual marks of respect due to her as the heiress of the Britannic empire, and as the sister of his late consort, that he outraged, not only royal etiquette, but common courtesy, by causing her to wait nearly two hours in his ante-chamber without the slightest distinction between her and the wives of the aldermen and deputies of the common-councilmen who attended his court receptions at Kensington-palace.[1] The princess was subject to similar insult every reception-day, during the winter at least, until the murmurs of the people reminding the king that her royal highness was the object of their warmest affections, were re-echoed by those of his own English officials who had access to his person. Indeed, they were forced to convince him that he was showing more contempt to their princess than the nation at large would bear, and then his majesty found it necessary to alter his system. When the princess came for the future, lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain, was despatched to usher her in due form into the presence. Yet cause of complaint still existed, that no one was

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

sent to receive her, when alighting, of higher rank than a court page,—a grievance which is peculiarly noticed by lady Marlborough, who affirms that such neglect constituted the discourse of the town whenever it happened. It is very evident that trial was made by his majesty, on his return from his successful campaign, of how far the English people would permit their princess to be treated with the species of contumely she formerly suffered during the life of the queen; but he found that such proceedings were not advisable, especially as he recieved some indications that conspiracies were organized against his person by Jacobites among his own guards,—intelligence which quickly produced amelioration of the royal manners towards the princess; likewise a very general pacification and reconciliation was extended to her party as well as to herself, of which the chief was considered to be the young duke of Ormonde. The particulars are preserved in a letter of the daughter of the illustrious Rachel lady Russell, then lady Hartington, addressed to her husband,[1] with other amusing gossip of the close of the year 1695:—

"The Duke of Ormonde is once more reconciled to the court, and all matters happily composed, and the king being willing to make peace on all sides, is going to Windsor, as some persons say, on purpose to visit Lord Portland, seeing he would not be so gracious as to come to him. My lord Exeter[2] is gone out of town, though the match, I think, goes on; still most terrible disorders happen upon the account of Miss Al——,[3] for my lord Burleigh was so highly displeased at the character they had given him and his lady, that he was even provoked to speech, and that very harsh and rude. I suppose you have heard of the disorders that have lately happened between my lord Inchiquin and his lady, [Mary Villiers]."

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[1] Signed R. H., (Rachel Hartington.) Family correspondence of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, transcribed by permission from the original M.S.

[2] The kindred peers of the house of Cecil had, strange to say, both turned Roman-catholics, out of affection to James II. From some passages in the despatches of Christian Cole, it appears that lords Exeter and Salisbury were among the portion of the English nobility who held themselves haughtily aloof from the courts, not only of William III., but of the princess Anne. Nevertheless, few years had elapsed since James II., his queen, and his daughter Anne, had been refused hospitality at Hatfield, although it was originally a demesne of the crown, and in such cases hospitality was always considered a condition of the tenure.

[3] This is, perhaps, Jane Allington, the Dorinda to whom this lady, under the name of Sylvia, addressed historical letters, descriptive of the accession of William and Mary. She was second daughter to Lord Allington; her mother was daughter to the first duke of Bedford.—Faulkner's Hammersmith.

The singular influence which the family of Villiers had on the destiny of the royal sisters, Mary II. and Anne, makes any mention of them matter of curiosity. In the same series of letters is noted, the astonishment of Elizabeth Villiers that she never saw the king after the death of queen Mary. But there exists documentary evidence that, although apparently estranged from him in England, yet after the year 1696, she always spent the time in his majesty's company which he passed at Loo.

The new year, 1696, was marked by a thorough change in the conduct of king William towards the princess Anne, in which change might be plainly seen that his worldly wisdom as diplomatist had successfully overcome the venom of his temper.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Princess Anne receives the conciliatory visit of William III.—She is invited by him to take possession of St. James's-palace—Her son invested with the Garter—The princess given account of his behaviour—Her prospects for the future—Princess permitted to reside at Windsor-castle—Her domestic life in the summer of 1696—Princess presides over her son's high festivals at Windsor—Her wedding-day—Congratulated by her son—Grand court-day held by the princess—Introduces her son to the English nobility—Dialogue between William III. and the princess—She is spitefully reviled by him in private—Princess receives marks of homage from foreign states—She visits Tunbridge Wells, accompanied by her son—Fears lest he should be taken from her for tuition—Her aversion to Dr. Burnet being appointed his preceptor—Princess wronged by the king of three parts of the grant for her son's education—Submits to all, rather than lose his company—The princess conciliated by the appointment of lord Marlborough as his governor—First introduction of Abigail Hill (lady Masham) in the princess's service—The princess's accouchement—Her infant dead—Burial—Anecdotes of the princess's life at St. James's—Leaves London for Windsor-castle—Illness and death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—Conduct of the princess—She rises from his death-bed to write to her father, (James II.)

The princess Anne was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son at Campden-house, Kensington, when they were surprised by a visit from king William, who was then residing at the adjacent palace. His majesty chose to make in person the gracious announcement that the princess and her household could take possession of the palace of St. James's whensoever it pleased her; and that, by the death of lord Strafford, a Garter being at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on his nephew, the duke of Gloucester.[1] This was probably a New-year's visit, for, on the 4th of January, Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, who was the prelate connected with the order of the Garter, came to announce to the princess

[1] Lewis Jenkins; Tracts, Brit. Museum.

that a chapter would be held on the 6th of January for the admission of the young prince. The bishop asked the child if the thoughts of it did not make him glad? "I am gladder of the king's favour," was the discreet answer of the little prince.

One of the grand objects of the princess's ambition in her son's behalf was duly accomplished by this investment, for which the prince of Denmark took the child in state to Kensington-palace on the appointed day. The proceedings were chronicled in the Gazette of that week. William III. buckled on the Garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights-companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.[1] "When the little duke came home to Campden-house, he was not," says his faithful Welch chronicler, "in the least puffed up with pride; neither did he give himself any consequential airs on account of his star and garter, which were from henceforward to be worn daily by him. When he had rested himself a short time in his mother's withdrawing-room, he went to his usual playing-place, the presence-chamber in Campden-house, where he found Harry Scull, one of his favourite boys, whose merit consisted in beating the drum with unusual noise and vigour. 'Now, Harry,' said the duke, 'your dream is out;' for Harry Scull had very recently thought proper to dream that he saw his young master adorned with a star and garter."

The marquess of Normanby (who was the same person as Sheffield earl of Mulgrave, the first lover of Anne) paid her royal highness a visit of congratulation the next day on the installation of her son. His ostensible object seems to have been, to give an account of the young child's behaviour at the ceremony to the anxious mother, since he was himself one of the knights present. He told her "that the duke could not have conducted himself better, if he had been thirty-six instead of six years old." The princess must have recommended her son to the friendly attention of her former lover, since this is not the only instance recorded of the warm interest taken by lord Normanby in the well-doing of this little prince, over whose

[1] Lewis Jenkins; Tracts, Brit. Museum.

education he watched with a solicitude that was not prompted by any regard to king William or the revolutionary government. At this period the princess had great hopes of seeing her child attain health and vigour. He was then six years of age and six months, he measured three feet eight inches and a half, he was fresh-coloured and lively, and as well-shaped as was consistent with the unusual size of his head and brain. Like many other children remarkable for precocious abilities as infant prodigies, the brain seems to have been stimulated by the hydrocephalous affliction.

The frequent interruptions of the education of the duke of Gloucester made it proceed in a somewhat desultory manner, but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and even read writing. These seem the principal attainments he derived from his tutor, but his stores of information were chiefly obtained from his Welch attendant; nevertheless, the wrath of the prince's governess, lady Fitzharding, on the memorable day of the train-bearing dialogue, had considerably abated the zeal of Lewis. Subsequently, the jealousy of the lady, and of Mr. Pratt, the tutor, extorted a positive prohibition from the princess against any knowledge being imparted by the Welch usher, as contraband and irregular; but, as the princess had expressed formerly the utmost satisfaction that her son, when he was much younger, should be told by Lewis incidents from Plutarch and other historians, he was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbad him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps the princess was alarmed lest her son should hear the names of her unfortunate father and brother; she might suppose that Lewis would overpass the prescribed bounds in the warmth of narration, when English history was discussed.

Notwithstanding the intimidation under which Lewis Jenkins laboured, the young duke of Gloucester was eager to extract from him all sorts of information, for the child possessed the early love of science for which the line of Stuart was remarkable, and he languished even at his tender years for intellectual communication. When he found that dread of his mother's anger restrained Lewis from giving him in-

struction, he craved for it under promise of secrecy. The child was puzzled to know why there are two round figures of the earth placed side by side on the map of the world. He showed Lewis Jenkins a map, and requested to know "if the earth consisted of two globes placed in that position?" He applied to his friend for explanation, adding, "that if he would, nobody should know that he had done so." It is a geographical enigma which has puzzled many an infant mind, nor did Lewis's definition make the matter much plainer. "I could not refrain," says the faithful Welchman, "from telling him, that if he looked on one of these globes delineated on paper, he could see that only, and not the other at the same time; therefore geographers had divided the representation of the world into two equal parts, and he saw in those parts the two hemispheres, which really formed one globe."[1] The young duke expressed himself well pleased with this information.

There can be no doubt but that the princess Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's-palace early in the spring of 1696; although no date of the actual circumstance occurs in the Gazette or other newspapers of the period, yet that she was actually living there, is noticed by 'the Postman,' a newspaper of the era.[2] The spring and summer of that year proved to be the most hopeful and prosperous period of the existence of the princess Anne, if not the happiest. For the first time she appeared to enjoy, with prospect of permanence, the fruits of her struggles against her father at the epoch of the Revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognised by the king and his government, who dared no longer deprive her of her subsistence, as they did during the two years after her father's deposition; but, on the contrary, she was the mistress of an ample and regular income. Above all, the princess had reason to hope that her only surviving child would grow up, and add security to her final succession to the crowns of his ancestors, which would, in due time, be transmitted to him. Over this bright aspect of her fortunes

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester. [2] British Museum.

a few specks appeared, arising from reports raised by the disappointed Jacobites, which were, that the king meant to bring home a high-Dutch bride when hè returned from his summer campaign, and that he intended, in consequence, to contest the clause in the settlement of the succession, by bringing a bill into parliament for making Anne's children give place to his possible issue by a second marriage.

While the princess Anne and her husband were enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's-palace, their son remained at Campden-house, where some attention was now thought fit to be paid to his religious education. On Sunday evenings the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, the tutor, for the purpose of being catechised and examined respecting their knowledge of Scripture. The young duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below: those of them who answered to the satisfaction of the tutor were rewarded with a new shilling, by way of medal. "At one of these lectures in my hearing," says Lewis Jenkins, who was then in waiting, 'Mr. Pratt put the following question to the young duke: "How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?' The princely catechumen answered, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways.'"[1]

The possession of St. James's-palace did not constitute the only reward that the princess Anne received for her pacification with William III. The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed for her summer abode. One of the newspapers[2] announced her departure from town, for Windsor-castle, soon after the king's arrival in Holland. The royal residences were thus shared between the princess and her brother-in-law. The king retained exclusive possession of Kensington-palace and Hampton-Court: he had no palace in the metropolis, although his despatches retained the official date of Whitehall, some

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester; Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum. [2] British Museum.

portion of which still remained on the site of Downing-street, and about the Cockpit. St. James's-palace and Windsor-castle were allotted to the princess Anne and her son, and were certainly the best portion among the royal dwellings. Canonbury-palace, at Islington,[1] and Hammersmith, with Somerset-house, were the appanages of the absent queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza. They all fell to decay while in her occupation, or rather in that of her officials, and were disused as palatial residences ever after. Marylebone-palace was still in existence, and its demesnes, park, and gardens (now Regent's-park) were public promenades and places of amusement.

The young duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor before: on his arrival, his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, where he looked about him, but complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers in. It seems that the presence-chamber at Campden-house, which is yet entire, with its carved oak-panelling, was larger than the third or fourth-rate suites of the regal fortress. The housekeeper of the castle, Mrs. Randee, attended the young duke, to show him the royal apartments in the castle, and give him the description of the pictures. He was pleased with the "historical picture of the Triumph in St. George's-hall," and affirmed that this noble apartment was fit to fight his battles in. The next day the princess sent to Eton school for four boys, to be her son's companions: young lord Churchill, the only son of her favourites, lord and lady Marlborough, was one; he was a few years older than the young prince, and was mild and good-natured, with very pleasing manners. The other Eton scholars were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke, when these playfellows arrived, eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's-hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which

[1] See letters of queen Mary II., vol. vii., in which the queen discusses the probability of the queen-dowager going for the summer either to Islington or Hammersmith.

he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson and Lewis Jenkins were in waiting, and both were expected to take part in the fray. They begged young Boscawen to be the enemy, as he was a very discreet youth, and would take care not to hurt the duke with the pikes and other warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate, for the sheath having slipped off his sword, he gave the duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck with it that bled. The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught, and when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied, "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's-hall strewed with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked "ma'm Atkinson" if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them with a pair of bellows. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me in the battle." There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round-tower; but he was not satisfied with it, because it had neither parapet nor bastion.

The young prince had the first sight of practical slaughter given him at Windsor-castle, in the usual mode of the hunter's mimic war, by the death of the deer. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the ranger of Windsor-park, gave his little highness a buck, to kill as he pleased; he would have had the animal hunted, but those about him did not consider that regular hunting was sufficiently convenient for his recreation. According to their management the deer-slaughter became like murder, and a very disgusting scene it was for the tender boy to witness. The poor deer had no "fair play," which, we surmise, means chance of escape, for he was disabled and wounded before being turned out by the keeper; the duke followed the chase in his coach, and young Boscawen, mounted on horseback, managed to direct the bleeding deer and the

hunt to the coach. Boscawen and the keeper then cut the poor animal's throat in the young duke's presence, that he might have "say" on the first sight of the death of a buck. Mr. Massam, [Masham,][1] his page, dipped his hand in the blood, and coming sideways, besmeared the duke of Gloucester's face all over. At first he was startled, but on the explanation that such was the usual custom at first seeing a deer slain, "he besmeared me," says his usher, Lewis Jenkins, "and afterwards all his boys." Then, in high triumph, he desired the whole hunting-party to take the way home under the windows of his mother's apartments, and greeted her with the halloo of the chase: he was very anxious to give the "say" to those of her ladies who had not seen deer slaughter. They did not approve of such painting of their faces. The princess advised him to send presents of his venison, which he did, but unfortunately forgot his governess, lady Fitzharding, who did not bear the slight without lively remonstrance.

The princess Anne usually walked in Windsor-park with her husband, and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for his reading and other lessons. On one of these occasions, the boy alarmed her by insisting on rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in battles and sieges, he must use himself to descend such places. His father, prince George, prevented the exploit in consideration of the alarm of the princess, but permitted the child to divert himself by the performance of this gymnastic next day.[2] It was always the idea of the prince of Denmark, that by violent and hardening exercises his child's tendency to invalidism (which he considered was nurtured by the over-fondness of the princess, and the petting and spoiling of her ladies) might be overcome.

Two anniversary festivals awaited the princess, her husband and child, which were to be celebrated at Windsor-castle that year, with splendour that had never attended them on any

[1] The name of this person, after his marriage with Abigail Hill, the cousin-german of the duchess of Marlborough, took its place in history.

[2] Lewis Jenkins; Tracts, Brit. Museum.

previous occasion. The first was on the 24th of July, the duke of Gloucester's birthday, when a chapter of the knights of the Garter was to be held in St. George's-hall for the admission of the young duke at their feast and procession. Four days afterwards occurred the thirteenth anniversary of the wedding-day of "Anne of York," and "George of Denmark," which was likewise the name-day of the princess, the day of St. Anne: it was to be kept as high holiday at royal Windsor, from which the princess had been banished for years. She was present at the feast in St. George's-hall on her son's birthday, and saw him walk in procession with the other knights, in his plumes and robes, from St. George's-chapel to the hall, where the tables were spread for a grand banquet, which the king had ordered to be provided at his expense for the princess and her company: the dinner for the knights-companions was laid out in the king's guard-chamber.[1] The juvenile knight of the Garter comported himself during the whole ceremonial of being installed in his proper place in the chapel, at the service, and the procession, with exemplary gravity and dignity. His noble knights-companions were, his own father, with the dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and Devonshire, and the earls of Dorset and Rochester. All the knights of the Garter dined in their robes and full costume, and the little duke of Gloucester sat down among them; but after the child had been at table a little while, and slightly partaken of the feast, he begged leave to be excused for retiring. His anxious mother then ordered him to be laid to repose, and when he had rested from his fatigues for two or three hours, she took him out for the air in her carriage. In the evening the princess received and entertained the nobility, many of whom came from a great distance to the magnificent ball she gave at the castle. The town of Windsor was illuminated, bells rang from all the adjacent steeples, and the country round the keep blazed with bonfires. There were fireworks on Windsor-terrace, in which the young duke of Gloucester particularly delighted; and the part of the entertainment witnessed by

[1] Lewis Jenkins; Tracts, Brit. Museum.

him concluded with a new ode written in celebration of his birthday, and set to music.

A few days afterwards the other festival occurred, of the celebration of the wedding-day of the princess. Her health had improved, or at least her powers of progression, within that year, for frequent mention is made of her walks in Windsor-park, and visits paid to her son without being carried to his suite of apartments in her sedan. It was her custom to come to see him every morning, when at Windsor, with his father. On the anniversary of their wedding-day her royal highness came with her consort prince George earlier than usual, and found her son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in honour of the day. He had four pieces, which had been made for him in the life-time of his aunt, queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to king William, who promised him a new one,—a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the circumstance, but the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by prince Rupert; of this the young duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room; but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. When the firing was over, the young duke addressed his father and mother of his own accord, saying, "Papa, I wish you and mamma unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever." The princely pair were delighted with the vivacity of their darling, and looked forward to the future with livelier hope than ever. "You made a fine compliment to their royal highnesses to-day, sir," observed Lewis Jenkins, who was in waiting in his apartment. "Lewis," replied the child, "it was no compliment; it was sincere."—"He now," adds the usher, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not talk

and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions, with some archness."

The great satisfaction that the princess Anne enjoyed at this time, both as the recognised heiress-apparent of the British islands, and the mother of a child who began to be looked on with hope by all parties in the realm excepting the Roman-catholics, suffered some counterbalance by the revival of reports that William III. was actually betrothed to a German bride. The news certainly emanated from the Jacobites, who were in downright despair at the strength that the government of William III. had gained by his alliance, offensive and defensive, with Anne and her partisans. The enemy hoped to discompose the serenity of the princess by alarms, lest her settlement should be disturbed by any succeeding parliament strong in the interest of her brother-in-law. Nor were rumours to that effect wanting; they were sufficiently prevalent in London to cause the following mention of them by the duke of Shrewsbury in a letter to lord Portland, the king's chief confidential adviser, though no longer his favourite. "The town makes itself sure that the king will return, not only with peace, but a queen." To this remark Portland wrote from Flanders, "We [that was William III. and himself] returned yesterday morning from Cleves, without any appearance of bringing back a queen, if it is from thence she is to come."[1] These letters occurred September 1696; but either the princesses who were descended from the house of Cleves looked on England as an ominous land for queens, or king William had no inclination for second nuptials. The reports of his wooing died away, yet it is certain they had been strong enough to induce queries from the prime-minister.

Peace, the peace of Ryswick, actually was ratified, but no queen arrived. This pacification has been already discussed;[2] it was little more than a breathing time, while taxable people in England and France gathered together more money, and a few hundred thousand boys in either country reached the sage age of sixteen, when their blood was destined to enrich

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, pp. 140, 142.

[2] Vol. vi., Life of Mary Beatrice.

the fertile fields of Flanders or Low Germany,—the fighting grounds of the regimental sovereigns, William III. and Louis XIV.

The princess, with her spouse and son, left Windsor for Campden-house in October. They received an early visit there from king William within a few days of his arrival from Flanders. The continuation of Jacobite machinations and intrigues in England obtained for the princess Anne a double portion of the favour of her astute brother-in-law; he even condescended to be present at balls and entertainments, became her guest at his own birthday, and paid her all due attention on the anniversary of her own. The Gazette[1] told the London world of these unusual gaieties on the part of the hero of Nassau, and his English subjects could scarcely be persuaded that the disconsolate royal widower was not practising such unwonted urbanities to render himself acceptable to some second Anne of Cleves, according to the reports prevalent during the preceding summer and autumn. His majesty's birthday, November 4th, 1696, was celebrated with great demonstrations of duty and affection for his royal person and government. In the evening, the court was entertained at St. James's by the princess Anne with a concert of music, vocal and instrumental. His majesty supped with their royal highnesses, and there was afterwards a ball at Whitehall. In London and Westminster the night concluded with illuminations and bonfires, and other public rejoicings suitable to the occasion.

Simultaneously with the new year of 1697, the public attention was engaged with the attainder of sir John Fenwick, for a plot against the life of his majesty. The ramifications of this conspiracy were very wide. Sir John Fenwick found that the king was determined to take his life on account of old grudges, which first arose when that gentleman served in Holland with the English troops, furnished by Charles II. and James II. to keep William in the station of hereditary stadtholder; and above all, on account of the bitter tirade he addressed to queen Mary in the park, when she fled from the

[1] Gazette, Oct. 22 and Nov. 6, 1696.

fire at Whitehall.[1] When the prisoner ascertained that he was condemned by attainder, and that, despite of the law established by the Bill of Rights at the Revolution, without regular trial, and without the requisite two witnesses for an act of overt-treason, he forthwith unfolded such evidence of the correspondence of the nobility (including most of William's ministers) with James II., that, if half of them had been impeached, there would have been scarcely enough unconcerned in the treason to have "hanged or beheaded the rest." Marlborough was particularly aimed at, nor can there exist the slightest doubt that the princess Anne's former communications with her father formed prominent points of the Fenwick confessions. Of these it has already been shown, that king William had had in the lifetime of his late consort as full proof as could ever be afforded him by Fenwick; yet he very coolly continued to trust to the tender regard which the princess and her favourites had for their own interests in the reversionary advancement of the duke of Gloucester, to keep them, for the time to come, patriotic supporters of the glorious Revolution, when the course of events rendered the future prospect of the succession of Anne and her son inevitable, if they survived the incumbent on the throne. Fenwick was accordingly doomed, and all his revelations treated by mutual consent as false and malicious. He was beheaded on Tower-hill,[2] January 28, 1696-7. King William took possession of all the personal effects of sir John Fenwick; among others, in evil hour for himself, of a remarkable sorrel shooting-pony, which creature was connected with his future history.

[1] Sampson's Diary, MS., British Museum; previously quoted in the Life of Mary II., vol. vii.

[2] Every writer has considered that some mystery, never properly developed, rests under the conduct of William III. to Fenwick. The king was heard to say, that Fenwick had once spoken to him in a manner, when he was in Holland, that "if he had been his equal, he must have cut his throat."-Burnet. vol. iv. p. 324. Perhaps this was when Fenwick resisted the temptation to betray his own sovereign, which his fellow-soldier, captain Bernardi, (see his Memoirs,) declares the prince offered to all the officers in the English regiments lent him by his uncles: he says Fenwick saved the prince's life more than once in Holland. Among other passages of false history, it has been asserted that William III., when prince of Orange, threw imputations on the courage of Fenwick while that officer was fighting for him. The utter falsehood of this assertion is proved by

Twelve gentlemen were executed, at different times the same year, for having plotted to waylay William III., and kill him in the midst of his guards on his return from hunting at Hampton. Sir George Barclay, who held a command in the guards of William III., and who had been, like Ferguson, Montgomery, and Ross, eager promoters of the Revolution, was the leader of this conspiracy. He was leagued with sir John Fenwick, with colonel Oglethorpe, and many other persons of the most opposite principles, republicans as well as Jacobites; and above all, with three spies and informers, who were regular plot-makers for diplomatic purposes, paid by the government. The trials and executions of the various victims of these informers of course caused much excitement among all sorts and conditions of the people. Associations were formed for the loyal protection of the king's person; pledges were taken, and addresses of all kinds signed and sent up from corporations, &c. to Kensington-palace. Among others, the young duke of Gloucester displayed his loyal breeding in the principles of the Revolution, by causing one of his young soldiers to write out the following address to his majesty, to which he fixed his boyish signature:—

"I, your majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

"GLOUCESTER."

Another address was likewise dictated by him, which he caused his boy-soldiers and all his household to sign:—

"We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood."

However puerile these proceedings might seem in the eyes of William III., they at least brought to him the conviction that the princess was bringing up her son as his partisan, and

a very partial history of William III., printed by Tooke, Fleet-street, 1705. The behaviour of the three colonels fighting for William so late in the war as 1676, is thus mentioned in that part of the history which enters into facts; viz. before the prince came to the throne of Great Britain: "In the desperate storming of Maestricht, the English, under three colonels, Fenwick, Widdrington, and Ashby, desired their countrymen might be commanded apart, that if they behaved like valiant men they might have the glory; if not, the shame. To this the prince agreed; colonel Fenwick, as the eldest colonel, took the command, and his brave and desperate attacks were remarkable while the siege lasted."

without any romantic predilections or ideas of duty towards the former possessor of the throne.

The public attention was diverted from the illegal execution of sir John Fenwick and all his *mal-à-propos* revelations, by the great splendour and unwonted festivity which marked the preparations for celebrating the birthday of the princess Anne, when her son, the parliamentary heir, was to be introduced to the court with the utmost magnificence.[1] It may be remembered, that king William had presented the princess with the jewels of the late queen, her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but lavished the whole on that of her boy. The wisdom might be questioned of exciting in the young prince "tastes for finery, which are still less becoming to men and boys than to women and girls." Howsoever, her royal highness amused herself by ordering and devising for her young son a most marvellous suit of clothes to appear in at court on her birthday. The coat was azure-blue velvet, then the colour of the mantle of the Garter.[2] All the button-holes of this garment were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. The king himself had given his aid towards the magnificence of this grand costume. His majesty had, in honour of the princely boy's installation as knight of the Garter, presented him with a jewel of St. George on horseback, the order for which, to the royal jeweller, amounted to 800*l*. Thus ornamented, and equipped withal in a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his mother's circle at St. James's, to congratulate her on her birthday, and receive himself the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties who flocked to her royal highness's drawing-room.[3] In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton-Court. Notwithstanding the owlish periwig with which his little highness is oppressed,

[1] Gazette, Feb. 1696-7.

[2] George I. changed it to a darker shade, that his knights of the Garter might not be confounded with those nominated by the titular king at St. Germains.

[3] Lewis Jenkins; Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.

he is really pretty: his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with that touching expression of reflectiveness which often pertains to those destined to an early grave. The features of the heir of the princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors; he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies and courtiers of the princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring the splendid dress of her idolized boy, when king William himself arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night. When the ceremonial was concluded, the young duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of majesty. It does not seem that the king exactly approved of the display of jewels on the person of the child, for he said to him, with his usual sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."—"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the present of the George that her son had received from the king, and the donation of queen Mary's jewels to herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty: but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; "which," adds Lewis Jenkins,[1] "he probably would have done if left to himself, without being prompted to it." It is more probable that the young prince had been disconcerted by the tone and expression of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was the best way of proceeding.

The unusual attentions of the crowned diplomatist, by making visits to his "sister Anne" when the etiquette of birthdays and wedding-days demanded them, were, after all, but the fair seeming of the politician; just at this time the royal spleen and gall rose so irrepressibly against her, that he could not help expressing to his confidant and chamber-

[1] Lewis Jenkins; Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.

lain (the brother of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers) how much he detested his sister-in-law, adding, "that if he had married the princess Anne, he should have been the most miserable man on earth."[1] Lord Villiers himself reported this agreeable remark to lord Dartmouth, nor could it be doubted that the king meant that it should meet the ear of Anne through his chamberlain's other sister, lady Fitzharding, in order that mortification felt by the princess in private, might counterbalance the consideration with which inexorable destiny obliged him to treat her in public.

Notwithstanding her exclusion from political power in the government of England, the strong partiality of the people at large to their native princess still forced on William III. the necessity of treating her with the outward and visible signs of respect consonant with her station. Foreign states did not forget her rank: for instance, the doge and republic of Venice, however popular the model of their government might be among the English revolutionists, very ungratefully refused to own William III. as king until the peace of Ryswick was nearly public. They likewise refused to grant any requests of his ambassador before they received letters of compliment (in reply to some they had sent) from the princess Anne and her husband. These had to be sent for; and when they came, the English ambassador, lord Manchester, in his despatches, complains of his embarrassment, because these letters had been forwarded to him by the secretary of the princess sealed up without any copies.[2]

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, to which salubrious place she was accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification with great assiduity. The tutor had been given a doctor of divinity's degree at Oxford, wholly and solely, observes Lewis Jenkins, by the favour and influence of the princess Anne, the advancement not being due to his learning. Indeed, the employment of the duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not savour much of

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

[2] State-Papers of Christian Cole, pp. 20–23.

matters divine; for, by the leave of the princess, he made "a pentagon," with all the outworks according to the rules of fortification, in a wood near the Wells, for his princely pupil's improvement and entertainment; "which answered so well," adds Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office, and thereby depriving another of being employed, who, from his long and faithful attention to the young duke's person, would have ventured his life in his service."

The princess and her son removed from Tunbridge to Windsor-castle till the king's return to England; at the same time, Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made in the wood at Tunbridge Wells by the bellicose divine, Dr. Pratt, and, "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. The place of his retreat was rather a suspicious one, being to Rouen, the very head-quarters of the English Jacobites. He went, according to his own account, into trade there with a French merchant, "as it were," he pursues, "to begin the world again, having stronger inclinations for business than for a court life, which I could not leave without some regret, as I had the highest respect for the princess that I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some persons about the court of the princess, of which I took my final leave." Thus did the quaint and simple-minded narrator of domestic events in the royal family withdraw himself from his post, and at the same time shut out the view afforded to his readers of the palace-life of the princess and her son. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince, according to his account, was in its outset conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of divinity provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him, not things divine, but matters militant. An old lady, whose concern with the princess was only to let her a house, instructed her child in all he practically knew of religion, while his door-keeper gave him notions of "history, mathematics and stuff," according to the erudite classification of his governess; to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and

his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him, withal, to box. Such was the under-current of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history, as illustrative of the young duke's propensities and praiseworthy predilections to battles and sieges, his aversion to poetry and to all the fine arts being lauded by right-reverend historians[1] with as much unction, as if sovereigns and their heirs, apparent or presumptive, were sent into the world for the sole purpose of slaughtering the human species.

It was the intention of the flatterers of William III. to make out that his successor would prove the very mirror and model of himself, and that the young duke of Gloucester would surpass that monarch in his hatred to poetry, music, painting, and dancing. The evidence of the child's dislike to the latter had no better foundation than the trifling fact, that when the princess Anne found him a little recovered from the woful affliction in his head, which caused unsteadiness to his footsteps, she ordered him to be taught regularly to walk and dance, and appointed for this purpose Mr. Gorey, who, as he is designated as "an old rich dancing-master," had probably instructed her royal highness in her childhood; but with this aged dancing-master her little son fell out, and bestowed on him the epithet of "old dog," because he strained his limbs in some gymnastic or other. As for the dislike of the young duke to poetry, it is utterly contrary to truth, for he frequently endeavoured to make rhymes. The love of a child for the fine arts can only be shown by the interest he takes in picture-books and puppet-shows, and of these little Gloucester was more than commonly fond. He demanded to see "cuts" or engravings of every historical tale he heard; moreover, the princess, his mother, established for him a puppet-theatre at Campden-house; nor must this excite astonishment, since Steele and Addison devote many papers of their immortal Spectator to discussion of the puppet-shows which were the favourite morning amusement of the belles and beaux

[1] In White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough's Perfect History, vol. iii.; likewise, Burnet's Own Times.

years subsequently, when the princess was on the throne as queen Anne. As if every thing asserted on the subject of this young prince's education, however trifling, was to prove the exact reverse of fact, it appears that the princess had had some little rhymes, hammered out between the child and his faithful Lewis, set to music, to indulge her son's tastes, by John Church, who was one of the choristers of the king's chapel and of Westminster-abbey, a pupil of the illustrious Henry Purcell. "The music of John Church gave very great satisfaction to the princess; and as for the duke of Gloucester, he was delighted with it." Such are the words of an eye-witness.[1] It is to be feared that, in the course of the princely child's subsequent education, all which was innocently amusing and civilizing in the arts, the cultivation of which forms the glory of the most glorious of rulers, a great peace sovereign, was sedulously eradicated and discouraged, in compliance with the tastes of those in power.

While the princess Anne remained at Windsor in 1697, the marquess of Normanby[2] paid her another visit. It seems that, on account of his learning, accomplishments, and literary acquirements, he had been deputed by the junta of nine to examine into the mind and capacity of her son. The result was, that the marquess pronounced "the young duke of Gloucester capable of learning any thing."[3] From this time it was considered requisite that the education of the princely child should regularly commence, and that he should be taken out of the hands of his mother's ladies. The delicacy of his health and constitution, and the extreme anxiety of his mother lest she should not be able to rear him, had caused the child to remain a nursling, cherished by female tenderness, until after his eighth birthday,—a year longer than any of his line had ever been. Even the princess herself now became desirous that his regular education should commence.

In one of the visits of the princess to London the same

[1] Lewis Jenkins. The notes and arrangement of John Church's music are printed, and appended to Lewis Jenkins' Tract; Brit. Museum.

[2] Her former lover, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave.

[3] Lewis Jenkins; Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.

autumn, she went with her husband to view the rising glories of the cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching its completion. "They expressed themselves extremely pleased with that noble building, and gave money very liberally to the workmen." There was another person to whom their liberality ought to have been extended, even to the venerable architect of this glorious masterpiece, sir Christopher Wren, who had been deprived by William of his modest stipend of 200*l.* per annum, under pretence that he had not finished the cathedral! Strange to say, the venerable sage lived to finish the mighty structure, and reclaimed the niggard bounty of his country in his ninety-second year.

The education of the duke of Gloucester became now a matter of great anxiety to his mother, and the whole of the spring of 1698 was spent in agitating expectations concerning it. The result of events proves, that the princess Anne was ready to submit to any pecuniary loss rather than to have her child torn from her home and heart. The parliament had voted the magnificent sum of 50,000*l.* per annum for the expenses of the education and establishment of the duke of Gloucester, but the king appears to have been given unlimited power in the disposal of the child. All former precedents, both in England and Scotland, prove that royal children were placed in charge of some great noble or ecclesiastic or other during the period of their regular education; nor had the princess Anne any reason to suppose that she should be suffered to keep her child near her, any more than her ancestress Anne of Denmark had retained her sons or daughters during their tutelage. The children of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as well as those of James I., Charles I., and James II., had been taken from the maternal superintendence, and brought up at a distance from their parents. Anne herself had been removed from her father, who, similar to herself in 1698, then only occupied the station of a subject.

The princess felt that the king had much in his power to annoy her, if he took from her maternal care this delicate and sickly child, whom she had reared with extreme difficulty. Fortunately for her, the king was only sedulous on two points:

the first was, how little of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed by the nation for the use of the duke of Gloucester need be paid for his education and establishment; the other was, that the boy should have no other preceptor than Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury. This last was a bitter sorrow to Anne, who had the lowest opinion of that person's character and disposition; she earnestly entreated the king, and prince George of Denmark joined in the petition, that the instruction of her child might be consigned to Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury.[1] The readers of the life of Mary II. are fully aware, that in whatsoever esteem Dr. Hooper might have been held by such sons of the church of England as archbishops Sheldon and Sancroft, Isaac Barrow, or Sherlock, or Ken, he was not quite so much beloved by the Dutch king. In truth, Dr. Hooper, like Dr. Ken, had shut up doors with him when only prince of Orange, and the horror they felt in the contemplation of his moral qualities, some contemporary letters regarding the one, and the diary of the other, have already shown.[2]

The princess Anne could not endure patiently the appointment of bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered such appointment as the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure that the king made choice of him for that very reason."[3] Burnet was himself conscious of the aversion of the princess, but the king insisted upon the measure.[4] The bishop was exceedingly out of humour at this time, "having been disappointed of the great see of Winchester," says lord Dartmouth, "which preferment the king had put at the disposal of one of the lords of the treasury. To the sorrow

[1] Hooper MS., printed in the Appendix to Trevor's William III.; likewise the Life of that king, printed 1705, and Bio. Britannica.

[2] In both instances edited by friends and partisans of William. Mr. Trevor's work is a panegyric on William, from the first word to the last yet he is the editor of Dr. Hooper's Diary, in his Appendix. Sidney, earl of Romney, to whom William III. granted at one sweep the enormous bribe of 17,000*l.* per annum, is the informant regarding the moral horror Dr. Ken had of that prince. If the friends of William left such documents for the instruction of biographers, what, may we ask, would enemies have done?

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of His Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376. [4] Ibid.

of the princess Anne, Burnet was given the education of the heir of the kingdom, in hopes of satisfying his discontent."[1]

The manner in which the bishop mentions his appointment is remarkable, as well for the information, as for the composition,—perhaps it is the most extraordinary specimen of egotism ever printed by any author in our language:[2] "I was named by the king to be the duke of Gloucester's preceptor. *I* used all possible endeavours to excuse myself. *I* had hitherto no share in the princess's favour or confidence. *I* had also become very uneasy at many things in the king's conduct. *I* considered him as a glorious instrument raised up by God, who had done great things by him. *I* had also such obligations to him, that *I* had resolved, on public as well as on private accounts, never to engage in any opposition to him; yet *I* could not help thinking he might have carried matters further than he did, and that he was giving his enemies handles to weaken his government. *I* had tried, but with little success, to use all due freedom with him; he did not love to be found fault with, and either discouraged *me* with silence, or answered in such general expressions that they signified little." Lord Dartmouth, his contemporary, illustrates this passage by observing, that the king "had complained of bishop Burnet breaking in upon him, whether he would or no, and asking him questions that he did not know

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[2] If the mighty mind of Coleridge had made itself more familiar with what human beings actually did, rather than how they thought, he would have hit on this historical passage as a thorough instance of practical egotism, far more real, and nearly as concise, as the clever satire he has improved from the German. In his delineation of an egotist, he declares of his hero,

"A pronoun, verb-imperative, he shone,"

and describes him thus holding forth:—

"Here, on this market cross, aloud I cry,
I, I, I! I itself I!
The form, the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he—and he, you, and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!
All I itself I!"

how to answer without trusting him more than he was willing to do, having a very bad opinion of his retentive faculties."[1] The bishop mentioned his own reluctance to undertake the office of preceptor to the young prince, and describes how it was finally arranged. "The young duke of Gloucester was to live at Windsor, because it was in the diocese of Salisbury; and the bishop was allowed ten weeks in the princely pupil's vacations, to attend to the rest of his episcopal duties." He affirms, that all his endeavours to decline this advancement were unavailing, for the king said, "he could only trust that care to him." It is certain that no other prelate was bound to identify himself so thoroughly with the revolutionary government as Burnet, and that, as his fortune and station wholly depended on its stability, king William was as certain that Burnet would bring up the boy in as utter hatred to his grandfather James II., as the regent Murray was, when he placed Buchanan as tutor, that he would inculcate in the infant mind of king James every foul stigma against his mother, Mary queen of Scots. The motives of each appointment were similar.

It has been shown that the king had appropriated to his own use an enormous share of the 50,000*l.* per annum added by parliament to the civil list for the purpose of the education of the duke of Gloucester. He had, indeed, retained the whole since the peace of Ryswick.[2] Nor could any entreaties of the princess induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*,[3] scarcely more than a quarter of the sum he received for the establishment of the heir to the British empire. From this fragment the princess solicited that a small part might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture, needful for the extension of her son's establishment. But William III., whose character never appears less attractive than when he is seen in history in the act of grasping some ill-gotten pelf or other, positively refused to advance her a

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[2] The addition voted by parliament was 100,000*l.*, half of which the English parliament had allotted for the payment of the dowry of James II.'s queen, the other moiety for the education of the duke of Gloucester.

[3] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

doit;[1] yet the princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal society: besides, to smooth the other hardships, the earl of Marlborough was appointed his chief governor. At the first view, this measure may appear rather extraordinary, when the indignities are remembered which had been heaped on the princess Anne only for her private regard for Marlborough and his wife; but king William's antipathy to Marlborough had become modified since the death of queen Mary. Most of the real kingly functions were executed by the junta of the oligarchy, resembling the Venetian Council of Ten: a majority of these persons were Marlborough's old colleagues, who had aided him in effecting the Revolution. The junta treated with him as a power who had, among other advantages, possession of the mind and will of the princess Anne, the heiress of the crown.

If king William could draw from the English house of commons sufficient supplies, he cared little how the English junta arranged for the future. He had been heard to say, "Let all remain according to my wish now, and those may have the crown who can catch it when I am gone." A cynic might have laughed, and doubtless many did, at the utter absence of all apprehension by king William and the junta, that Marlborough and the princess Anne would act on their vowed contrition to king James. On the contrary, William calculated to a nicety that Marlborough would renounce and betray the distant lineal heir, and cleave to the rival duke of Gloucester, over whose mind an empire would have been established, commenced in early youth. Such was the secret spring of a measure which seems, at the first view, extremely inconsistent with the previous occurrences in the lives of both the royal sisters, Mary and Anne.

The earl of Marlborough was permitted by king William to attend his levee, June 19, 1698, and kiss his hand,[2] on his appointment as governor to the duke of Gloucester. The king, who was certainly no composer of compliments in

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Macpherson's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 141.

general, is said to have addressed to the object of his former contempt the following fine eulogy on this occasion: "My lord, make the duke of Gloucester like yourself, and I desire no more."[1] King William likewise nominated the new governor one of the junta of nine, called by the people "the nine kings," and by the parliament "the nine lords-justices." Lord Marlborough had previously been appointed to a similar place, when William and Mary first ascended the throne.

William III. did not leave England for the delights of his Loo-palace that year until July 20; neither was the establishment for the young duke of Gloucester's household and education settled even then, since lady Marlborough expressly says "that the king took with him a list of the young duke's intended officials, which he had, in an access of unwonted graciousness, told the princess Anne to draw out for his approval." These are the words of Sarah of Marlborough: she had every reason to know the truth, with all its minutiæ, if she chose to relate it accurately, and in this instance her narrative is corroborated by other contemporaries. "The king," she says, "influenced by lord Sunderland, sent the princess word, 'That though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants, except one, which was to be Mr. Sayers.'[2] The princess received this message with extreme pleasure, for it was more humane, and of a different air, from aught that she had been used to. She immediately set herself to provide proper persons of the most consideration for the several places. Mr. Boscawen[3] and the son of Mr. secretary Vernon were chosen by her royal highness to be the grooms of her son's bedchamber, and the sons of the earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley were to be his pages of honour. Meantime, king William was in no hurry to finish the affair of the duke of Gloucester's establishment. He let lord Marlborough know

[1] Coxe, and all the biographers of the duke of Marlborough, repeat this speech. Had it ever been uttered, the duchess would never have omitted it in her Conduct.

[2] It will be remembered, in the Life of queen Mary, that she was, in her noted visit to Canterbury in 1698, escorted by a vice-chamberlain, quoted as Mr. Sayers.

[3] Probably the Eton boy who was sent for from the college by the princess to play with her son, on his first visit to Windsor-castle.

'that he would send a list from abroad of the servants he chose to have in the young duke's family; but he regarded not in the least the message he had previously sent to the princess.' It was then represented to his majesty, 'that the princess, upon the credit of his first gracious message, had engaged her promise to several persons; and it was to be hoped his majesty would not give her mortification at a time when any trouble of mind might do her great prejudice, as she soon expected the birth of another child.'"[1]

The intelligence that his sister Anne was in the hopeful situation which might strengthen the Protestant interest, far from obtaining for her the slightest indulgence, appeared to aggravate the acerbity of the royal temper; instead of sending the complimentary congratulations customary on such occasions, his majesty angrily exclaimed,—"Anne shall not be queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have!"—"The king remained so peremptory," continues the Marlborough, "that all my husband could do was, to get young Keppel to try to bring him to reason."[2] The favourite took possession of the list drawn up by the princess, and promised that she should receive from Holland a more satisfactory account of the appointments. He exerted himself so zealously in the cause of the princess, that her own list was returned to her with but few alterations. The king made lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be "gentlemen waiters" two or three persons who had served queen Mary II. in like stations, and had pensions on that account; "but," adds lady Marlborough,[3] "it was to make savings in regard to such pensions, that king William did so ungentlemanlike a thing as to force the princess to fail in such engagements." The king had evidently, on second thoughts, repented him of the leave he had given the princess Anne to choose the attendants of her son, and thought that he could save all the pensions he most unwillingly had to pay to his late queen's servants, by giving them full pay in the service of the duke of Gloucester, and thus he should be able to "cut off another cantle" out of the 15,000*l*. Keppel

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

very sagaciously proved to his master, that by making enemies of all the persons to whom the princess would be forced to break her promise, his saving would at the end prove a very dear one.

The poor princess Anne, while these disputes were in the course of settlement and progress, was forced to leave her grasping brother-in-law in full possession, for at least a year, of the income voted by parliament for the use of the duke of Gloucester, being unable to settle her son's establishment until the return of the king. The Flying Post announced the important facts, "that his majesty had paid their royal highnesses, since his return, a visit on December 17, 1698, and that his highness the duke of Gloucester hath had more domestics engaged in his service." The king, therefore, really obtained a whole year and a half's income of 50,000*l.*, almost clear of incumbrances, of this allowance, since the princess was unable to wrest it out of his unrighteous grasp. Yet the temper of the times did not authorize William III. in putting any very remarkable slight on the princess. Since the peace of Ryswick, king William and his English subjects had not been on those terms which rendered it very safe policy. His principal vexation was, that the English parliament insisted on his standing army being disbanded, and his Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards; but finding the parliament inexorable, he was forced to yield, being more than once reminded that this was partly the cause why his father-in-law was exiled. William remained in a black sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one; at last he broke into this exclamation: "By heavens! if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should *not* go." This was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring; yet, notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom, he was fond of little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light. One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king. "Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door,

and there was displayed to view a little child of four years old,—young lord Buckhurst, the heir of lord Dorset, his lord high-chamberlain. "And what does lord Buck want?" asked the king. "You to be a horse to my coach. I've wanted you a long time."[1] With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed king William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was not the first game of play he had had with little lord Buckhurst.

Another personal anecdote of William is connected with his lord treasurer, Godolphin. This minister, who had ever been personally attached to king James, had entered into a plot for his former master's restoration. By one of those accidents that often befall persons who are in the receipt of a great many papers, Godolphin unwittingly put into the king's hands a packet of letters which most fully criminated himself. The king read them, and the next day placed them in the hands of lord Godolphin, who stood aghast at seeing what he had done. The king then said,—"My lord Godolphin, I am happy to say that I am the only person who knows of this treason; give me your honour that you will put an end to it. I think after this I may trust you."[2]

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the Æneid is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. Jacob Tonson, the celebrated publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to William III. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames, than submit to pay that compliment to the Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate Mecænas of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work, induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled, having devised a notable plan for outwitting Dryden, and flattering William at the same

[1] Horace Walpole.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History of the Revolution in Great Britain, &c.

time; for he directed the artist whom he employed to illustrate the Æneid, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty for the *beau-idéal* of the person of the pious Æneas. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken wherever they are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him. Not so to Dryden, whose intense displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious Æneas[1] vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth:—

"Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On *poor* Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's something lacking.
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing."

In the course of three or four years after the death of queen Mary, the health of king William, which had been infirm from his infancy, seemed sinking under a complication of diseases. Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty's physician, being one day in attendance on him, the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs? "That I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," was the startling rejoinder. King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court, but as the great physician was a Jacobite, this was no punishment.

The national songs of Scotland at this period began to assume the tendency which gave them the designation of Jacobite lyrics. Bitter satire was the leading characteristic of this poetry, which conveys much information on the manners of the era: many, indeed, are the facts to be gathered

[1] In the library of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, is a magnificent copy of the first edition, the subscription folio, adorned with all the luxury of type and engravings. On examination, this curious anecdote is fully verified by the fact, that every plate in which the pious Æneas figures, presents a studied and staring likeness of king William.

from it, which are well confirmed on inquiry, though utterly passed over in general history. The following popular song of that century shows that the accidents of the seasons, aggravating public misery caused by war, increased the unpopularity of William III. in North Britain. It is part of the historical ballad of "O whurry Whigs awa," in the course of which the princess Anne is not forgotten:—

"Next we gat owre an Orange king,
 That played with parties baith, man,
A Hogan Mogan[1] foreign thing,
 That wrought a world of skaith, man.
When he came owre, our rights to save,
 His father, friend, and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
 Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November, he
 Did land upon our coasts, man;
But those who lived his reign to see,
 Of that they did not boast, man.
Seven years of famine did prevail,
 The people hopeless grew, man;
But dearth and death did us assail,
 And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come,
 He broke his collar-bone, man;
We chose another, couthy Anne,
 And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
 And plenty over all, man;
We had no scant of sin or saint,
 O *whurry*[2] whigs awa, man."

Another popular historical ballad alludes covertly and sarcastically to the reverse of the episcopal church in Scotland; its title is "Willie the Wag,"—so it was printed, but it was sung "Willie the Whig."

"Oh! I had a wee bit mailin,[3]
 And I had a good grey mare,
And I had a braw bit dwelling,
 Till Willie the Whig came here.
He whiggit me out of my mailin,
 He whiggit me out of my gear,
And out of my bonny *black gowny*,[4]
 That ne'er was worse for the wear.

[1] A favourite epithet of reproach in Jacobite songs, a corruption of the Dutch title of honour, 'high mightiness.'
[2] Weary.
[3] The provision for the episcopalian clergy.
[4] The canonical dress.

He fawned and waggit his tail,
Till he poisoned the true well ee,
And with the wagging of his fause tongue,
He gart the brave Monmouth die.[1]
He whiggit us out of our rights,
And he whiggit us out of our laws,
And he whiggit us out of our king,
O! that grieves me worst of a'.

The tod[2] rules over the lion,
The midden's aboon the moon,
And Scotland maun cower and cringe,
To a false and a foreign loon.
O! waly fu' fall the piper,
That sells his wind sae dear,
And waly fu' is the time
When Willie the whig came here."

These popular songs plainly show the unbroken spirit of Scotland; despite of the deep wounds of Glencoe and Darien, the Scottish lion was foaming at the bit, and ramping to break the reins that held him. A spirit of the strongest personal sarcasm pervades the lyric productions of the Scottish poets at that time, and the most magnificent of their national melodies were made to forget their plaintive character, to accord with the rallying songs of the Jacobites.

In the spring of 1698 occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the princess Anne, but which subsequently shook the throne to which she succeeded. Yet it was nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant-maid, a daughter of lady Marlborough's aunt to a humble post in the palace of the princess. Abigail Hill[3] was the name of this kinswoman of the haughty favourite, who had been a servant-maid in the house of lady Rivers, of Chafford, in Kent. When lady Marlborough was first established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations who were in the most abject misery. At first the favourite denied that she had ever heard of such persons,—a singular circumstance, for most persons in families, either high or low, have heard their aunts mentioned. She was, however, successfully re-

[1] This allusion was unveiled in the publication of the Stuart Papers, by order of George IV.

[2] The *fox*.

[3] Her servitude to Lady Rivers is mentioned by Coxe, Life of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 257.

minded that her father's sister had married an anabaptist, in trade in the city, who had become bankrupt; that this aunt was starving, with her husband; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. The whole of this mortifying detail had, perhaps, been laid before the proud favourite as a rebuke to her arrogance; fortunately for the afflicted persons, it impelled her to draw forth ten guineas from her purse for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired, as did her husband, directly after the assistance arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till their last extremity. Lady Marlborough began to consider, that to canton the orphans on the public would be more gratifying to her self-esteem, than leaving them in the degree of house-maids and chamber-maids. Abigail Hill was withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman from servitude with lady Rivers, and given bitter bread as her own nursery-maid.[1] Bitter indeed it must have been, if conclusions may be drawn from a very pert letter of one of her young charges, Anne Churchill, in which that vulgar term of reviling, "creature," as applied to her cousin, most odiously occurs. Abigail Hill, silent and suffering, became, if we may judge from the representation of Lady Marlborough, morose, misanthropic, close, and designing, being likewise of a temper so miserable, that it preyed inwardly on her health, so that no change of fortune could cheer her melancholy. What an auto-biography could have been written by this woman! who appears to have possessed the shy, proud disposition often noted in persons who have seen better days, and yet have sunk to the last wretchedness to which a virtuous person can fall,—that of common servitude.

Meantime her brothers, the ragged boys—lady Marlborough especially points out their rags—were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of patronage at the Marlborough command which opened at the Revolution. The elder Hill was placed in the customs;

[1] The Duchess of Marlborough, in her reviling letters, frequently speaks of her cousin as her nursery-maid, as in her Correspondence, (vol. i. p. 257,) where, though she has blundered in the use of the relative, she means Abigail Hill.

the younger, Jack Hill, as a page to prince George of Denmark. When the household of the young duke of Gloucester was established, lady Marlborough slipped her cousin, Mary Hill, into the snug place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for her white slave, the melancholy superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bedchamber woman to the princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy who could perform all her own offices when she chose to absent herself, apprehending no danger of being supplanted by a person so reserved and unattractive. Abigail had another connexion at court, a climbing politician. This was Robert Harley. According to lady Marlborough's statement, the father of Abigail Hill was in the same degree of relationship to Harley, that his wife was to her. She adds "that Harley never did any thing for his uncle or his distressed family, or owned the kindred,[1] till Abigail was likely to become a prosperous gentlewoman."

Since the advancement of lord Marlborough to the high office of governor to the duke of Gloucester, his lady had begun to lose the caressing devotion she had hitherto manifested for the princess Anne, and now and then permitted her to taste a spice of that audacious and overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the sympathising and silent substitute of her haughty favourite. When the princess found no evil consequences ensued, that no tale was carried to Abigail's principal, and above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and some condolences regarding the fiery temper of the "dear Mrs. Freeman," were received gratefully, and agreed upon by both with impunity. Such

[1] There is something wrong in this statement of lady Marlborough, for Robert Harley's mother was not *Abigail Hill*, but Abigail Stephens; neither had he an aunt whose maiden name was Hill. The only trace of family connexion with the chivalresque pedigree of Harley, is the family name of Abigail, with which some of its ladies were afflicted in the seventeenth century. We should believe all connexion of the Harleys with the anabaptist Hill, who married lady Marlborough's aunt, the pure invention of that person, were it not for the abuse which the lampoons of that time level at Robert Harley's father, as a *fanatic* who had tasted the good things of Cromwell's outrageous taxation.

was the commencement of the intimacy between the princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill, and such the domestic politics of the palace of St. James. Her royal highness continued to keep court that year with some degree of splendour. She frequently bestowed patronage on the theatres. Among other entertainments of the kind, she approved of the English opera. The Postboy[1] announces, "that her royal highness was pleased to see, this day, April 27, 1690, the opera called The Island Princess, which was performed by her command, at the theatre-royal."

The education of the duke of Gloucester had proceeded formally under the surveillance of his preceptor Burnet, according to the account of the latter, since his highness's ninth birthday. As usual the princess and her consort took their son to Windsor-castle, July 1699: the birthday of the young prince, and the wedding-day of the princess, were celebrated with balls and great splendour; the whole concluded with fireworks for the duke of Gloucester,—a circumstance which is never omitted in any public announcement of these rejoicings.[2] The course of study which Dr. Burnet thought best for the little prince of ten years old, is remarkable for its dry and abstract nature; the child's docility was greatly commended, but the lively spirit that carried him through many severe attacks of illness, supported him no longer. Two years' attention to the studies described by his right-reverend preceptor, would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain. No more of his lively sallies are reported after he was consigned to the tuition of Burnet. There is a beautiful picture of the prince, at this period of his existence, at Hampton-Court: "melancholy seems to have marked him for her own." He looks like a young man of seventeen, too sensitive and delicate for this work-a-day world: the blue veins on the fair high temples, the pearly complexion, the mournful regard of the mild blue eyes, and the expression of premature care and thoughtfulness are altogether unlike the merry sprite described by his faithful Lewis Jenkins.

[1] Collections, Brit. Museum. [2] The Postboy, ibid., July 24, 1699.

The princess gave receptions and held her court at Windsor-castle during the summer of 1699, to which the nobility occasionally travelled from London to present themselves. The month of August brought her a visitor of no very reputable cast, being the notorious lady Dorchester, the unworthy rival of her hated step-mother, Mary Beatrice. As this person posted to Windsor to make her obeisance at the court of Anne, when she thought proper to own her marriage with sir David Collier, it may be supposed that the princess kept up some intimacy with her, either as acquaintance or partisan. The incident is thus sarcastically mentioned by the marchioness of Halifax.[1] "I see marriage is still honourable, by your cousin Savill in the country, and my lady Dorchester in this town, who now owns hers to sir David Collier, and hath been at Windsor on purpose to kiss the princess Anne's hand upon it."

The consort of the princess Anne continued to live an easy and luxurious life with her, neither causing nor conceiving jealousies: either as prince or husband, had he displayed the slightest tendency to ambition, all parties would have hastened to attack him with envenomed libels. Inoffensive as he was, they would not permit him to remain at peace, but satirized his very peacefulness. One wicked wit[2] thus mentions him: "They perceived another king[3] hard by, in the same quarter, much concerned for the loss of a brother, whom, many years ago, he had disposed of extremely well, yet nobody since ever heard one word of him. Momus, laughing, said, 'The good prince was not quite dead, though forced to breathe hard to prevent being buried, because nobody perceived any other sign of life in him.' Some of the gods smiled, and said, 'It were well for the good of mankind, if all other princes were

[1] Letter, in Devonshire Collection, from the marchioness of Halifax, dated August 22, 1699. Copied by permission. In the same series of letters, the marchioness mentions as news, that the first duke of Devonshire had purchased Berkeley-house, so long the residence of the princess Anne, and that he had paid the first instalment August 3, 1699. This incident strengthens the tradition mentioned in Knight's London, that Berkeley-house occupied the present site of Devonshire-house.

[2] Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 139.

[3] The king of Denmark, brother of prince George.

as quiet as he was.'" This picture was drawn by a rival, the marquess of Normanby. It was well that the harmless prince had not afforded reason for severer satire. The brother alluded to was the king of Denmark, whose death in 1699 gave prince George some share in the troubles of this world, by plunging him into the deepest affliction. Christiern V. had been loved by him with enduring affection, which had caused him to perform, when fighting by his side, acts of generous and romantic valour, worthy of Bayard or Philip Sidney. Probably it was the esteem the Danish prince obtained in Europe for rescuing his royal brother from captivity by a desperate charge, when taken by the Swedes at the lost battle of Varna, that obtained for him the hand of the heiress in reversion of the British empire, which the princess Anne then was. Prince George had, since his settlement in England, frequently visited his brother at Copenhagen, therefore the love between them had not failed from entire absence. The king of Denmark died[1] September the 4th, 1699. Prince George of Denmark was in the depth of his mourning habiliments, and had not mastered his sorrow, when the birthday of William III. occurred, Nov. 4th; on this account, the prince expressed his wish that his majesty would permit the princess and himself to congratulate him without doffing their sable weeds, fancying that liberty might be taken, "because the late kings, Charles II. and James II., never wished any persons in recent mourning for their relatives to change it for coloured clothes on such occasions." King William's ideas, on the subject of death and "mourning doole," were more consonant with those of Henry VIII. His Dutch majesty, although king Christiern was a relative of his own, and an ally withal, signified his pleasure that their royal highnesses were to visit him in gay court dresses, or to keep away.[2] The prince of Denmark was both angry and afflicted at this message.

Other causes of disquiet relative to the death of the king of Denmark were felt by Anne and her spouse. The suc-

[1] Calamy's Life and Diary, vol. i. p. 418.
[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

cessor of Christiern V., his son Frederic IV., had, in the course of his travels in France, visited St. Germains, and had, despite of the rival interests of his uncle's consort, professed himself deeply interested in the exiled queen and her children, and, withal, mightily disposed to espouse their quarrel against the advancement of his young cousin Gloucester. An absurd dispute with Louis XIV. put a stop to his enthusiasm. That monarch would only address his despatches to the king of Denmark as "serenity," and not "majesty;" in retaliation, king Christiern directed his papers to the high and mighty majesty of France only as "serenity;" which proceeding did not produce much serenity in the tempers of either royal correspondent, for the king of France, in a great rage, bade his ministers address Frederic IV. only as *vous*.[1] Such were the childish matters that occupied the attention of sovereigns at the close of the seventeenth century; nor were they much amended in the commencement of the eighteenth, for we shall see that the princess Anne, when queen, was insulted by the emperor in the same manner, after millions of treasure and oceans of blood had been wasted by England in the cause of his son.

Notwithstanding the verbal skirmish with the *grand monarque* regarding the dignity of Denmark, the princess Anne and her consort had the vexation of finding that their nephew, Frederic IV., did his utmost against the government of Great Britain, and consequently against the succession of Anne and her son. Sir George Rooke forthwith bombarded Copenhagen with the English fleet; but the king of Denmark, after the reverses he sustained from the young Swedish hero, Charles XII., was compelled to make peace. William III., when the early successes of Charles were described to him by Keppel, was heard to say, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, youth is a fine thing!"[2]

These family griefs and troubles detained the princess and her consort later than usual, in the autumn of 1699, at Windsor. There is no notice in the Gazette or Postboy of

[1] Despatches of the earl of Manchester, edited by Christian Cole, addressed to the earl of Jersey, p. 64.
[2] White Kennet's Perfect History, vol. iii.

their attendance at the king's birthday that year, 1699; therefore the prince and princess probably took his majesty at his word, and kept themselves and their mourning from the royal presence. The princess did not arrive at St. James's for the winter until December, when her *cortège* is thus described in one of the newspapers of the day:[1] "1699, Dec. 2. Thursday, about four in the afternoon, their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, with his highness the duke of Gloucester, came to the palace of St. James's from Windsor, having eleven coaches with six horses each, besides some others that attended them. Yesterday they were complimented by the nobility on their arrival. A curious ode is prepared,[2] to be sung, as usual, this morning, and *there's* to be a ball at St. James's, to conclude the solemnity of the day." The princess expected another accouchement in the spring of 1700: she was again destined to disappointment; her infant did not live to be baptized. During its private burial, in the night of January 27th, in the vault of Henry VII.'s chapel, an odd circumstance took place: some robbers stole into Westminster-abbey, and lurking among the recesses of Henry VII.'s chapel, contrived to break open the tomb of Charles II., and rob his wax effigy of its regal array, and succeeded in carrying off all the ornaments. So far the information of the Flying Post; but it requires a little explanation. Charles II. had no tomb, but probably something of a hearse was placed on the spot where he was buried, on which was extended his wax effigy, in the same dress in which it was carried at his funeral. For want of a better, the people called this his tomb; thousands went to see it, and an additional charge was made for the sight. Since the robbery, Charles's wax statue has been dressed in a dark velvet costume, which was probably one of his old court dresses.

Among the few incidents which remain of the residence of the princess Anne at the palace of St. James, is the memory of a freak of bishop Burnet, who, it appears, united the office of almoner to the princess with that of preceptor to her son,

[1] Flying Post, Dec. 1699: Collections, Brit. Museum.

[2] Written by Hughes, author of the Siege of Damascus.

since he usually preached at St. James's chapel. Here he perceived, or fancied, that the ladies of the princess's establishment did not look at him while preaching his sermons,—"his thundering long sermons," as queen Mary called them; nay, bishop Burnet suspected that the ladies preferred looking at any other person. He therefore, after much remonstrance, prevailed on the princess Anne to order all the pews in St. James's chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The princess could not help laughing at the complaint, but she complied when Burnet represented that the interests of the church were in danger. All traces of these high panelled pews have long disappeared from the royal chapel; but the whim of bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches, which had not been until then divided into pews.[1] The bishops and clergy of our church at the present day are, we have heard, by no means partial to these high boxes as inducements to pious demeanour. As for the damsels for whose edification the lofty pews in St. James's chapel were first devised, they were transported with the utmost indignation, which was only surpassed by the rage of the cavaliers of the court and household of the princess. One of the courtiers, supposed to be lord Mordaunt, vented his wrath by the composition of a satirical ballad on the intermeddling of Burnet, the gist of which was,—that if the ladies of the princess had no better reason to restrain their eyes from wandering at church than a pew higher than their heads, their forced attention would do little good. This squib[2] has some historical utility, because it preserves the description of the principal ladies domesticated with the princess Anne:—

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames
Who flocked to the chapel of holy St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,

[1] Shorne church, in Kent, is, or was, an instance of Burnet's alterations. A lady must be tall, even to see over the side of a pew when standing. The whole of the church is parcelled out into these high boxes.

[2] The earl of Oxford's MS. Collection of Tory and Jacobite Verses.—Lansdowne Papers, 825, p. 236.

To the princess he went,
With a pious intent,
This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.
'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the *toast*.[1]

Your highness observes how I labour and sweat,
Their affections to raise and attention to get;
And sure when I preach all the world will agree,
That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me;
But now I can find
No beauty so kind,
My parts to regard or my person to mind;
Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face,
But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.

Those sorrowful matrons with hearts full of ruth,
Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;
The rest with their tattle my harmony spoil,
And Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle,
Their minds entertain
With fancies profane,
That not even at church their tongues they restrain;
E'en Henningham's shape their glances entice,
And rather than me they will ogle the *vice!*[2]

These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace;
Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Therefore, pray condescend
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no brawling pretender but me.'

The princess, by the man's importunity prest,
Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allowed his request.
And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are lock'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

It was provided, among the other regulations of the duke of Gloucester's education, that four of the governing junta should examine his progress in learning every quarter. The child had gone through this somewhat arduous ordeal in the summer of 1700 with great credit.[3] He was considered a prodigy of juvenile attainment, and surely the mind of the poor child must have been crammed with extraordinary mental

[1] So written; but perhaps it means the courtiers who brought beauties into celebrity by toasting them at their drinking orgies. Montague, lord Halifax, had the names of the court-beauties written on drinking-glasses, accompanied by quaint descriptive rhymes, which were repeated when the health was drunk.

[2] The princess's vice-chamberlain.

[3] Roger Coke.

diet, for his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished the four deputies from the governing junta. Nevertheless, all that the young boy answered on these abstract subjects must have been on the parrot system of education, painfully committed to memory, and pronounced without a concomitant idea. Clear and luminous ideas on jurisprudence, and the diverse laws which the communities of mankind have agreed to observe, can only be obtained by the exertions of riper intellect, as inferences drawn from the history and statistics of various nations, aided by the study of their customs and manners. A very small share of such information appertained to the preceptor; the pupil was more to be pitied, into whose tender mind sapless and incomprehensible verbiage was unwholesomely thrust. The languages and sciences to which young Edward VI. fell a victim were infinitely preferable, because they were connected with facts and ideas. The young duke of Gloucester's mind was chiefly occupied by this abstruse pedantry; added to which, were those branches of the mathematics of use in sieges and fortification, together with the manœuvres of field-days,—all tending to train him for that injurious ruler to England, a regimental sovereign.

A circumstance happened, just before the princess and her household left St. James's-palace for Windsor-castle, which was supposed to have ultimately occasioned very injurious effects on the duke of Gloucester's health, by removing from him the physician who had successfully studied his constitution from his infancy. The princess Anne had always been remarked for her devotion to the pleasures of the table, but as life advanced, her digestion weakened, and very often she suffered under the re-action of the stimulants she took to improve it; she then became low-spirited, and apprehensive regarding her health. One evening she sent for the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, at an inconvenient time, just as he had opened his second bottle of sack. He affected disbelief concerning the illness of the princess, and positively refused to prescribe any medicine for her, but made her attendants put her to bed, declaring that she would be well in the morning.

In a few days, he was again summoned, at the same inconvenient hour, but he refused to leave his bottle. "Pooh, pooh!" said he. "Tell her royal highness nothing ails her but vapours; she needs neither physic nor physician." The princess was, of course, very angry, and struck him off her list of physicians,[1] with which Dr. Radcliffe was much delighted; for, as he said, "he hated the whig sovereigns so unfeignedly, that he should certainly have the credit of poisoning them; therefore he wanted none of their custom, not he!" Radcliffe had been appointed medical attendant to the princess Anne, by the king her father, in 1686;[2] in fact, the hostility between the princess and her physician had commenced as early as her flight from her father in 1688, when the bishop of London sent for him to come to Nottingham, to see after the health of the princess, which showed some dangerous symptoms. Radcliffe indulged in much coarse vituperation on her conduct, and finished by assuring her messenger "that he would not come."

The princess Anne and her household removed with the duke of Gloucester to Windsor before the expiration of the month of May. The following intelligence heralded their preparations for departure from St. James's that summer: "May 21.—We hear their royal highnesses and the duke design for Windsor next week. Her royal highness has distributed a great deal of money among the poor of St. James's, St. Ann's, this Whitsuntide, according to her annual custom."[3] The languishing health of king William occasioned all politicians to be on the alert. The earl of Marlborough and his lady, although reckoned among the leading tories of the day, were perfectly certain that their political power would be limited to the mere personal influence they had over the princess, in case of her accession, if they remained in the tory ranks. On the accession of Anne, it was anticipated that such men as her uncle, her mother's younger brother Rochester, the duke of Ormonde, and other personal friends of her father,

[1] This is one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes; it is, besides, related by the biographers of Radcliffe.

[2] Bio. Brit.: *art.*, Radcliffe.

[3] Flying Post; Brit. Museum.

would govern the country under her reign, according to the economical plans of an earlier day. Well did the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, know that such statesmen would shrink from co-operation with them, for most of them were aware of the reiterated treacheries of their renewed correspondence with the court of St. Germains, and the second betrayal of its interests when the coalition with the party of king William took place after the death of queen Mary. But the Marlboroughs had planned a great family alliance, which they truly foresaw would render them too strong for the old-fashioned statesmen who scrupled the daring anticipation of the funds of the country, according to the Dutch mode of finance introduced by king William. Lord Marlborough and his lady, therefore, asked a long leave of absence from the princess, and hastened to hold a convention at Althorpe with the old, serpent-like politician, Sunderland. They were joined in the organization of their family scheme by lord Godolphin, whose only son had, the year before, married their eldest daughter, Henrietta. The hatred lady Marlborough had borne to lord Sunderland (which, it may be observed, flamed through the despatches of Anne to her sister Mary in 1688) when they were driving on the Revolution, vanished, and the favourite, who had joined with her mistress in denouncing him to the late queen as "the *subtlest, workingest villain* on earth," now gave her second daughter in marriage to his eldest son. The princess Anne had previously portioned the eldest daughter, having humbly craved permission in the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

"I have a request to make to my dear Mrs. Freeman; it is, that whenever dear lady Hariote [Henrietta] marries, you would give me leave to give her something to keep me in her thoughts. I beg my poor mite may be accepted, being offered from a heart that is without any reserve, with more passion and sincerity, my dear Mrs. Freeman, than any other can be capable of."[1]

The mite was 5000*l.*; the same was now given to Anne Churchill.[2] Thus did the princess rivet the chains, the weight

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 285, 287.

[2] The princess offered ten thousand pounds to each bride; if lady Marlborough is to be believed, she only accepted five thousand for each daughter.

of which was to crush her very soul during her remaining years.

The princess Anne kept the eleventh birthday of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his juvenile regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; towards night, he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, because Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor-castle and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever. He demanded "who had bled him?" The physician in attendance owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him; and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child.

The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure which astonished every one.[1] She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth, she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God.

Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge, but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place July

[1] Burnet's Hist. of His Own Times.

30th, 1700, five days after his birthday. The thoughts of Anne were, at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement, wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed, where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible punishment from heaven for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest touch of real penitence at any previous period.[1]

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 223. Her letter, which seems to have been dictated by sincere feelings at the time, has not yet come to light, yet its tenor is clearly to be ascertained in documents connected with the era. The princess positively promised, moreover, "that she would use her utmost power to effect the restoration of her brother if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him." Lamberty and Carte affirm this, although neither had the slightest connexion with each other.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The princess Anne's conduct and feelings on the death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—She remains at Windsor during his funeral—She exasperates William III. by her letter to her father—The princess receives no condolences from William—Her mortification at this neglect—Annoyed at his omission to notify her son's death to Louis XIV.—Disgusted by his meanness in regard to her son's attendants—Continues their salaries herself—The princess overhears lady Marlborough reviling her—Keeps secret her knowledge of it—It forms the foundation of the princess's dislike to her—Princess receives news of her father's death—Goes in deep mourning for him—Conscious of the failing health of king William—Supposes that her own reign approaches—Commences the study of history—Soon tired of it—Plot to hinder her accession to the throne—King William's fatal accident—Princess Anne visits him with her consort—Attainder of her brother—The princess is denied access to king William's sick-chamber—She receives hourly bulletins of his failing breath—Death of William III.—Is succeeded by the princess Anne.

Those who judged merely by the princess Anne's outward demeanour, said that she bore the death of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with the characteristic apathy of her nature,—a nature supposed to have been devoid of the tenderer emotions of the female heart. She gave, however, one proof of sensibility, which affords indubitable evidence that feelings of a still more agonizing nature than maternal grief were awakened in her heart by the unexpected blow that had made her house desolate. Temporal judgments were according to the spirit of the theology of that century, and the conscience of Anne Stuart brought them home to herself. The daughter who had assisted in dethroning and driving her king and father into exile for the sake of aggrandizing her own offspring and supplanting her brother, was rendered childless. Her sin was called to remembrance by the death of her son. He, the desire of her eyes, had been taken from her by a stroke.

In that dark moment, when the object of all her sinuous policy was in the dust, the princess Anne felt a yearning and desire for the sympathy of that injured parent who had so often mourned with her over her blighted maternal hopes on former occasions,[1] and she despatched an express, but very secretly, to St. Germains with her letter, to inform king James of the calamity that had befallen her in the untimely death of her son and his grandchild, the duke of Gloucester.[2]

Upon lord Marlborough, the duke of Gloucester's governor, had devolved the duty of announcing to the king the death of his near relative. The demise of the duke of Gloucester took place in July, and the information to king William was sent as soon as it occurred: his majesty condescended no reply. The princess Anne pertinaciously remained at Windsor-castle, although the body of her only child lay in state in the suite of apartments which had been devoted to his use there. On the 4th of August, the earl of Marlborough and Mr. Sayers escorted the corpse from thence by torch-light, through the Little-park and Old Windsor, and by Staines and Brentford, to Westminster. The body of the young prince arrived at the place of destination, being Westminster-hall, at two o'clock the same morning. It was conveyed to the antique chamber called 'the prince's robing-room,' where it lay in state until the night of solemn interment, in the vault near Henry VII.'s chapel, August 9th.[3]

The reason of king William's unexampled neglect of the communication announcing the death of his heir was, beyond all dispute, because the princess Anne had written, in her

[1] Lamberty's Memoirs for the Seventeenth Century, vol. i. p. 121.

[2] Christian Cole, the author of Memoirs of Affairs of State, endeavours to controvert this assertion, which he affects to consider highly derogatory to Anne's *duty* to her brother-in-law, William III. He even says that the contrary is proved by the earl of Manchester's letters, which he edited. He could neither have read the work he edited himself, nor could he ever have expected any other person so to do, for the earl of Manchester says positively, "that his first intelligence of the death of the duke of Gloucester came from St. Germains." These are his words: "Yesterday morning, *they* [James II. and his family] *had an express at St. Germains from England*, with news that the duke of Gloucester is dead. I fear it is too true. My letters are not yet come."—Letter of the earl of Manchester to Mr. Blathwayte, in Christian Cole's Affairs of State, p. 198.

[3] Roger Coke, and Toone's Chronology.

grief, to her father. As some historians have bestowed great pains in clearing the princess of this *crime*, it is only proper to verify the fact from documentary sources. Lamberty, whose evidence is indisputable, as he had been the confidential secretary of Portland and William III., thus declares his knowledge on the subject:[1] "The duke of Gloucester, who was the hope of the English, happening unfortunately to die, the princess Anne, his mother, sent very clandestinely an express to the court of St. Germains, to notify his death there. The earl of Manchester, who was ambassador from England at Paris, and who watched that court, was advised of it. He despatched his secretary, Chetwynd, under *other pretences*, to Loo, to inform the king of it." The pretences here mentioned on which this person was ostensibly sent to Loo, were according to the spirit of the two preceding centuries, in which plots of assassination, sometimes real, but oftener fictitious, were the master-springs of state machinery. Lord Manchester pretended to have found out at Paris, that two Irishmen were plotting to poison king William. This ambassador, making loud demonstrations of indignation at the French court, sent off his secretary to Loo, ostensibly with warnings of the poison plot, but his real object was to communicate to king William the dereliction of the princess Anne.[2] "It was because," pursues Lamberty, "such a sort of step—so contrary to what the princess Anne had always shown—made it appear that she had ill designs; we shall see it by a secret writing, which was found when she was dead."[3] William's coldness and contempt to the feelings of the princess Anne and her consort, in regard to the mourning for the young prince, their son, though he had always professed affection for him, afford confirmation of this statement. In fact, his conduct on that occasion was not commonly humane, considering the nearness of the relationship of the boy to himself, independently of his

[1] Lamberty's Memoirs for the History of Seventeenth Century.

[2] Lord Manchester's letters in C. Cole's Memoirs are in complete coincidence with Lamberty's words.

[3] Lamberty's Historical Memoirs, vol. viii. Much curious information has been ...d regarding Anne in these Memoirs of Lamberty, but not the paper here ...ed to.

being the nephew of queen Mary. Court mournings are lightly passed over in these days of utilitarianism; but the state of feeling in that age was different,—every thing being then regulated according to the solemn *régime* of state etiquette on funereal matters.

Vernon, one of William's secretaries of state, writes on the subject of young Gloucester's death,—"We have very little news at present, after having had too much last week. The prince and princess are as well as can be expected under their great affliction." This letter is dated August 5.

"August 18.

"I suppose," wrote the perplexed ambassador, lord Manchester, "I shall soon have orders how I am to act, which, I fear, if from Loo, will not be so full as I could wish. First, if my coaches and servants must be in mourning, in what manner I must notify the duke of Gloucester's death? whether in a private audience of the king [of France], or publicly of the whole court? If so, I must have letters to them, as I had at my first coming. I am told, for certain, that the court of St. Germains will go into mourning, and that they are already preparing. I need not say how pleased they are, and confident of being soon in England. Yesterday," pursues his excellency, "I was at Versailles, where the king [Louis XIV.] asked me privately, if the news of the duke of Gloucester's death was true?"[1]

No one could be placed in a more embarrassing position, as regarded royal etiquette, than was William III.'s unlucky representative at the court of the most ceremonious monarch in the world, by the perversity of his royal master in giving him no intimation in what manner he was to announce the demise of his heir. In fact, William III. was in one of his long-lasting fits of silent rage, occasioned by the certainty of the renewed communication between the princess Anne and her father, nor did he perceive any possible way of awakening in her mind a contrary interest to that of her nearest relatives. As far as was apparent to his perception, his sister-in-law had no object of affection likely to stand between the yearning of her heart towards her father, brother, and sister in France. In this he was, perhaps, deceived. Quiet and retiring as he was, prince George of Denmark had exercised, from the first, the most unbounded political influence over his wife of any person in the world. His religious feelings were far more earnest than those of the king, although he made little show

[1] Letters of the earl of Manchester, in Cole.

of them, and had long ceased raising any political cry concerning his protestantism. He by no means despaired of future offspring, since his princess had, within the last few months, been the mother of an infant. While prince George lived, king William need have had little apprehension of the feelings of Anne towards her own family being other than evanescent; unfortunately, William hated and loathed Anne much, but George still more, and he could only endure the least communication with them while he looked upon them as the passive and submissive tools of his despotic will. There was, assuredly, as shown on a particular occasion soon after, an involuntary yearning of remorse, and even of unconscious affection, in the recesses of his heart towards his uncle James; but no circumstances, however calamitous they might be, could awaken the slightest feeling of sympathy in him for the bereaved parents of the duke of Gloucester, although they had repeatedly proved his most efficient allies in the attainment of his desires.

According to the foregoing despatch of the English ambassador in France, the exiled king, James II., and his whole court of St. Germains, was actually paying the external mark of respect to the memory of the princely child who was the hope of protestant England, and whose birth had been partly the cause of keeping his young uncle in a state of expatriation, before king William could be induced to acknowledge, either to his own or to foreign courts, that he had ever heard of his demise. Yet the injured son of James II. had put off his sports out of respect for the death of his nephew, while William III. refused to show the least token of concern.[1]

In token of his own near kindred to the princess Anne, Louis XIV. professed himself ready to order his court to put on mourning, and to assume it himself, for his youthful cousin, her son, as soon as the notification of his decease should have been formally announced to him by the British ambassador. That unfortunate diplomatist, meantime, fretted himself into a fever from the awkward predicament in which he stood between William and his successor Anne, to say nothing of

[1] Cole's Memoirs of Affairs of State, p. 199.

his old sovereign, king James. Not only was he unable to signify the demise of the young prince to the king of France, but he was left in uncertainty what he and his suite were to do about their own mourning till the 22nd of August, when Mr. Blathwayte, William's secretary at Loo, communicated his royal master's gracious pleasure in the following pithy terms, brought in at the end of various political notices about foreign affairs: "Your lordship will have found the news of the duke of Gloucester's death too true. His majesty thinks that mourning for your person, and such as are near you out of livery, for three months, all that need be on this melancholy occasion."[1] Not a word, however, touching the important question of how the demise of the duke was to be communicated to his French majesty. More than a month had elapsed since his death. Anne and her husband had written letters themselves of formal announcement of their loss to Louis XIV., after long waiting for William to do so; but this only added to the dilemma of the ambassador.

"Last night," writes he to secretary Vernon,[2] "I received letters from their royal highnesses for this court, which will not be received here, unless there is a letter at the same time from his majesty; neither can I offer them without being empowered to do it, either by you or Mr. Blathwayt, as you see by the enclosed. I freely tell Mr. Griffith, whom I have desired to consult with you and my lord Marlborough upon this matter, there is so much time already past, that I wait with some impatience for your directions in what manner the duke of Gloucester's death is to be notified, the rather that I may prevent the discourses of some people, who would have it believed that this court is backward in paying us the respect of going into mourning on this occasion."

The same day the ambassador writes in more explicit terms on this embarrassing topic to Mr. Griffith.

"SIR, "Paris, Sept. 8, 1700.

"I have received yours, with the letters of her royal highness the princess Anne and his royal highness the prince, and I shall be always ready to obey their commands, though in this case, upon inquiry, I cannot deliver the letters unless I had also one from the king to the French king. This court says, 'that it is usual upon these occasions that the prince and princess send a person on purpose, with a character, who would be received as if he came from a crowned head, as they think was done in the case of the duke of Cambridge.'[3] If the prince and princess would avoid this, then a letter from the king, to be delivered by me with those of their royal highnesses, will be sufficient to make this court go into mourning. And as for the other letters to the rest of the princes, they need not be delivered. This will avoid one inconvenience, as there is none for the

[1] Cole's Memoirs of Affairs of State, p. 206. [2] Ibid., p. 207.
[3] Son of James II., when duke of York, deceased in the reign of Charles II.

dauphin. I am sensible of the reason why there is not; and I think it convenient not to make that matter so public as by consequence it would be, and cause various discourses.

"I desire you would assure their royal highnesses of my most humble duty. It will be convenient that you should inform my lord Marlborough and Mr. secretary Vernon of this whole matter, since I have received from Loo no other orders than to put myself and family in mourning, which I have already done. I hope I may know as soon as possible what measures are taken. I am, &c.

"MANCHESTER."

As late as the 15th of September the poor ambassador was still fretting in spirit, and writing to one or other of the English cabinet to complain that he had received no definite orders from king William, who certainly must have taken an ill-natured pleasure in the perplexity of his English officers of state on this occasion. Anne, piqued at the little respect that was paid to the memory of her only son, caused secretary Vernon to write to lord Manchester, to ask "why her letters to the king of France had not been delivered? and that court not in mourning?"—"Since my illness," writes the ambassador, in reply, "my secretary has wrote to Mr. Cardonnel,[1] to explain whether any notice is to be given this court."

LORD MANCHESTER TO MR. SECRETARY VERNON.

"Paris, Sept. 15, 1700.

"M. Cardonnel desires my secretary to acquaint me, that there are no orders given to notify the duke of Gloucester's death to any court whatsoever. So you see how this matter stands. I must tell you, to remove any suspicions that this court might seem not inclined to go into mourning, that they are ready to do it whenever it is notified to them in form, but they do not take it to be regular that I should deliver the princess's letters without any from the king; for you know, in all audiences that I have, my discourse is always in the name of the king, and cannot be otherwise, though I can at the same time make a compliment from their royal highnesses. They do still say here, that if this was the case of any of the children of Monsieur, he would send, and not the king. So, likewise, they conceive their royal highnesses ought to do. I am apt to think the princess had not sent these letters, had she not thought that I had orders also from Loo. I shall readily obey what directions you give me, but I confess it is my opinion that, since there has been so much time lost, and unless it is generally notified in all courts, that it is better to let this matter rest. Besides, this court goes to-morrow se'night to Fontainebleau, and in a few days after, *the late king and queen*[2] go. How long they are to be there is uncertain, but whilst they stay, I know not well how I can go thither. I must acquaint you that the *introductor* of ambassadors has been with me, and has sent me some precedents,—those the duke of York[3] had sent to this court. I have enclosed a copy of his letter, that you may judge of it."

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[1] Secretary to lord Marlborough.

[2] James II. and his queen, Mary Beatrice.

[3] This must have been James II. before his accession, and the precedents relate to the deaths of his infant children by his first and by his second duchess.

"September 17.

"I do not doubt but you have heard that the princess has sent me letters for this court, to notify the death of the duke of Gloucester. Unless I have also letters from the king [William III.] himself, I cannot present them, nor will they be received, as I am informed. I should think the princess should have known the king's pleasure in this matter. There is so much time lost, that, in my opinion, it is much better to let it alone, for though they should go into mourning, it would be for so little a time, that it might not be well taken."

It was not till the 1st of October, upwards of two months after the death of the young duke, that William condescended to empower his representative to announce his demise to the king of France, although the nearest male relative he had in the world, excepting his uncle James II. and the disowned prince of Wales. A fortnight's mourning was ordered by that monarch, a result scarcely commensurate with the voluminousness of the correspondence it occasioned. The death of the king of Spain occurring soon after, William promptly ordered the utmost respect to be paid to his memory: his ambassadors had even their coaches covered with black. The court of France went into a three months' mourning for that potentate, but no regard was paid by William to the feelings of his sister-in-law on account of the death of her only child.

"I can now acquaint you," wrote lord Manchester, October 9, "that yesterday I had an audience of the king, at Fontainebleau, when I notified to him the death of the duke of Gloucester, and delivered their royal highnesses' letters. The king expressed himself 'as extremely sensible of the great loss,' &c., as is usual on such occasions. As to what related to their royal highnesses, he concluded with saying 'that he would take an occasion of letting them know the great share he took in their concern.' In short, all things went as could be desired, and on Wednesday next the court goes into mourning, which will be the day after the *late king* [James II.] leaves Fontainebleau. I have some reason to think that my going thither, whilst they were there, may have a good effect; for of late the St. Germains people are so high, that they think it is now our time to court them. I find, that though they heard a week before that I was to come, yet they could not believe it. I carried myself as if I thought there were no such persons, and my coach came to the great stairs, which is under the *late king's* [James II.] apartment there. Those that belong to them were cousins, brought to see me; but it was also, I believe, no little mortification to them to see where I went, all the French making me all the compliments imaginable. I was a considerable time with M. de Torcy, and satisfied him, both in relation to the delay and the king's not writing. *I was forced to lay the occasion of it on the lords justices,*[1] who (I said) the king thought would have sent me orders, which

[1] This curious passage proves that the ambassador knew the fault did not rest with the *lords justices*, (meaning by them the English regency,) but with William III. The apology Manchester makes for inventing this falsehood, and fathering the fault of his royal master's brutality "on the nine kings," is almost ludicrous.

was the reason I had them not sooner from Loo. This, I hope, *they* [the lords justices or English regents] will pardon; *but when things are managed in such a way, one must make the most plausible excuse one can.*"

A few days afterwards lord Manchester completed the formalities, which even assume a tendency to absurdity, as communicated in his despatch of October 11:—

"I have obeyed his majesty's commands in notifying the duke of Gloucester's death. The king [Louis XIV.] received it with great concern, and *bid* me assure the king, my master, 'that even at the time he first heard of it he took share in the loss, because he knew it would be a great trouble to his majesty.' With the other he sent compliments on such an occasion. I delivered the prince [George] and princess [Anne's] letters. To that he said, 'he would take an occasion of letting them know the great share he took in their loss.' In short, all things went as well as could be desired, and I hope his majesty will approve of what I have done. The French court will go into mourning on Friday next. They were willing to have the court of St. Germains gone away first, which will be to-morrow."

About the same time arrived the long-delayed answer from his gracious Britannic majesty to the announcement of the death of his young kinsman and heir to his dominions. Many historians have quoted king William's letter; not one has pointed out the astounding circumstance, that although the death of the child took place as far back as July, yet the royal missive is dated in October! Months had elapsed since the death, and several weeks since the burial, of Gloucester, before the king condescended to notice that his heir was no longer in existence. No word of human sympathy, it may be observed, is vouchsafed to the wretched mother. The original is in French, and is addressed to lord Marlborough:—

"Loo, October, 1700.

"I do not think it necessary to employ many words in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me, as well as to all England, that it pierces my heart with affliction."[1]

The affliction of king William did not, however, hinder him from sending, by the same post, a peremptory order that care should be taken to cut off all the salaries of the duke's servants, to the very day of his death. It was with the utmost difficulty that the king's favourite, Keppel, prevailed on him to allow the payments up to the Michaelmas quarter-day;[2] nor can there be a doubt but that the sole consideration

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, from the original French.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 220.

of the approach of that pay-day induced his gracious majesty to write his condolence, for he could not cut off the salaries without appearing conscious that the princess's son was dead. The princess Anne, shocked at the disgusting contest which ensued concerning the payment of her lost child's servants, determined to distress herself rather than cashier one of them. When it is remembered that parliament allowed William III. a sum for the duke of Gloucester's establishment more than thrice as much as he disbursed, his conduct appears the more revolting. It is said by the same authority, that he murmured not a little at the pensions he allowed to the old servants of his late queen.

Once more there was some movement among the lower class of coffee-house politicians, who knew nothing of the king's habits of life, to persuade him into matrimony; they got up an address, on the death of the duke of Gloucester, earnestly petitioning him to marry, for the good of the nation. The story was revived, which was current in 1697, that, while staying at Brussels, the king had "coquetted" so much with a German princess, as to induce hopes of his serious intention of taking a second queen: a princess of Denmark was likewise mentioned as a candidate for his hand.[1]. The king remained, however, without any such intentions, sick and very sullen in his retirement at Loo. Towards the winter, his kinswoman, the electress Sophia, visited him at Loo, accompanied by her daughter, the electress of Brandenburgh, for the ostensible purpose of seeking his assistance in elevating the country of Brandenburgh into the kingdom of Prussia: of course the people of England supposed that the visit was for the purpose of settling the reversion of the crowns of Great Britain and Ireland on the next Protestant heir. It is certain that king William had urged some steps to be taken on her part, for a letter from the electress Sophia is existing, evidently in reply to a proposition of the kind. Her disinterestedness is manifest therein, since she earnestly recommended to the consideration of the king and country the expatriated prince of Wales. As her letter is addressed to Mr.

[1] Biographical Anecdotes, MS. fol. 58, vol. iv. p. 224.

Stepney, who had been envoy to Hanover, and was one of the under-secretaries of state, this letter may be considered as official.[1] It had the effect of incensing king William, who showed his displeasure by paying the electress only one formal public visit on her arrival at Loo, and departed for England the next day,—not very courteously leaving her directly she had commenced her visit to him.

Many weeks after the funeral of her only child, the princess Anne continued still to reside at Windsor-castle, the place where she had seen him expire. She had left St. James's-palace, the previous May, a happy and proud mother; she returned to it with her bereaved consort, in mourning, childless and desolate, November 25,[2] 1700. Her grief was deep and enduring. Bishop White Kennet observes, with more feeling than usual, in his narrative, "But grief upon this sad occasion seemed to be confined to within the palace of St. James, and to centre in a more sensible manner in the breasts of the prince and princess of Denmark, who mourned, not only for themselves, but for the whole nation; for never was so great a loss so little lamented, which may be ascribed to the different parties then dividing England, two of which, I mean the Jacobites and the republicans, looked upon that hopeful young prince as an obstacle to their future designs. The duke of Gloucester was a prince whose tender constitution bended under the weight of his manly soul, and was too much harassed by the vivacity of his genius to be of long duration,"—an acknowledgment that the species of tuition to which he had been subjected had injured his health. "He had," continues bishop White Kennet, describing the boy according to what he considered a proper pattern rather than from fact, "early sucked in his mother's piety, was always very attentive to prayers, but he had a particular averseness to dancing and all womanish exercises: in a word, he was too forward to arrive at maturity."[3] Formal visits were exchanged between the princess and William III. after his return to

[1] Hardwicke State-Papers.

[2] Flying Post newspaper, Nov. 1700: Brit. Museum.

[3] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 784.

England in the winter of 1700-1:[1] they merely observed the terms of conventional civility in their intercourse.

Scarcely had the bereaved mother recovered from the teasing and irritating series of vexations which her cruel brother-in-law contrived to mingle with her cup of sorrow, than she began to experience how much the death of Gloucester had changed her worldly importance, even in her own household. It will excite no surprise in those who have followed the current of her biography from the first rise of her favourite, when the fact is shown that this change was first manifested to her by the intolerable insolence of that most ungrateful woman. Lady Marlborough had just formed the strongest alliances, had strengthened her hands, and prepared herself to rule imperiously over a monarch *fainéant,* as did the "mayors of the palace" over some king of the Carlovingian dynasty in France; she was an exulting mother, glorying in a promising heir, and she had just married her two beautiful girls to the heirs of two statesmen of the ancient blood of England. In the contemplation of her boundless prospects, lady Marlborough wholly forgot what was due to her who had raised her. Anne's manner had become more humble than ever to her imperious ruler, her style in writing lower in its prostration. When the favourite was absent, her royal highness wrote to her four or five times every day. "Your *poor, unfortunate,* faithful Morley," was now her form of signature, having adopted the two first epithets to mark her own sense of her forlorn and helpless state since Gloucester's death.[2] Whatsoever wrong the princess Anne might have done, nothing but unbounded kindness and indulgence had ever been shown by her to Sarah of Marlborough and her family; therefore a heart of marble must that person have borne, when she added her insults to the other sorrows of the princess. From no person did Anne receive such visible indications that the death of her son had indeed reduced her to the state of a "poor, unfortunate," helpless shadow of reversionary royalty, than from the graceless *parvenue* whom she had puffed up by her

[1] Flying Post newspaper; Collections of Brit. Museum.

[2] Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum.

own absurd condescensions. In fact, lady Marlborough's arrogance became absolutely maniacal, after the princess lost all prospect of being otherwise than a queen without heirs. If she had gloves, or handkerchiefs, or napkins to present, in the course of her official duty, lady Marlborough was often seen to turn up her nose as she presented them, and avert her face as if there was something inexpressibly disgusting in the person of her too-indulgent friend. Such proceedings could not long continue unobserved, even by Anne's dense perception, and it was well known, by those skilled in the politics of the backstairs, that the bonds which held her and lady Marlborough still united, were only those of early intercourse.[1]

It was mere accident, however, joined to lady Marlborough's extreme recklessness in regard to the terms of insult which she used when not immediately in the presence of the princess, which revealed to her royal highness the real nature of her favourite's feelings towards her. The story is but traditionary, and though generally known among all ranks of the people, has, perhaps, never before been circumstantially related, which it now is from the reminiscences of a venerable countess, who had passed half a century at the court of her late majesty queen Charlotte. The family of this lady had been on terms of private friendship with the expatriated royal Stuarts, holding intercourse as well with those individuals on whom the crown had devolved; the tradition certainly came from Abigail Hill herself. "One afternoon, not many weeks after the death of the duke of Gloucester, the princess Anne noticed that she had no gloves on; she therefore told Abigail Hill, who was in attendance on her toilet, to fetch them from the next room, as she remembered that she had left them on the table. Mrs. Hill obeyed her royal highness, and passed into the next room, where she found that lady Marlborough was seated, reading a letter; but the gloves of the princess were not on the table, for lady Marlborough had taken them up by accident, and put them on. Abigail most submissively mentioned to her 'that she had put on, by mistake, her royal highness's gloves.'—'Ah!'

[1] Swift, Observations, &c.

exclaimed lady Marlborough, 'have I put on any thing that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman?' Then pulling them off, she threw the gloves on the ground, and exclaimed, violently, 'Take them away!' Abigail obeyed silently, and retired with her usual stealthy quietude, carefully closing the door after her, which she had previously left ajar. When she entered the room where she had left the princess, she plainly perceived that her royal highness had heard every word of the dialogue; but neither discussed the matter at that time, and the incident rested a profound secret between them, for it so happened that the princess had had no one but Mrs. Abigail Hill in the room with her. Lady Marlborough soon left the adjoining saloon, and certainly remained for ever unconscious of what her mistress had overheard."

Anne had hitherto borne daily insults with patient humility, when they had only cast contempt on her mental capacity, but this unprovoked manifestation of personal disgust and ill-will she never forgot or forgave. The whole story is completely in keeping with lady Marlborough's own descriptions of her usual sayings and doings; it is withal, in some degree, corroborated by the incertitude perceptible in all her subsequent contests with Anne, in which she seems, in a puzzled manner, to seek for the original cause of offence she had given, without ever finding it.[1] Late in life, she received vague hints that the whole was connected with some story about gloves; yet it is evident that she had not the least clue to the truth, as the following passage appears in one of her letters, dated nearly half a century subsequently:[2] "Mr. Doddridge writes a good deal to me, and expresses his satisfaction at reading *the book*;[3] but wishes I had added more to

[1] An erroneous version of this incident was current in France, and is thus recorded by that caustic historical essayist, Voltaire. After speaking of the insolence of the duchess of Marlborough to her royal benefactress, he says, "A pair of gloves of a particular fashion, which she refused the queen, and a jar of water that she let fall on lady Masham's gown by an affected mistake, changed the destinies of Europe."—Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV., Smollett's translation, p. 262.

[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 458, April 1742.

[3] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, printed in 1742. By the "book," Doddridge means "the Conduct."

the clearing of my character, as the king of Prussia has written a book, in which he imputes the ruin of Europe to have happened from a quarrel between queen Anne and me *about a pair of gloves*. I did once hear there was such a book printed, and that his majesty said 'that the queen *would* have her gloves made before mine, which I would not suffer the glover to do.'" Sarah of Marlborough proceeds to deny the story entirely, but the very passage shows that there was some tale circulating in Europe, that the division between her royal mistress and herself originated with some trifling occurrence regarding a pair of gloves. It may be believed that she was wholly ignorant of the real incident, having forgotten her petulant and injurious words as soon as uttered, at the same time being totally unconscious that Anne had been within hearing of them. Her royal highness, contented with the insight she had gained by this slight incident[1] into lady Marlborough's real feelings towards her, never brought the matter to discussion. As for Abigail Hill, she was the most silent and secretive of human creatures, and in all probability never detailed the anecdote until her courtly life and all concerning it had for ever passed away. Perhaps it is as well to mention, that lady Marlborough's disgust and loathing at having touched the gloves of the princess Anne had no rational foundation, excepting, perhaps, some degree of feminine envy of the chief beauty her royal highness possessed. The hands and arms of Anne were, like those of her mother, very fine, and considered the most perfect in Europe, in regard to delicacy and form.

At this period was renewed the extraordinary offer of adoption of the son of James II. by William III., which had formed one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick; it is well enough known to be mentioned in all histories, even in those which asserted the most strenuously the fiction that this unfortunate prince of Wales was not the son of his own mother. Perhaps the justice of the step had been urged to

[1] This court tradition has been preserved orally from the narrative of the late countess of Harcourt, of the elder line, the widow of Simon earl of Harcourt. This noble lady was nearly a centegenarian, and had every means of knowing correctly the internal history of the English court since the era under discussion

the Orange king in the letters of the noble-minded Protestant heiress of the crown of Great Britain, Sophia, electress of Hanover, at the period of her recent visit at Loo, which has been mentioned. There is every reason to suppose that Sophia would write to the king, concerning the exiled prince,[1] at least as fully and freely as she did to his ministers, for she had known William from his youth upwards, had carried him in her arms in his infancy, and seen him daily in his boyhood, when she lived with her mother, the queen of Bohemia, at the Hague. Many circumstances combined to sway the mind of William towards his unfortunate kinsman; his failing health, likewise the movements of an awakened conscience, which from time to time are seen to glimmer through the anecdotes his contemporaries have preserved of him, and above all, his abhorrence of the princess Anne, his hatred to her husband, and his ardent wish to exclude her from the succession.

Notwithstanding her recent profession of penitence in the letter she wrote to her father at the death of Gloucester, it is not probable that the princess Anne would have approved of William's determination in behalf of her brother, for her feelings of compunction seldom lasted longer than a few weeks. In fact, neither herself nor her husband despaired of becoming the parents of a numerous family. Either the "Jacobite letters," as they are called, of the high-minded electress, or some opinion of hers that had transpired about the period of her visit to Loo, had inspired Anne with the greatest apprehension concerning her, and had exasperated lady Marlborough into excessive enmity, which exhaled in unlimited abuse.[2] Sophia openly avowed that the young son of James II. had been atrociously injured by the calumnies on his birth, and that, deeming him, as she did, a true representative of the elder line of her illustrious ancestors, she nobly considered that he had a right, as a free agent, to renounce at once the crowns of his kingdoms, and the liturgy

[1] Vol. vi., Life of Mary Beatrice, where the evidences are discussed. See, likewise, Dalrymple's Appendix, and lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi.

[2] See many passages in the Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, published by Colburn, 1836; and many more, yet in MS., in Coxe's Collection, Brit. Museum.

of the church of England as a Roman-catholic, before he ought to be superseded by her son or grandson. Now, while young James was branded as a spurious child, he could not exercise that free will. It is probable that the electress knew that this stigma was thrown upon him by the instigation and connivance of the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough,—a fact that is undeniable from the letters of the princess Anne.

The renewal of William's offered adoption of the exiled prince occurred directly after the visit of the electress to him at Loo, but no little difficulty presented itself as to how the English people were to be induced to forego the prejudices which had been so carefully inculcated concerning this prince. As the father had been driven out of the country partly by the agency of the ribald ballad of "Lillabulero," so the people were to be reconciled to the son by similar means; the public pulse was felt, and preparation was made for the change, by songs written to the old English tunes prevalent from the days of the Plantagenets. The venal pen of the song-poet, D'Urfey, (a very remarkable character, who had been an active writer of political ballads during the regencies of Mary II.,) was put into requisition by the ministry of William III. in 1701.

Just at the period when the reports were popular and prevalent that king William meant to adopt the son of his uncle, the whig songster favoured the public with the following lay of his own devising, adapted to the metre and tune of the popular old English melody of 'Gillian of Croydon,' the original of which, perhaps, dates as far back as the frolicsome days of prince Hal. As many Jacobite lyrics have been quoted, it is but fair to give a specimen of the poetic powers of the opposite party:—

"Strange news, strange news the *Jacks*[1] of the city
Have got," cried Joan, "but we mind not tales,
That our good king, through wonderful pity,
Will leave his crown to *the prince of Wales*,
That peace may be the stronger still,
And that they no longer may rebel.

[1] The Jacobites are always called "Jacks" in the political slang of that day.

> 'Pish! 'tis a jest,' cried Gillian of Croydon,—
> Gillian, fair Gillian, bright Gillian of Croydon.
> 'Take off your glass!' cries Gillian of Croydon,—
> 'Here's a health to our master Will!'"[1]

Some hints had actually transpired among the people of the adoption offered by William III. at the peace of Ryswick; that such proposal was made, is equally mentioned by the royal historiographer of his own times, (James II.,) and the whig writers. Tindal, who is rather an important authority, being a contemporary controversial author much connected with the revolutionary government, thus marks the date of the last proposal: "The earl of Jersey avowed to king William III. his attachment to James II., and on that account was sent ambassador to France, for the purpose of advancing a reconciliation with the exiled king, who was, by lord Jersey, entreated to listen to king William's overtures to make his son successor to the crown. This was after the death of the duke of Gloucester." Tindal adds, that king William "renounced all *these errors* before he died." He did so; but not until king James had positively refused to confide his son to him, as he himself records in his auto-biography,[2] which is in complete coincidence with Tindal's printed history. It is likewise remarkable, that king James dwells as much on the impossibility of trusting the life of his child with William III., as he does on difference of religion.

The vengeance of William, for his uncle's contemptuous rejection of his offered adoption of young James, occupied his last hours; but, in the intermediate time, he was forced to be content with leaving his hated sister-in-law in possession of all the hopes which parliament had authorized. It has been strongly asserted that king William meant to supersede Anne, by using his influence to place Sophia or her son, George of Hanover, as his immediate successor to the throne. He might wish to do so, but all events prove that neither Sophia nor George considered the advantages offered worth engaging in a course of base intrigues. It is certain that neither the

[1] William III. Gillian was a fair hostess of Croydon in ancient times. D'Urfey has another of these Gillian parodies on Anne's accession, the refrain of which is, "Here's a health to our mistress Nan."

[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 510, date 1701-2.

mother nor son esteemed Anne, although they never took any step against her prior claims to the succession.

The princess Anne had scarcely laid aside her mourning for her only child, when the death of her father caused her to resume it. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the widow of her father, wrote to her, in compliance with his death-bed injunction, communicating his paternal forgiveness to her for her conduct, and charging her, on his blessing, to make reparation to her brother for the injury she had done him. If Anne ever replied to this letter, her answer will be found among the sealed documents of the royal Stuarts in her majesty's collection at Windsor. It was probably the letter of the royal widow of James II. which is mysteriously alluded to in the following passage:[1]—"It was commonly reported at this juncture," says a contemporary,[2] "that, on his death-bed, king James charged his daughter not to accept the crown at the death of William, but, as she was childless, to make way for her brother; and that king William demanded to see this letter, which Anne refusing to show him, he vowed that he would do the utmost to exclude her from the succession. It was averred that papers to this effect were found in king William's closet. The house of lords thought proper to inquire into this report, and pronounced it unfounded, and that its repetition was *scandalum magnatum*.[3] Nevertheless, such discovery was in the strongest coincidence with the foregoing passages, with the course of events during the decline of William, and with those of the first two or three years of the reign of Anne, when it appears most apparent that a jealous rivalry had succeeded to the remorse that touched her mind at the death-bed of Gloucester. To her husband's powerful but quiet influence may be attributed her change. The demise of her father gave her no apparent sorrow, or her feelings would not have been made a question by a contemporary who narrowly watched her, and who had, at the same

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Cunningham, the whig historian, strongly authenticates the proposed adoption, but *excuses* it, as done to deceive.

[2] Roger Coke, vol. iii. p. 132.

[3] See Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, vol. vi.

time, a relative domesticated near her person.[1] "How far the death of her father, king James, affected the princess," says Roger Coke, "I never could tell." He thought it needful, however, in his history, to make an apology for her going in black for her unfortunate father, by saying, "that decency and custom obliged her to do so;" and adds, "that she was actually in mourning for him when she ascended the throne." As a preparation for that event, which the failing health of king William showed could not be very distant, the princess Anne commenced the study of history,—a science inconsistent with a brain pre-occupied with cards, court gossip, and trifling formalities of etiquette. The princess soon became fatigued with her new studies, and reverted to her former occupations.

When the news of the death of James II. arrived in London, public curiosity was greatly excited regarding the cognizance which would be taken of it by his nephew and daughter. King William was absent at Loo, entertaining as his guests the duke of Zell and his young grandson,[2] (afterwards George II.) Since the firm refusal of James II. to let him have the young prince of Wales for his heir, William had ostentatiously patronised the young German prince as the reversionary heir of Great Britain, being the son of the hereditary prince of Hanover, (George I.,) and the wretched daughter of the duke of Zell, Sophia Dorothea. They were present when the news was brought to William of the demise of his long-suffering uncle, James II. It seemed as if the message of forgiveness sent by James II. to "his son," William of Orange, had been one of those awful summonses from the injured, of which such wondrous tales are told in the histories of the middle ages. William heard it at his dinner-table at Loo, with flushing cheek and down-cast eyes; then pulled his hat over his brows, and sat in moody silence the livelong day.[3] If he were wrestling with a yearning heart, which told him that his earliest friend and nearest relative was gone where treachery could never find him more, he won the victory, as the sub-

[1] Thomas Coke, who was in the household of the princess Anne. We shall afterwards find him in the important office of her vice-chamberlain.

[2] Correspondence of Lawrence earl of Rochester; letter dated Sept. 16, (O. S.) 1701.

[3] Dangeau.

sequent attainder of his young cousin, a boy of twelve years old, fully proved; but from the afternoon when he heard of his uncle's death, William of Orange never looked like a man long for this world. Yet he was full of schemes for new wars and slaughters, luckless as he ever was in battle when opposed by any species of equal force: he only seemed to live when homicide was around him.

Among other embarrassments to the mind of William III., was whether he should go in mourning for his uncle: this was not decided when his minister, Auverquerque, wrote to England concerning the news, "forbidding new clothes to the royal livery-servants at Hampton-Court until the king's pleasure was known.[1] As James II. had worn no mourning for the death of his daughter Mary, and prevented a court-mourning for her in France, it was a matter of surprise when it was found that king William assumed sables for his uncle, not only on his own person, but his footmen and coaches were clad in the same hue. He intimated that he did not expect the nobles and court of England to do the same.[2] Fashion, however, made his subjects imitate the proceedings of himself and his "sister Anne;" therefore the outward token of respect was almost universally paid by all ranks of the people to the memory of king James, for the princess Anne went through all the pageantry of sable, as if she had meant to be considered as a modern Cordelia. Her intention of going into mourning was announced in the Gazette of September 13. St. James's chapel and palace were hung with black. Anne appeared in all the insignia of filial woe at chapel the Sunday after the news of her father's death reached London. The establishment of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, (still retained at Somerset-house,) and all the individuals in her service, assumed mourning, by the orders of the dowager's chamberlain, lord Feversham. In short, the mourning in England for the exiled sovereign was a genera fashion.

[1] Correspondence of Lawrence earl of Rochester; letter dated Sept. 16, (o. s.) 1701.

[2] Ibid., p. 288. Dangeau and the duke de St. Simon declare that William wore violet as mourning for his uncle.

The career of William III. was very brief after this event. His asthma increased: he felt the decay of the feeble body, which the active mind disavowed. He consulted, under feigned names, all the most noted physicians in Europe, and among the rest the celebrated Fagon, assuming the character of a *curé*. Fagon, who was the favourite physician of Louis XIV., seems to have suspected the real rank of his patient; he inexorably sent word to the *curé*, "that he must prepare himself for death." The bad news augmented the malady. William III. consulted him afresh, under a new name. The skilful Fagon recognised the case of the pretended *curé*: he changed not his opinion, but conveyed it in more considerate terms. He prescribed for him medicines likely to alleviate, if not to cure. The remedies were followed, and some relief experienced; but the time had arrived when William was compelled to feel the nothingness of this world, in the midst of his new projects for a general war. He came to England as usual at the end of October, his first care being to open his parliament for the purpose of taking measures for attainting his uncle's orphan child, the young hapless James Stuart, and his widowed mother likewise, and to set every means in agitation to induce the English nation to enter into a new war.

The newspapers of the period were replete with their observations on the bountiful distribution of alms afforded by the princess Anne, the same Christmas, to impoverished housekeepers in the parishes of St. Margaret, Westminster, St. James, and St. Anne, and elsewhere in London. The people at large looked forward to change, with some anticipation that their cruel burthens would be ameliorated at the accession of the princess, who was indeed their idol. Meantime, the Orange party were agitating a scheme for her exclusion from the throne. Some declared that king William meant to imprison the princess for life,[1] and send for the heir of the house of Hanover as his successor; coffee-houses swarmed with hireling orators, who made the most disrespectful mention of her royal highness. Some politicians of the opposite party affected to believe that she would refuse to

[1] Lidiard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 146.

sanction the coming war, out of regard to her father's last injunction; others, with more probability, asseverated that the extraordinary measures then filling the senate with stormy debates on the expediency of attainting a child not yet out of his legal infancy, and his mother, (who was forced to protect and do her best for him,) were wholly at the instigation of Anne. It was further affirmed that she had said, "that she dared not mount the throne until these bills were passed." It is possible that one clause was inserted on account of her alarms, which was, an act to make conspirators, endeavouring to injure or destroy her, liable to the same penalties as against the heir-apparent.[1] In regard to the attainder of her young brother, and of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice, there is no other evidence that the measures originated with the princess Anne than the positive assertion of one of Louis XIV.'s ministers, Dangeau,[2] corroborated by the fact, that her friends were among the most persevering in the house of lords in their persecuting bills against the unfortunate widow of James II., which the house of commons threw out as indefatigably as they were presented under new forms.[3] The same house of commons was then employed in tearing from William III.'s favourites the enormous grants with which he had invested them. Lady Orkney (Elizabeth Villiers) entered into treaty with the friends of the princess Anne, and promised, that if she might be permitted to keep her spoil, she would, by her influence with the king,[4] obtain the expulsion of their great enemy, lord Somers. There was no need of making so dear a bargain for this lady's offices, for lord Somers was too deep in the corruptions and misgovernment relative to the infamous partnership with captain Kidd,[5] the pirate, to be able to look the public in the face as a minister of state just then.

King William seldom came to London during the winter of 1701. He felt convinced that death was at hand; yet he still

[1] White Kennet's History, Jan. 22, 1701, vol. iii. p. 850.
[2] Dangeau's Memoirs.
[3] Ralph's History, last pages of vol. iii.
[4] Bibl. Birch. 4224. MS. Biographical Anecdotes.
[5] See Shrewsbury Papers; although edited by a most partial historian, Coxe, no one can read them without indignation.

mounted his horse for his favourite diversion of hunting, or rather, what we should call in the present day coursing. The following extract from an official letter of his to lord Portland, dated from Windsor, displays the keen relish he derived from the pursuit of his favourite amusement:—

"I am hunting the hare every day in the park with your dogs and mine. The rabbits are almost all killed, and their burrows will soon be stopped up. The day before yesterday I took a stag in the forest with the prince of Denmark's hounds, and had a pretty good run as far as this villanous country permits."[1]

King William's epithets touching England and the English contrast somewhat forcibly with the adoration with which the political *literati* of his day affected to regard him. His abhorrence of the land he ruled was not, however, founded on moral detestation of its vilest diversions, in the worst of which he partook with relish. His own letters convict him as the desperate gambler Lamberty has described him to be; and count Tallard, the French ambassador, thus mentions some of his doings: "On leaving the palace, king William went to the cock-fight, whither I accompanied him. He made me sit beside him." One of the remarkable points of his correspondence is, that he uses urgent language to induce his ambassador to have his unfortunate uncle driven from France and deprived of the title of king, while all the time he calls him "king James" in his own letters.

The king came but on council-days to Kensington-palace, and kept himself as much as possible in retirement at Hampton-Court, where his time was spent superintending the digging of the ugly longitudinal canals with which he was cutting up the beautiful lime-tree glades planted by his grandsire, Charles I., in the Home-park, rendering Hampton-Court as like a Dutch *hof* as possible, both in aspect and atmosphere. It was in the gardens of Hampton-Court that he confided to lord Portland his positive conviction that he should not survive till the end of 1701; but he charged him "not to mention it to any one, lest the war should be prevented."[2] When in London for a few hours, the king usually dined with his

[1] Grimblot's Letters of William III. &c., vol. i. pp. 327–427.

[2] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 826.

favourite, Keppel, at his lodgings in Whitehall, the Cockpit, where the business of government was carried on.

It is necessary to mention, as briefly as possible, the circumstance which plunged Europe into a war that was deeply connected with the future disquiet of the princess Anne. Don Carlos II., the imbecile and invalid king "of Spain and the Indies," had sunk into a premature grave, leaving no children to inherit his dominions. The lineal heir was the dauphin duke of Burgundy, the young grandson of Louis XIV., by his queen-consort the infanta of Spain, Maria Teresa. It is true that, by the marriage-treaty of this princess, she had relinquished all claims on the Spanish succession for herself and her heirs,—a renunciation treated as a mere formula by the partisans of her grandson in Spain. William III., as the generalissimo of the emperor and the confederated princes of Germany, determined to oppose this inheritance; and under the plea that Louis XIV. would become too powerful by his influence over his grandson, they formed a coalition to divide the dominions of Spain in three parts, of which England was to take one share, Austria another, and Holland a third.[1] Such was the precursor and precedent of the partition of Poland, which was actually effected at the end of the same century.

As soon as the design of the Spanish partition was known, the English parliament strongly opposed it, expressed horror at the iniquity, and wanted to impeach the contrivers. Another plan had to be formed in order to raise effectually the tocsin of war, and this was to place Charles of Austria, the brother of the emperor, on the throne of Spain, as the next male heir. The Austrian prince was about twenty-three, while young Philip of France was a minor. Moreover, as in the present day, the northern half of Spain, the Basques, the Catalans, and Arragonese,[2] were loath to acknowledge the line of the

[1] This scheme was peculiarly unrighteous in regard to William III. He had been, from his youth upwards, the hired general of Spain; and now to turn and rend the vitals of the realm that had so long paid him with her treasure, seemed scarcely consistent with moral justice.

[2] This is according to the ancient constitution of Arragon, to which the proud Arragonese still cling.

female, till every male heir failed. The allies, therefore, took advantage of internal division to foster a civil war in Spain; the north declaring for the heir-male of Ferdinand of Arragon, Charles of Austria, while the south of Spain remained loyal to the next heir of Isabel of Castile,[1] Philip of France. The valuable prize of the Spanish Netherlands was situated conveniently to be fought for, between the confederated armies of England and Germany and the military power of France: it had been the object of all William's battles and sieges for nearly thirty years. It was to prove the fighting-ground of Marlborough's subsequent victories. After William III.'s partition-scheme had sunk amid the execrations of all who were expected to be concerned in it, the object for which England was to be induced to enter into war seems indistinct. A rich slice of the Netherlands, howsoever dishonest the acquisition might have been, was something tangible; but to win the Netherlands for Charles of Austria, if more morally honest, was a very Quixotic excuse for manslaughter by wholesale. As for the aggravation given by Louis XIV., by his acknowledgment of the son of James II. as king of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland *de jure*, it would be difficult to prove what made it a greater injury than recognising the title of the father, which was done even at the peace of Ryswick. A real historian must repudiate with scorn the false plea of religious warfare, the alleged support of the Protestant cause against Roman-catholic cruelty, clearly because, with all his bigotry, Louis XIV. was a less culpable bigot than any prince of the Spanish-Austrian line; and the worst persecutions of Protestants in France had not, in the worst of times, equalled the common proceedings every year of the Inquisition in Spain. As there is no intention of suffocating the biography of queen Anne with her continental warfare, our readers must be contented with reference to this rapid statement of its original causes.

[1] The truth is, that the ancient laws of Arragon and the north of Spain militate strongly against female succession, while Castile has, from the earliest times, acknowledged feminine heirship. Arragon was, as now, always in a state of revolt during the reign of Joanna, (the mother of Charles V.,) although her son, the most powerful mind among the royalty of Europe, reigned as regent.

William III. had amused and gratified his departing spirit by laying the train for this European conflagration, which only waited the usual campaigning season to burst into a blaze. The king had (perhaps to keep him out of political mischief at home) given the earl of Marlborough the command of his military preparations in Holland, and, in case of his own death, had expressed his opinion that the talents in war of that general ought to entitle him to command the allied forces. Thus, without the least bellicose propensities on her own part, every circumstance tended to make foreign warfare and the reign of Anne commence simultaneously.

It had been well known in Europe that king William had been dangerously ill at Loo the preceding autumn of 1701, but his state of health was carefully concealed from the English public. He rode into the Home-park at Hampton-Court, the morning of February 21, to look at the excavation making, under his directions, for a new canal, which was to run in another longitudinal stripe, by the side of that which now deforms the vista and injures the air of Hampton-Court gardens. His majesty was mounted on sir John Fenwick's sorrel pony, when, just as he came by the head of the two canals, opposite to the Ranger's-park pales, the sorrel pony happened to tread in a mole-hill, and fell. Such is the tradition of the palace, and it must be owned, that after a careful examination of the spot, the author prefers its adoption to the usual assertion of historians, "that the king's pony stumbled when he was returning from hunting," especially when the mischievous effects of the subterranean works of moles in that soil are remembered; for an officer of rank, who resides in the vicinity, asserted that he had twice met with accidents which threatened to be dangerous, owing to his horse having plunged his forefoot to the depth of more than fifteen inches in mole-hills at Bushy-park and the Home-park. There, too, may be seen the half-excavated canal, which has remained without water, and in an unfinished state. None of William III.'s successors being Dutch, all taste for straight stripes of still water ceased to be fashionable with the life of the crowned Hollander. The account that the king himself gave of his acci-

dent agrees with the Hampton-Court tradition. "Riding in the park at noon," he said to Dr. Bidloo, "while I was making my horse change his walk into a gallop, he fell upon his knees. Upon that I meant to raise him with the bridle, but he fell forwards to one side; so I fell with my right shoulder on the ground. 'Tis a strange thing," added his majesty, musingly, "for it happened on smooth level ground."[1]

King William thus took his death-hurt within sight of the entrance of Hampton-Court palace. From the first weeks of his arrival in England, he had always had plans in agitation to make that favourite seat of his royalty as different in outward semblance as possible to its aspect when, in his youth, he had visited his uncles there. He was occupied in the same object when the accident he thought so utterly unaccountable befell him. The workmen employed on the neighbouring excavation raised the overthrown monarch, and assisted him to the palace. He affirmed that he was very slightly hurt; but Ronjat, his surgeon, who was there, found he had broken his right collar-bone. On what trifles do human plans and projects depend! What mean agency is sufficient to tumble the ambitious schemes of military pride and glory literally in the very dust! The purblind mole, that was obeying the first call of spring to repair his fortification and set his subterranean house in order, did what Louis XIV. and all his engineers never could effect: he prevented William III. from heading Europe in battle-array against France.

The angry Jacobites found more than one circumstance of exultation in this accident, which proved so fatal to William III. "The little gentleman in black velvet" became one of their party toasts, and they wrote many eulogies on the sagacity of 'Sorrel,' who had been the favourite pony of the unfortunate sir John Fenwick, and had taken an opportunity of thus revenging the illegal death of his master. Pope has followed this example in the contrast he drew between the preservation of Charles at Boscobel, and the accident at Bushy:

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 831; and Lamberty, who likewise speaks as from the king's lips.

"Angels, who watched the guardian oak so well,
How chanced ye slept when luckless Sorrel fell?"[1]

When Ronjat had set the fractured collar-bone of the king, he earnestly recommended to him rest and medical regimen. William refused to submit to any such discipline: he made light of the accident, declared the injury was nothing, that he must go to Kensington that night, and go he would, despite of all remonstrance. On the journey, the jolting of the carriage displaced the fractured bones, and he was in a state of great pain and exhaustion when he arrived at his palace of Kensington. Bidloo, his household physician, received him there, and making many remonstrances regarding the wilfulness of royal patients, the injured collar-bone was re-set by Ronjat, under the physician's superintendence.

The public papers announced the accident under which the king was suffering in their own peculiar manner; likewise, they record the movements of the prince and princess of Denmark during the important week while the recovery of his majesty hung in suspense. "As the king was taking the divertisement of *hunting a deer*, near Hampton town, on Saturday last,[2] (21 Feb.,) his horse slipt, so that his majesty fell, and had the misfortune to *hurt* his collar-bone; after which he dined at Hampton-Court, and at night came in his coach to Kensington, where he rested well that night, as he did on Sunday morning. Their royal highnesses princess Anne and George of Denmark have been to Kensington to visit his majesty, who is, *blessed be God!* in a very good state of health, and in no manner of danger from the accident.[3] The princess and her consort, on February 24, paid a visit at Kensington to his majesty, who, God be thanked, is in perfect health: their highnesses went on to Windsor.[4] His majesty is very well, notwithstanding the fall he got on Saturday a

[1] This couplet was among the passages suppressed until the editions after Pope's death. It is to be found in Dr. Knox's Elegant Extracts, and in Dr. Valpy's edition of Pope's Works.

[2] The Postboy, Saturday, Feb. 21 to Feb. 24, 1701-2: Brit. Museum.

[3] The Flying Post, ibid.

[4] The English Post, Monday, Feb. 23 to Feb. 25.

hunting. Yesterday, (Feb. 26,) their royal highnesses paid the king a visit, on their return from Windsor."[1]

The king sent a message to the houses of parliament (28th of February) for promoting the union with Scotland, in which he mentioned the mishap of breaking the collar-bone "as an unhappy accident;" meantime, he advised expedition in passing the bill for the attainder of young James Stuart, which had been in agitation in parliament since the preceding January. It is just possible, that when the act passed parliament, March 1st, against a child, who was his nearest male relative, some agitation might take place in the mind of the invalid king, for that self-same hour he was struck with his mortal malady, which appeared in the shape of spasmodic cramp. He recovered a little by the use of stimulants, and, on the 6th of March, walked for exercise in the gallery of Kensington-palace. He felt fatigued, and sat down on a couch near an open window, and fell fast asleep: he slept two hours. No one dared to disturb him, for his pages and personal attendants dreaded the effects of his positiveness and peevishness. Shiverings and spasms seized him when he awoke from this unhealthy slumber: he was carried to bed in great misery. Sir Richard Blackmore, the poetaster physician, attended him, but did him no good. It may be judged how little the public papers knew of his majesty's malady, or were permitted to communicate concerning it, by these passages: "The king continues very well; but it not being advisable that his majesty should *yet* go abroad, the act for attainting the pretended prince of Wales, and the act for further punishing deserters and mutineers, received the royal assent."[2] Not-

[1] Postman, Feb. 26.

[2] Postman newspaper, March 3, 1702, which contained, in the same week, the following advertisement: "The true effigies of Georgius Augustus, (and not Gulielmus Ernestus, as was by mistake mentioned in a previous Postman,) prince of Hanover, grandson to the most illustrious princess Sophia, duchess-dowager, daughter to Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I., declared to succeed to the crown of England, &c., by the late act for settling the succession in the Protestant line. Done from the original brought over by the earl of Macclesfield, and humbly dedicated to the lord Mohun. Sold by E. Cooper, at the Three Pidgeons, in Bedford-street, price 1*s.* 6*d.*" This was one of the signs of the times on the attainder of the unfortunate James Stuart. The prince represented was afterwards George II., then a boy about the same age with his cousin, the expatriated prince of Wales.

withstanding the assertion of the public prints, the attainder of the young prince, James Stuart, had *not* received the royal ratification, for the king fell into fits whenever he attempted to sign the act,[1] which was finally stamped by his ministers with his initials on the Saturday afternoon, when his death was approaching.[2] Utter silence was maintained in the newspapers regarding the state of William during the last days of his existence; but stocks fell every day, and from this occult bulletin the moneyed world formed accurate inferences on the subject.

All this time the king's breath became more and more oppressed,—a fatal symptom, which was soon observed by lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain of his household. This courtier immediately despatched a trusty messenger with the news to the princess Anne, at St. James's-palace. Likewise, ever and anon, during the agony of king William, did lord Jersey despatch intelligence to the expectant heiress that the breath of the royal patient "grew shorter every half-hour." The princess had sent, in the course of that day, to Kensington-palace a dutiful message to the king, entreating permission to see him in his bedchamber. It was answered by the dying king himself, who collected his strength sufficiently to pronounce a short and rude "No!"[3] The prince of Denmark actually made many attempts to enter the king's chamber, but met with as many downright repulses. The newspapers of the day affirm, that the king was kept alive all the Saturday night by the use of "sir Walter Raleigh's cordial." Lamberty, who was in the palace with his patron, lord Portland, that night, and therefore is indisputable evidence, declares "that the king was supported entirely by spirituous liquors." Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial was a strong spirituous compound.

His majesty had desired to see his old friend, Bentinck lord Portland, who, it is well known, never came to court after the period of the peace of Ryswick, excepting on a special message. This nobleman was sent for, and was momentarily expected during the Saturday evening. The king was like-

[1] Coxe's Walpole Papers, vol. i. p. 17.
[2] See vol. vi., Life of Mary Beatrice. [3] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 1623.

wise anxiously looking for the arrival of his young favourite, Keppel earl of Albemarle, from a mission on which he had sent him to Holland; he arrived just before the king lost his speech, and was in his travelling boots when he came to his majesty's bed-side. The king was very desirous of saying something in confidence to Keppel. He gave him the keys of his escritoir, and bade him take possession, for his private use, of 20,000 guineas,—all the private property his majesty had at command. He likewise directed him to destroy all the letters that would be found in a cabinet which he named.[1] Keppel was extremely eager to give his royal master information of the rapid progress of his martial preparations for the commencement of war in the Low Countries, but, for the first time, the departing warrior listened to the anticipations of battle with a cold dull ear. All the comment he made was comprised in these impressive words, the last he uttered distinctly: "*Je tire vers ma fin,*"—'I draw towards my end.'

The earl of Portland entered the chamber of death early on the Sunday morning; the king was speechless, but had not then lost memory or consciousness. He took the hand of his old friend, pressed it to his heart, and held it there while the pangs of death were dealing with him. Lamberty, the secretary of Bentinck earl of Portland, expressly declares that no English lord was admitted into the royal chamber until the king had lost all consciousness. Burnet and others give an account of the king's devout reception of the sacrament, as administered by archbishop Tennison, a fact which Lamberty positively denies.

Just as the clock struck eight, William III. drew his last breath; he expired very gently in the arms of his page, Sewel, who sat behind his pillow supporting him. The lords in waiting, the earls of Scarborough and Lexington, no sooner perceived that the spirit had departed, than they told Ronjat, the surgeon, to unbind from the wrist of the royal corpse a black ribbon, which fastened a bracelet of queen Mary's hair close on the pulse.[2] It was an outrage to tear from the arm of the

[1] Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 207. The historian considers that these papers, if preserved, would have thrown very important lights on his biography.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

breathless warrior this memorial, so long cherished and so secretly kept. If William had not through life scorned the language of poetry, his newly separated spirit might have sympathized with the exquisite lines of that true poet, Crashaw:—

> "Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
> Or question much
> The subtile wreath of hair about mine arm:
> The mystery, the sign, thou must not touch."

William III. was fifty-one years, four months, and four days old when he died; he had reigned thirteen years, three weeks, and two days. More than one prelate, with other persons of rank, were waiting, either in Kensington-palace or in the environs, to carry the news of her royalty to the princess, now queen Anne.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Accession of queen Anne—Bishop Burnet announces to her the death of king William—She declines an audience to her uncle Clarendon—He refuses to take the oath of allegiance—Compliments of her courtiers—Queen's first council—Visit to houses of parliament, &c.—Takes possession of Kensington-palace—Negotiation with bishop Ken to crown her, and resume his prelacy—He refuses to take the oaths, or to crown her—Queen Anne proclaimed at Edinburgh queen of Scotland—Singular abnegation of the prince-consort—Queen sits to Kneller for her Windsor portrait, (*see frontispiece*)—Her coronation—Queen's infirmity of lameness—Her protestant coronation-oath, ceremonial, &c.—Anecdote of the queen and her consort—Anne declares war with France—Queen's letter for mercy to deserters—Great power of lady Marlborough as mistress of her robes, &c.—Queen's enmity to lord Brandon—The queen abolishes sale of places at court—Is alarmed at the illness of her consort—Accompanies him to Bath—Her royal reception at Oxford—Curious adventure of prince George at Bristol—He dines with John Duddlestone, the bodice-maker—Queen Anne invites John Duddlestone and his wife to Windsor-castle—Queen knights John Duddlestone, and gives her gold watch to his wife—The queen's name-children.

Anxious vigils had been held at St. James's-palace since the last rude repulse had been given by the dying king to the visit of his heiress-expectant and her husband, when they came to see him, during his last illness, at Kensington; agents in their interest were, however, very busy about his death-bed. Throughout the preceding Saturday night and early morning of Sunday, March 8th, the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, sat in momentary expectation of the dawn of the royalty of the one and the dictatorship of the other, receiving frequently hurried notes from lord Jersey, the king's lord chamberlain, describing "how the breath of William III. grew shorter and shorter."[1] The lady Marlborough, according to her own account, was seized

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 120.

with a qualm of horror while these half-hourly bulletins were coming in. She thus mentions the circumstance to lord Cholmondeley, who is supposed to be the person to whom the duchess addressed her "Conduct," to the exaltation of her own sensibility, and the depreciation of every one else concerned in the matter:—"And now, after all I have related of the king, and after so much dislike as I have expressed of his character and conduct, I shall be hardly believed in what I am going to say. Yes, your lordship *will* believe me, for you will judge of *my* heart by your own. When king William came to die, I felt nothing of that satisfaction which I once thought I should have had on this occasion; and my lord and lady Jersey's writing and sending perpetually to give account as his breath grew shorter, filled me with horror. I thought I would lose the best employment at court, sooner than act so odious a part."

But there was another personage who had likewise stationed himself as a watcher of the failing respiration of king William,—a volunteer in that service, who meant to run a race with Anne's chosen agents, and be the first in with the intelligence of death. He did so, and won it too, for he brought the queen the earliest tidings of her royalty. "As soon as the breath was out of king William," says lord Dartmouth, "by which event all expectations from him were for ever at an end, off set Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, and drove hard to bring the first tidings of the king's demise to St. James's-palace, where he prostrated himself at the new queen's feet, full of joy and duty; but he obtained no advantage over the earl of Essex, [the lord of the bedchamber then in waiting, whose proper office it was to communicate the event,] besides being universally laughed at for his officiousness."[1] Burnet must have received some signal scorn on this occasion from her majesty, which hurt his self-love too much to permit him to dwell on it, since he omits to record that he was the first voice that hailed Anne queen of the British empire. But the fact is undeniable, since it is told by friend as well as foe. "On the queen's accession to the

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 309.

throne," wrote the spy Mackey, "the bishop was the first that brought her the news of king William's death; yet he was turned out of his lodgings at court, and met with several affronts."[1]

Every succeeding minute of that memorable Sunday morning brought some other applicant for audience with the queen from her intimate friends or near relations. All was business and bustle; the sun was as bright and glaring as ever shone on a clear March morning; the bells called from all the steeples in London and Westminster to morning-prayer: few heeded the summons. The queen was receiving those, among the crowds of politicians besieging her presence-chamber at St. James's, whom she considered entitled to an interview at the private levee she held before the important public business began of her recognition by the privy council. Among others, her uncle, the earl of Clarendon, was seen pressing through the throngs in the ante-chamber that besieged the cabinet of newly-ascended majesty. The queen guessed his errand only too truly. He desired of the lord in waiting "admittance to his niece." The message was delivered to her majesty, who sent word to him, "that if he would go and qualify himself to enter her presence, she would be very glad to see him." Her meaning was, "that if he chose to take the oath of allegiance to her, as his legitimate sovereign, she was willing to admit him." In fact, her lord in waiting

[1] Mackey's Characters, p. 140. This man, who passed the principal part of his life as a paid spy, has left a curious collection of written characters of the nobility composing the court and senate of William and Mary, and Anne. He was a particular friend of bishop Burnet, and appointed his executor, which office he fulfilled; but his own standard of moral rectitude was so low, that he printed some remains of Burnet which scandalized all Christendom. Lord Dartmouth is thus described by the spy Mackey, who drew the characters of the court of queen Anne rather according to their politics than their qualifications. The characters are retouched by the remarks of Swift. Lord Dartmouth, neither being a Jacobite nor a republican, met with the approbation of neither. So much the better for our purposes, because the truth of the statements of that nobleman can be the better relied upon. "Lord Dartmouth," says Mackey, "sets up for a critic in conversation, makes jests, and loves to laugh at them; takes a deal of pains in his office, and is in a fair way of rising at court; is a short thick man, turned of thirty-four years."—"*This is fair enough writ,*" comments Swift, "*but lord Dartmouth has little sincerity.*" That is, he was not prepared to go all lengths to bring in the chevalier St. George as James III., on the death of Anne, as that prince remained inflexibly a Roman-catholic.

demanded, "if he was willing to take the oath to queen Anne?"—"No," replied Clarendon; "I come to talk to my niece. I shall take no other oaths than I have taken."

How this uncompromising relative meant to talk to her, may be judged by his conversations with her at the period of the Revolution. Queen Anne refused to see her uncle without he took the oaths whereby he recognised her as his sovereign; "and," observes our authority, Roger Coke, "that wretched man remained a non-juror to the day of his death."[1] Queen Anne was thus obliged to begin her reign with an act of hostility to her nearest relative in England. Clarendon's errand was evidently to recall the promises the queen had made to her father after the death of her son. Her other uncle, lord Rochester, was more complying; he had been one of the state-ministers of her sister, queen Mary, and was destined by queen Anne to have the chief share in the government of her empire.

Scarcely was her uncle, lord Clarendon, excluded on account of still persisting in his nonjuring principles, when the queen's former lover, the marquess of Normanby, presented himself. With the same Jacobite affections as lord Clarendon, the marquess possessed that perfect indifference to religion which permitted him to take as many contradictory oaths as were, in the seventeenth century, considered needful for the public weal. When this elegant courtier had made his homage to the new sovereign, her majesty, who was a person of very few words, and of still fewer ideas, had recourse to her usual theme[2] of conversation, by remarking, "that it was a very fine day."—"Your majesty must allow me to declare, that it is the finest day I ever saw in my life!"—a speech which obtained for him from the court the laudations due to a *bon-mot,* as well as to a neatly-turned compliment, in which happy allusion was made to the beautiful weather. In fact, superstition is never more active than in remarks relative to the serenity or tempestuousness of the air, at a period when any remarkable event happens: there are few of the

[1] Detection, by Roger Coke, vol. iii. p. 330.

[2] Swift's Journal to Stella.

annalists of the reign of Anne that did not comment on the bright day of her accession, on the glorious shining forth of the sun, and predict a happy reign from the pleasantness of the weather. The contrast was the greater from the long years of inclemency which had marked the reign of William and Mary, and had continued during the solitary reign of the former, adding famine to the evils of his interminable wars.

Another early courtier, at this royal levee, was lord Dartmouth, who affected no grimace of sorrow for the decease of the queen's predecessor. He had not forgotten or forgiven the death of his father in the grim fortress of the Tower, where he had been immured on the mere warrant of queen Mary, who suspected him of attachment to his old admiral, her deposed father, although he had given greater proof of his love to his religion and country, by surrendering the fleet without bloodshed when the English nation declared against James II. Lord Dartmouth, the son, was certainly not a partisan of James, for he has not spared him, although he exposed the falsehoods told by his enemies. He recognised queen Anne as constitutional sovereign, by telling her "his joy at her accession was indeed without the least alloy." The queen replied, "that she did sincerely believe him."[1] All these visits to royalty took place while the privy council was collecting, in which the new queen was solemnly recognised, and at which she presided, about noon the same day, her majesty being dressed in deep mourning for the demise of her father, James II.

The members of both houses of parliament met that morning, although it was Sunday, and Mr. secretary Vernon notified the death of William III. to the house of commons. Mr. Granville rose, after the secretary had finished his announcement, and commenced what Anne's opponents called a tory gratulation, beginning with—"Sir, we have lost a great king, and we have got a most gracious queen."[2] When all the speeches proper for the occasion were spoken, the houses

[1] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 11.

[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes on Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

of lords and commons went up with addresses of congratulation to the queen on her accession.[1]

Anne received these august assemblies with much grace and dignity, and her greatest accomplishment was displayed in the answers she gave. As constitutional queen, of course, the matter she spoke was in the words of her ministers; her manner and tone of voice were her own. The sweetness of her voice in utterance had, when a girl, so much pleased her uncle, Charles II., that he ordered Mrs. Betterton, the famous actress, to teach her to speak; "which had been done," says lord Dartmouth, "with such success, that even on this occasion it was a real pleasure to hear her, though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public."—"I have heard the queen speak from the throne," observes speaker Onslow, (long after she had passed away, therefore the commendation could not be flattery,) "and she had all that bishop Burnet and others have noticed of the sweetness of her voice and manner. I never saw an audience more affected: it was a sort of charm."[2] There was no little tact in king Charles's directions to have the sweet voice of the princess, his niece, cultivated for the science of elocution rather than for song, since a royal personage sways more hearts by speaking than by singing.

Notwithstanding the multifarious employments and agitations of that memorable Sunday of her accession, the queen attended divine service at St. James's chapel, and heard a long sermon preached by Burnet.[3] Her majesty was, in the afternoon, proclaimed before the gates of St. James's-palace, at Temple-bar, and in Cheapside.[4]

The day of the queen's accession would have been one of great trial to a woman of a more sensitive nature, for she had to retire to the suite of apartments once occupied by her son, the young duke of Gloucester, at St. James's-palace, while her private apartments were hung with black, as decent mourning for king William. A general mourning was ordered by

[1] According to the Postboy newspaper, (Brit. Museum,) these addresses were offered the evening of Anne's accession.

[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

[3] Gazette. [4] Ibid.

her privy council for the recently deceased king.[1] To mark the difference between the black she wore for her parent, and the court-mourning she assumed for her brother-in-law, the queen chose to mourn for her predecessor in purple;[2] and she accordingly assumed a dress of that hue on the day after his decease.

The queen went in solemn state to the house of lords March 11: she was attended in her coach by the countess of Marlborough and two other ladies. Her majesty wore a star on her breast, and seated herself on the throne in her royal robes: it is said, by the prints of the day, that she wore the crown of St. Edward on her head, but this was a mistake.[3] The commons were sent for, and the queen addressed them in that sweet, thrilling voice which has before been described. Her speech being the composition of her ministers, there is no occasion to load her personal life with the whole substance. The only remarkable points in it were, that it slid dexterously past all mention of her brother, and earnestly recommended the attainment of union between England and Scotland. She concluded with these words: "As I know my own heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you there is not any thing you can expect or desire from me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England, and you shall always find me a strict and religious observer of my word."[4]

There is, in the corridor gallery at Windsor-castle, a picture of queen Anne opening her first parliament. Lady Marlborough stands nearly behind her majesty, and the great officers of state are, as now, ranged round the throne; but it does not appear that the custom had begun of admitting ladies into the body of the house to view the pageant,—at least, none appear to grace the scene. Her majesty returned in her coach, accompanied by his royal highness prince George, to her palace of St. James; the sword was carried before her by the earl of Marlborough. The queen, out of respect to the memory of her predecessor and the season of Lent, ordered

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii., and London Gazette and Postboy.

[3] Postboy, March 12, 1701-2. [4] Ibid.

the theatres to be shut till after her coronation.[1] It was not until March 14 that an order was issued by council to change the royal names in the Prayer-book, and instead of "our sovereign lord king William," to insert "our sovereign lady queen Anne." Scotland was still a separate kingdom. Anne was proclaimed queen of Scotland by the lord Lyon, king-at-arms, as Anne I.

The queen retired to Windsor[2] while St. James's-palace was completely hung with black.[3]—She announced her coronation for April 23, the anniversary of that of her unfortunate father; commanding, at the same time, "that the very deep mourning was to cease after that ceremony."[4] "For the encouragement of our English silks, called *à-la-modes*," says a periodical of the day, "his royal highness the prince of Denmark and the nobility appear in mourning hat-bands made of that silk, to bring the same in fashion in the place of crapes, which are made in the pope's country, whither we send our money for them."[5] Before the first week of queen Anne's reign had expired, her majesty took the opportunity of fulfilling her oft-baffled intention of causing the earl of Marlborough to be elected a knight of the Garter. The commons voted her majesty the same revenue that had been granted "to king William, of blessed memory;" and the speaker and the members of the house of commons took the oath to her, repudiating the hopes of the pretended prince of Wales, for the security of her majesty's person, and that of the crown in the Protestant line. The queen went to the house of lords March 30, with the usual ceremonies, and gave her assent to the bills for her household, revenue, and coin. In her speech, she relinquished 100,000*l.* of the income granted to her.[6]

The queen and prince George of Denmark took immediate possession of the royal apartments at Kensington.[7] The body of king William had been, in the mean time, privately removed from that palace, where he breathed his last, to 'the prince's chamber' at Westminster, where it was embalmed

[1] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702. [2] Postboy. [3] Ibid.
[4] London Post. [5] The Postman, March, 19, 1701-2.
[6] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702. [7] Pyne's Palaces, (Kensington.)

and laid in state. The measure was murmured at by the household of William; there certainly was something repugnant to delicacy in the proceeding. The room where the king died was, however, left just in the same state as when he expired, for many years of the eighteenth century. All the Dutch colony at Kensington-palace were in a state of high discontent, almost amounting to mutiny; they were excessively displeased at every thing done in regard to their king's remains, in which bishop Burnet entirely concurred. Although, in his history, he threw disgusting scandals and reproaches on the character of the royal defunct, he, too, vented his discontent at the accession of Anne by grumbling at William III.'s funeral: in his usual phrase, "'twas scarce decent." Perhaps the ire of the departed monarch, could he have expressed an opinion on his own obsequies, would have been chiefly excited at the fact, that his despised and detested kinsman, George of Denmark, thought proper to officiate as chief mourner,—from which office, although his right, he had been sedulously debarred by king William at the funeral of queen Mary. Great debates had previously taken place in the privy council, whether the late king should be publicly or privately buried: the latter was decided on. The burial took place on Sunday, April 12, at midnight. The procession began from Kensington, as if the royal corpse had actually been there; the funeral train followed an open chariot, with the wax effigy (still in Westminster-abbey) seated as if over the coffin. The king's corpse, contained within the inner coffin, was introduced when the mourners arrived at Westminster-palace. The pall was borne by six dukes: his royal highness George of Denmark was chief mourner, supported by two dukes. The body was deposited in Henry VII.'s chapel while the service was performed, and afterwards interred in the same vault with his late consort, queen Mary II., near the coffin of their uncle, Charles II.[1]

Queen Anne, when the great officers of her predecessor's household brought their white sticks to surrender to her, returned them very courteously, requesting them to hold office,

[1] Life of King William III.

at least for the present; but she took lord Wharton's white staff of the household from him, and handed it to sir Edward Seymour before his face,[1]—a marked affront, which incensed Wharton into muttering some threats of vengeance, which he had opportunities of realizing at various times during her reign. The queen, two days afterwards, appointed the duke of Devonshire her lord steward of the household, an office he had held in her sister's reign; the earl of Jersey, lord chamberlain; sir Edward Seymour, comptroller; and Peregrine Bertie, vice-chamberlain of her household. To her consort she gave the high office of generalissimo of all her forces by sea and land. Her majesty did not forget her old grudge to Bentinck earl of Portland. By the instigation of Sarah of Marlborough, who instantly stepped into his place, she expelled him from his appointment as keeper of her park at Windsor. Among the palace-appointments which took place at this period, great interest was made with the queen by lord Godolphin, "that she would be pleased to reinstate Dr. Radcliffe as her physician;" but her majesty manifested lively remembrance of his former delinquencies by replying, "No; Radcliffe shall never send me word again, when I am ill, that my ailments are only vapours." Her ministers, nevertheless, often had Radcliffe privily consulted respecting the health of their royal mistress, and for his prescriptions they paid, without her knowledge, vast sums.[2]

It may be very well believed, from the specimens printed in the course of these biographies, that when the contents of the king's letter-box, left by him at Kensington, were looked into, strange rumours arose throughout the empire, raised by those who read the royal correspondence. Among other stories, one gained ground so far, that the prosperous accession of her majesty was made the subject of congratulation in various addresses, because a plan of William III.'s for her exclusion had been discovered. Perhaps this report was founded on the proffered adoption of the prince of Wales by William III. at the peace of Ryswick; it was, however, generally supposed that an invitation for the electress of Hanover and her son to take

[1] Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 259. [2] Bio. Brit.

direct possession of the throne at his death was meant. Dr. Drake was called before the house of lords, to answer "for having written a pamphlet defending the right of the queen to the crown, as if the late king had endeavoured to deprive her of it; such assertion being a libel on his memory." Dr. Drake, on being questioned "why he wrote the book?" replied, "He considered that he had just reason to write what he had written, since he heard her highness talked of disrespectfully in every coffee-house." The lords declared that the report of the intended exclusion was false and groundless, and that her majesty's attorney-general should forthwith prosecute Dr. Drake for writing a certain paragraph in the pamphlet.[1]

It was not the intention of the Jacobite party to wear mourning for William III., but they were already, as well as the queen, in the deepest weeds of sable for the death of James II. Those among the whigs who had hitherto flaunted in the gayest colours, now followed the lord chamberlain's mandate, and assumed mourning for William III. as if for a father; black, therefore, was the universal hue, the mourning either for a king or queen in England being, until the present century, worn for a whole year, as if for a parent. Some Jacobite poet, angry at the general garb of woe, directly after the funeral of the whig king wrote the following address to the mourners, which being transcribed, various copies were found scattered in the streets a few days after Anne's accession. It presents a picture of the state of the times, but not charged to the utmost, for scarcely half of William's imposts[2] are mentioned, not even the cruel taxes on burials, wills, and property at death, —inflictions which were imported from Holland, and which,

[1] Boyer's Annals, 1702. Dr. Drake died soon after this threat.

[2] Among the other more familiar taxes of this era, the parliament of king William, in 1696, laid the following extraordinary property-tax on all conditions of the people: "They taxed all possessors of property according to the true value of their real and personal estates, their stock in trade or upon land, and their income upon offices and professions. But the most singular part of this cruel impost was a duty of one penny per week paid by all persons *not receiving alms*; likewise *one farthing per week in the pound of all servants* receiving wages amounting to 4*l.* per annum. Those who received from 8*l.* to 16*l.* paid one halfpenny in the pound per week."—Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 299.

it is said, give the government nearly one quarter of the property of every defunct who has aught to leave:—

"In sable weeds your beaux and belles appear,
And cloud the coming beauties of the year.
Mourn on, ye foolish fashionable things,
Mourn for your own misfortunes, not the king's;
Mourn for the mighty mass of coin misspent,—
Most prodigally given, and idly spent;
Mourn for your tapestry, and your statues too,
Our Windsor gutted to adorn his Loo.[1]
Mourn for the mitre long from Scotland gone,
And much more mourn your Union coming on.
Mourn for a ten years' war and dismal weather,
And taxes, strung like necklaces together,
On salt, *malt*, paper, cyder, *lights*,[2] and leather.
Much for the civil list need not be said,
They truly mourn who are fifteen months unpaid.
Well, then, my friends, since things you see are so,
Let's e'en mourn on; 'twould lessen much our woe,
Had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago!
Your sea has oft run purple to the shore,
And Flanders been manured with English gore."

The muster-roll of wits and poets who were to combine for the support of the whig junta, was described in an anonymous satirical poem of Parnell. These political lampoons were the oracles of that day, and filled the places of the "leading article" in the modern newspapers, and the political sermons of the preceding century. The subsequent retirement from the ministry of the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, is predicted by Parnell, who describes the whig oligarchy as mustering their forces on the night of the death of William. After sketching Sunderland under the name of Cethego, he makes Montague, lord Halifax, boast of his literary influence in a speech, which marks the position of most of the authors of Anne's reign at the commencement:—

"Congreve, for me, Pastora's death did mourn,
And her white name with sable verse adorn."

[1] It is a corroborating incident, that the histories of Framlingham-castle preserve the fact that its beautiful tapestry, once belonging to the duke of Norfolk, condemned to death by Henry VIII., was seized for the use of Edward VI., and after remaining in one of the royal residences till this reign, was carried off by William III. for the adornment of Loo. Other antiquities of furniture and ornament, in which the ancient apartments of Windsor-castle are so strangely de- [illegible] were abstracted by the same king for the same purpose, and may be found [illegible]h pleasure-palace.

[2] [illegible] III.'s window-taxes,—usually supposed to have been invented by Pitt.

This was a mawkish elegy, which Congreve wrote on the death of Mary II., whom he panegyrized under the affected name of Pastora. Authors of coarse worldly comedies are poor hands at elegies.

> "Rowe, too, is mine; and of the whiggish train,
> 'Twas he that sang immortal Tamerlane."

This is Rowe, the author of Jane Shore, and the Fair Penitent. Immortal 'Tamerlane,' in whom the revolutionists affected to recognise William III., is a ranting tragedy long defunct.

> "I helped to polish Garth's rough awkward lays,
> Taught him in tuneful lines to sound our party's praise."

Samuel Garth was a political physician, who was more renowned for poems than pills: his name is still in the public memory, although his poems are utterly forgotten.[1] He was personally abusive to queen Anne during the whole of her reign.

> "Walsh votes for us, who, though he never writ,
> Yet passes for a poet and a wit."

The memory of Walsh chiefly survives in Pope's and Swift's letters: he was a member of parliament, with literary tastes.

> "Van's vulgar plotless plays were once my boast,
> But now the poet's in the builder lost."

Vanbrugh is here indicated, the author of the Provoked Husband, and the architect of Blenheim.

> "On Addison we safely may depend,
> A pension never fails to gain a friend;
> Through Alpine hills he shall my name resound,
> And make his patron known in classic ground."

Addison was then making a classic tour, being enabled to travel by a pension allowed him by Halifax. His publication on that tour is one of his earliest works. He afterwards returned the obligation, by supporting, with his own pen and that of his ally, Steele, the ministry that had patronised him. Steele is not named in this list, which is surprising, since he was the most headlong of their party-writers.

[1] Garth has far better claims to immortality than his verses could give. He was the first physician of his age who suggested the idea of dispensaries, where advice was given gratis to the poor. He may be considered the founder of those benevolent institutions, at least in *modern* times. His poem of The Dispensary was a satire on the interested quacks and apothecaries who opposed the charity.

demanded, "if he was willing to take the oath to queen Anne?"—"No," replied Clarendon; "I come to talk to my niece. I shall take no other oaths than I have taken."

How this uncompromising relative meant to talk to her, may be judged by his conversations with her at the period of the Revolution. Queen Anne refused to see her uncle without he took the oaths whereby he recognised her as his sovereign; "and," observes our authority, Roger Coke, "that wretched man remained a non-juror to the day of his death."[1] Queen Anne was thus obliged to begin her reign with an act of hostility to her nearest relative in England. Clarendon's errand was evidently to recall the promises the queen had made to her father after the death of her son. Her other uncle, lord Rochester, was more complying; he had been one of the state-ministers of her sister, queen Mary, and was destined by queen Anne to have the chief share in the government of her empire.

Scarcely was her uncle, lord Clarendon, excluded on account of still persisting in his nonjuring principles, when the queen's former lover, the marquess of Normanby, presented himself. With the same Jacobite affections as lord Clarendon, the marquess possessed that perfect indifference to religion which permitted him to take as many contradictory oaths as were, in the seventeenth century, considered needful for the public weal. When this elegant courtier had made his homage to the new sovereign, her majesty, who was a person of very few words, and of still fewer ideas, had recourse to her usual theme[2] of conversation, by remarking, "that it was a very fine day."—"Your majesty must allow me to declare, that it is the finest day I ever saw in my life!"—a speech which obtained for him from the court the laudations due to a *bon-mot*, as well as to a neatly-turned compliment, in which happy allusion was made to the beautiful weather. In fact, superstition is never more active than in remarks relative to the serenity or tempestuousness of the air, at a period when any remarkable event happens: there are few of the

[1] Detection, by Roger Coke, vol. iii. p. 330.
[2] Swift's Journal to Stella.

annalists of the reign of Anne that did not comment on the bright day of her accession, on the glorious shining forth of the sun, and predict a happy reign from the pleasantness of the weather. The contrast was the greater from the long years of inclemency which had marked the reign of William and Mary, and had continued during the solitary reign of the former, adding famine to the evils of his interminable wars.

Another early courtier, at this royal levee, was lord Dartmouth, who affected no grimace of sorrow for the decease of the queen's predecessor. He had not forgotten or forgiven the death of his father in the grim fortress of the Tower, where he had been immured on the mere warrant of queen Mary, who suspected him of attachment to his old admiral, her deposed father, although he had given greater proof of his love to his religion and country, by surrendering the fleet without bloodshed when the English nation declared against James II. Lord Dartmouth, the son, was certainly not a partisan of James, for he has not spared him, although he exposed the falsehoods told by his enemies. He recognised queen Anne as constitutional sovereign, by telling her "his joy at her accession was indeed without the least alloy." The queen replied, "that she did sincerely believe him."[1] All these visits to royalty took place while the privy council was collecting, in which the new queen was solemnly recognised, and at which she presided, about noon the same day, her majesty being dressed in deep mourning for the demise of her father, James II.

The members of both houses of parliament met that morning, although it was Sunday, and Mr. secretary Vernon notified the death of William III. to the house of commons. Mr. Granville rose, after the secretary had finished his announcement, and commenced what Anne's opponents called a tory gratulation, beginning with—"Sir, we have lost a great king, and we have got a most gracious queen."[2] When all the speeches proper for the occasion were spoken, the houses

[1] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 11.

[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes on Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

of lords and commons went up with addresses of congratulation to the queen on her accession.[1]

Anne received these august assemblies with much grace and dignity, and her greatest accomplishment was displayed in the answers she gave. As constitutional queen, of course, the matter she spoke was in the words of her ministers; her manner and tone of voice were her own. The sweetness of her voice in utterance had, when a girl, so much pleased her uncle, Charles II., that he ordered Mrs. Betterton, the famous actress, to teach her to speak; "which had been done," says lord Dartmouth, "with such success, that even on this occasion it was a real pleasure to hear her, though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public."—"I have heard the queen speak from the throne," observes speaker Onslow, (long after she had passed away, therefore the commendation could not be flattery,) "and she had all that bishop Burnet and others have noticed of the sweetness of her voice and manner. I never saw an audience more affected: it was a sort of charm."[2] There was no little tact in king Charles's directions to have the sweet voice of the princess, his niece, cultivated for the science of elocution rather than for song, since a royal personage sways more hearts by speaking than by singing.

Notwithstanding the multifarious employments and agitations of that memorable Sunday of her accession, the queen attended divine service at St. James's chapel, and heard a long sermon preached by Burnet.[3] Her majesty was, in the afternoon, proclaimed before the gates of St. James's-palace, at Temple-bar, and in Cheapside.[4]

The day of the queen's accession would have been one of great trial to a woman of a more sensitive nature, for she had to retire to the suite of apartments once occupied by her son, the young duke of Gloucester, at St. James's-palace, while her private apartments were hung with black, as decent mourning for king William. A general mourning was ordered by

[1] According to the Postboy newspaper, (Brit. Museum,) these addresses were offered the evening of Anne's accession.

[2] Speaker Onslow's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 2.

[3] Gazette. [4] Ibid.

her privy council for the recently deceased king.[1] To mark the difference between the black she wore for her parent, and the court-mourning she assumed for her brother-in-law, the queen chose to mourn for her predecessor in purple;[2] and she accordingly assumed a dress of that hue on the day after his decease.

The queen went in solemn state to the house of lords March 11: she was attended in her coach by the countess of Marlborough and two other ladies. Her majesty wore a star on her breast, and seated herself on the throne in her royal robes: it is said, by the prints of the day, that she wore the crown of St. Edward on her head, but this was a mistake.[3] The commons were sent for, and the queen addressed them in that sweet, thrilling voice which has before been described. Her speech being the composition of her ministers, there is no occasion to load her personal life with the whole substance. The only remarkable points in it were, that it slid dexterously past all mention of her brother, and earnestly recommended the attainment of union between England and Scotland. She concluded with these words: "As I know my own heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you there is not any thing you can expect or desire from me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England, and you shall always find me a strict and religious observer of my word."[4]

There is, in the corridor gallery at Windsor-castle, a picture of queen Anne opening her first parliament. Lady Marlborough stands nearly behind her majesty, and the great officers of state are, as now, ranged round the throne; but it does not appear that the custom had begun of admitting ladies into the body of the house to view the pageant,—at least, none appear to grace the scene. Her majesty returned in her coach, accompanied by his royal highness prince George, to her palace of St. James; the sword was carried before her by the earl of Marlborough. The queen, out of respect to the memory of her predecessor and the season of Lent, ordered

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii., and London Gazette and Postboy.

[3] Postboy, March 12, 1701-2.

[4] Ibid.

at the coronation, to perform the offices therein pertaining to that prelacy. Dr. Ken was permitted by the queen to withdraw himself once more into his poverty, and pursue his usual routine of life, unscathed by any political persecution for refusing the oath of abjuration. Instead of prosecuting him, she had the generosity to offer him the sums he alluded to, which he pertinaciously refused while the man whose religious principles he deprecated held his see, and he persisted in signing himself as the bishop thereof.

The approaching coronation of queen Anne now absorbed every thought of the public. It was one of the most singular features of the times, that, contrary to every precedent in British history, the consort of the queen was excluded from all participation in her regal dignity. Whether this exclusion emanated from the queen, from the parliament, or from the wishes of prince George of Denmark himself, has never been clearly analyzed; but popular opinion leads to the conclusion, that the prince himself declined sharing in the honours of regality. It has been surmised, that England having suffered most severely under the sway of Philip II., who during the illness of his regnant partner introduced the Spanish inquisition, had determined the people never to admit the sway of any king-consort. There is semblance of historical truth in this suggestion, yet it is contradicted by the fact, that the immediate precedent of William and Mary presented an example of usurpation of the king-consort, not only on the lineal rights of the nearest Protestant heir, his queen, but on those of her sister Anne. The fact is undeniable, that the English never for an instant contemplated that consorts of their queens-regnant should hold rank no higher than that of prince George of Denmark. It was considered that royal children would not pay their father the natural duty of a parent unless he retained, not only the name, but the power of a king. Thus Henry VII. reigned peacefully many years after the death of his wife, the heiress of the English throne, and William III., childless as he was, followed his example. The law by which prince George of Denmark was excluded from ascending the British throne has hitherto eluded our

search, and it seems passing strange that a lawless precedent should be followed. However this may be, prince George of Denmark was only reckoned among the first of British peers, as duke of Cumberland, and he actually did homage to his wife as such; for at the coronation of William and Mary, prince George had been naturalized, and created baron Wokingham, earl of Kendal, and duke of Cumberland, with precedence before all other peers. After the violent disputes between the princess Anne and queen Mary, George of Denmark became a leader of opposition in the house of peers: he advocated a bill brought into parliament to exclude all persons enjoying places of trust and profit from being members of the senate, for, in 1692, such numbers of military and naval commanders were members of the house of commons, that it was called "the officers' parliament." This bill was thrown out by a majority of only two, on the third reading; but protests were entered on the journals of the house, headed by the name of prince George. He used to make speeches, but in the drollest English that it was possible to imagine. Being a Lutheran, he was generally on the side of the dissenters in the reign of his consort, who is supposed to have been materially influenced by him.

Envoys and ambassadors-extraordinary arrived daily at the court of queen Anne, in the months of March and April, to condole with her on the death of her brother-in-law, and to congratulate her on her accession to the crown. They came from Zell and Hanover, from Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and most of the German states. The etiquette of their introduction was,—first, a private audience of her majesty; then a private presentation to prince George; after which they had their public reception at court.[1] In this manner count Wratislaw, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor of Germany, delivered his imperial master's condolences on the death of William, and then congratulations for queen Anne's happy accession. It has been explained, that war was ready to break out between Great Britain and France, for the ostensible motive of expelling Philip V., the young grandson of Louis XIV., from the

[1] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702.

throne of Spain, (of which he had actually taken peaceable possession,) and replacing him by Charles of Austria, the son of the emperor. In fact, lord Marlborough, the commander-in-chief, commenced his Flemish campaign, April 16th, some days before her majesty's coronation. The Polish ambassador brought his congratulations in his monarch's name to the queen, the day before her coronation. He made her a very grand harangue in Latin, but he might as well have uttered it in his native Sclavonic tongue: it would have been equally intelligible to the newly-ascended majesty of Great Britain.

Meantime, the public press disseminated the following reports concerning the preparations for the coronation:—

"We hear that the queen had lately her picture drawn by sir Godfrey Kneller, in order to grave an impress by for the coronation-medals and coin. And 'tis said, on the reverse of the medals is to be represented the goddess Pallas destroying a giant, but we are not sure that the same is actually agreed upon."[1]

It was at this period that the queen sat to Kneller for a portrait, an engraving from which is appended to this volume; the total absence of all ornament, excepting the simple medallion of the order of St. George, suspended by a broad, light-blue riband round the neck, makes it remarkable, for the portraits of Anne, after her coronation, are rather vulgarly laden with crown, sceptre, necklaces, and heavy decorations. The original is inserted into the panels of the gallery of St. George at Windsor-castle: it is a fine and firmly painted specimen of Kneller's pencil. As the designs for the queen's medallion-portraits were then executed, her costume partakes of the classic simplicity of numismatic art; her hair is arranged in the style of her well-known coinage profile. The portrait is sitting; the air and attitude are decidedly majestic, if not graceful; the dress is chiefly concealed by the flowing mantle of the order of the Garter, excepting the star on the side. The queen's features are rather stronger than those generally recognised in the soft and comely visage of Anne, while they are indicative of far more natural energy, personal courage, and practical abilities. The medallion of St. George is partly concealed by the hand of the queen. It is traditionary, that Kneller persuaded the queen to assume this attitude, in order

[1] Postman, April 4, 1702.

to give him an opportunity of painting the most beautiful hand in England; and assuredly the hand in her Windsor portrait is a study worthy of any artist, both for the easy manner in which it rests on the medallion, and for its own elegance of form and pictorial finish. Anne's Kensington portrait is drawn in the same noble and simple style of art; but her hand is not raised, and the medallion of St. George is consequently entirely visible. In Anne's subsequent portraits, her vast profusion of chestnut hair is arranged in heavy falling curls on her shoulders and breast; the state crown surmounts it; the jewelled collar of the Garter supersedes the broad azure riband of the elder Garter order. There is, withal, an outspread of finery peculiarly unbecoming to a very fat woman.

The public prints resume their journalizing of the queen's movements as follows:—

"The queen took the divertisement of hunting on Wednesday, April 11, about Windsor, and returned on Thursday to her royal palace at St. James's." This hunting was performed in her high-wheeled chaise.[1]

"We hear there is struck to the value of 1200*l*. or more in coronation-medals of 50*s*. a-piece, to be distributed in Westminster-hall among those of quality."

The queen had again lost the use of her feet, from gout and corpulence, an infirmity which made the important ceremonial of her coronation very fatiguing, and even embarrassing to her. On this account, she was carried in some of the processions in a low arm-chair,[2] instead of walking. The coronation took place April 23, o.s. 1702, St. George's-day, being the seventeenth anniversary of that of her father. About eleven of the clock in the morning, her majesty came privately in a sedan-chair from her palace at St. James's to Westminster-hall,[3] whence she was carried to the court of wards, where she reposed herself while the heralds set the preparations in order in the court of requests, the painted chamber, and the house of lords, marshalling the several classes of the nobility as they were to proceed down the hall. As usual, the individuals of the lowest rank led the way in the commencement of the ceremonial. Prince George of Denmark, preceded in the en-

[1] Postboy, No. 1077. [2] Flying Post, No. 1086.

[3] Planche's Royal Records, edited from Bankes' Collection, Brit. Museum; likewise from MSS. in the college of Arms, ably collated by Mr. Planche.

trance procession by the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord keeper of the great seal, walked before his royal consort and her group of state attendants. These were Garter king-at-arms, between the lord mayor and the black-rod; then the high-steward of England; then the queen's majesty, with a circle of gold, set with diamonds on her head, her train borne by the duchess of Somerset, assisted by four young ladies of the bedchamber and the lord chamberlain, entered Westminster-hall in procession. The queen, after her first robing, seated herself under the canopy on the side of the table, where was provided her chair of state, cushion, and footstool, and a long table covered with rich tapestry. On this table was placed the regalia. The great officers, being the earl-marshal, (lord Carlisle,) the lord high-steward, (the duke of Devonshire,) and the lord high-constable, stood ready there, at the command of her majesty, to distribute to its appointed bearers the various pieces which were placed thereon by the master of the jewel-house.

The procession went through New Palace-yard into King-street, so along the Broad Sanctuary,[1] into the west door of the abbey-church, all the way being covered from the steps of the throne at the King's-bench, Westminster-hall, to the steps of the royal platform in the church, with broad blue cloth two breadths in width, spread upon boards railed in on each side. This footway for royalty was, as usual, strewn with sweet herbs and flowers; the month was April, and the day of St. George is usually most redolent of the early glories of spring. Formerly the poor commonalty used to break in, and cut away "the rayed cloth" almost as fast as the steps of the sovereign had passed over it, for it was considered the fee of the populace. But now blue cloth took the place of the striped or rayed cloth, and royalty *lined the way with guards*. Strange it was, that when the prerogative of crown and church were many degrees higher, the populace of England surrounded their monarchs without an idea of harming them.

Queen Anne, like her father and her uncle, retained the title of sovereign of France. As part of the pageantry, she

[1] Edward the Confessor's Sanctuary was then standing, according to the account of Dr. Stukeley; likewise the Holbein-gateway by the Banqueting-house, and the Gatehouse at the end of King-street.

likewise retained at her coronation two gentlemen, dressed to represent the dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. This antique custom has been omitted in the latter coronations, with some wrong in regard to the dukedom of Normandy at least, since our queen still enjoys a very goodly inheritance in the beautiful Channel islands as rightful duchess of Normandy, more especially as the high-spirited descendants of the Norman chivalry, inhabitants of the said islands, consider that England, and all its people and dependencies, appertain to them, and not they to us. When the representatives of Normandy and Aquitaine, (who, we are concerned to report, bore the homespun names of James Clark and Jonathan Andrews,[1]) were called by the heralds to take their places, they stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the queen's canopy, in Westminster-hall, but did not go up nearer to her throne.

It is certain that, on account of the queen's infirmities of the feet, she was relieved from the fatigue of walking in the procession from Westminster-hall to the abbey. "She took the conveniency of being carried in an open chair,"[2] says a contemporary, "along by the Broad Sanctuary, the houses on each side being crowded with spectators, who rent the air with cries of joy when they beheld their queen." Whether her majesty alighted from her chair on entering the abbey, and took her place in the procession as it proceeded up the choir, or was carried to the foot of the platform, is not mentioned. The queen, whether she walked or was carried, had nevertheless a long train,[3] which was borne, according to ancient custom, by the peeress of the highest rank among the female aristocracy of England. The lady who was entitled to perform this office, on this occasion, was the personal friend of her majesty, the heiress of the illustrious house of Percy, and wife to the representative of lady Katharine Gray, called the proud duke of Somerset, who took his place as the nearest relative of the blood-royal then in the country. Lady Elizabeth Seymour

[1] They were two gentlemen of the privy-chamber.

[2] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, April 1702.

[3] It must have been passed over the low back of the chair in which she sat, and so borne behind her by the duchess of Somerset, and the noble maidens her assistants.

aided her mother in the office of train-bearer, with lady Mary Hyde (one of the queen's first-cousins) and lady Mary Pierrepoint, then a girl of thirteen, only remarkable for the promise of surpassing grace and beauty, but afterwards still more celebrated as the first among the female *literati* of her country, under the name of lady Mary Wortley Montague. Even if the queen went in her chair up the choir, it need not excite surprise that her train was borne; for, at royal christenings, the baby, although carried in another person's arms, always had a long train, with train-bearers. The queen was escorted by the lord chamberlain, lord Jersey; she was supported by the bishop of Durham and the bishop of Exeter, and guarded by the late king's favourite, Arnold Keppel, earl of Albemarle, who was still retained as captain of the royal guard. He was the only person of king William's Dutch colony who had ever shown any civility to queen Anne, who did not now forget his courtesy and humanity.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation proceeded, in all respects, according to the ancient precedents, which have been too often detailed in the course of this series of royal biographies to need repetition, our plan being only to enter into narration where accidental or personal circumstances occasioned an alteration. The recognition was performed in the old-accustomed manner, the queen rising and standing by her chair while Tennison, archbishop of Canterbury, presented her to the people with these words, turning her and himself to the four sides of the platform—east, west, south, and north, and repeating the query each time:—

"Sirs, I here present unto you queen Anne, undoubted queen of this realm. Whereas all you that are come this day to do your homages and service, are you willing to do the same?"[1]

The people answered with loud and repeated acclamations, all crying out, with one voice, "God save queen Anne!" The trumpets sounded after the conclusion of the recognition, and the choir burst into this anthem: "The queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord! exceeding glad shall she be of thy salvation. Thou shalt present her with the blessings of goodness, and shalt set a crown of pure gold on her head."

[1] Planche's Regal Records, p. 113.

While the anthem was being sung, the archbishop went down from the platform, and put on his splendid cope before the altar, the bishops vested themselves, and the officers of the wardrobe spread the carpet and cushions on the floor and steps of the altar. The formula of the coronation, from the earliest times, appointed two bishops to support the person of royalty during the ceremonial; this office, if antique illuminated MSS. may be trusted, was that of supporting St. Edward's crown on each side, if it did not happen to fit the royal head on which it had descended. Thus the stalwart warrior, Edward I., is represented with a bishop on each side, extending a hand to sustain the crown of St. Edward by one of its ornaments. Bishops had probably held it over the heads of the crowned children, Henry III., Richard II., Henry VI., and Edward VI. The custom had been lost since, for when the large crown (which had been made in the place of that of St. Edward, destroyed in the civil war, to fit the head of the queen's uncle, Charles II.) tottered on the less powerful brow of her father, it was his false servant, Henry Sidney, who supported it, and not his faithful, but ill-treated bishop Ken, of Bath and Wells. Queen Anne required the actual aid of sustaining hands to support her person in a standing position: singular as it is, she was the only infirm person ever crowned monarch of England, either before or since, and yet her majesty had only just completed her thirty-seventh year.

By the assistance of the bishops, the queen contrived to reach the altar, where she went through the ceremonial of the first offertory; unlike her immediate predecessors, William and Mary, when the exhortation was heard, "Thou shalt not appear before the Lord thy God empty," queen Anne had provided wherewithal to put in the gold basons, and made all her oblations as required. The offering of the swords on the altar, and the chanting of the litany, according to the ritual of the church of England, followed in the usual order. It may be observed, that the coronation ceremonial is, in effect, an *interlude* between the actual celebration of the holy communion; it commences after the Nicene creed and sermon, the eucharistical part of the rite not being administered until

the sovereign, anointed, crowned, and enthroned, has received the homages. At the end of the Nicene creed, which was begun by the archbishop, and sung by the choir, the queen stood up. When the creed was concluded, Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, presented himself to preach the sermon, to which office the queen had herself appointed him. The pulpit was placed upon a pillar at the north-east corner of the platform, very near the queen's chair. The sermon was short and impressive: it was printed by the queen's express desire. The text was from Isaiah xlix.: "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers."

The queen heard the sermon sitting in her chair, on the south side of the altar, over against the pulpit. On her right hand stood the bishop of Durham, and beyond him, on the same side, the lords who bore the swords of state,—Stanley earl of Derby, Vere earl of Oxford, and Gray earl of Kent. On the left side of the queen's chair stood her other clerical supporter, Trelawney bishop of Exeter,[1] and lord Lindsay, who fulfilled that day the office of her lord *great*-chamberlain. Such was the group round her majesty. On the north side of the altar sat the archbishop of Canterbury, in a purple velvet chair, the bishops being placed on their bench along the north wall. On the south side, between the queen's chair and the altar of Westminster-abbey, stood the dean of Westminster and the chapter. The Protestant coronation-oath, which was permanently established at Anne's inauguration, was preceded by the following dialogue and declaration.

The sermon being ended, the archbishop of Canterbury rose and went to the queen; standing before her, he said, "Is your majesty willing to make the *declaration?*" The queen answered, "I am willing." The archbishop having provided himself with the required declaration, written on a roll of parchment, read it as follows:—

"I Anne, by the grace of God queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,[2] &c., do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess,

[1] In the place of Kidder, as bishop of Bath and Wells *de facto*, who for some reason declined appearing. He was really a dissenter.

[2] The important words, "head of the church," are either omitted, or supposed to be included in the "&c."

testifie, and declare, that I do believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. 2ndly, That the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. 3rdly, And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testifie, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read to me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person, or without any hope of such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking I am, or can be, acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration, or of any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

"The queen audibly *made* and repeated the same, and afterwards subscribed it." Then the archbishop asked the queen, "Is your majesty willing to take the coronation-oath?" The queen replied, "I am willing." Her majesty at the same time had a book in her hands, by the which she fully understood the nature of what she undertook. "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes of parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?" asked archbishop Tennison. "I solemnly promise so to do," replied queen Anne. "Will you, to your power, cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?" asked the archbishop. "I will," replied queen Anne. "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the *protestant reformed* religion established by law? and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?" asked the archbishop. "All this I promise to do," replied queen Anne. Then the queen, arising out of her chair, supported as before, and assisted by lord Lindsay, the great-chamberlain, the sword of state being carried before her, went to the altar, and there made her solemn oath, in sight of the people present, to observe these promises. As the queen knelt on the steps of the altar, with her hand on the

gospel, she said these words: "The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!" Then her majesty kissed the book. Having thus taken her oath, the queen returned to her chair, and kneeling at the faldstool, the *Veni Creator* was sung by the choir.

The anointing and all the ceremonies connected therewith proceeded according to the ancient form. The queen's infirmities did not cause her to dispense with the ceremony of standing to be solemnly girt with the sword of St. Edward, or from going with it to offer it at the altar. It was redeemed, according to the usual form, for one hundred shillings: the noble who bore it was the last of the De Veres, earls of Oxford. The sword was forthwith unsheathed by him, and carried before her majesty during the rest of the ceremonial. The spurs were, however, only presented; they were sent by the queen directly to the altar. Her majesty was then invested with the ring and staff.

The coronation-ring put on the fourth finger of Anne's right hand was, indeed, a balas ruby, with the cross of St. George engraved thereon; but it was not the ancient jewel of Edward the Confessor, "the wedding-ring of England," as it is quaintly called by the old heralds and chroniclers. The queen's deposed father had, in his dire distress at Feversham, made a struggle with his reason, then veering under his filial calamities, to preserve that precious jewel, which he effectually did; therefore neither of his daughters ever had that inestimable gem. But a report exists, that cardinal York, the last surviving grandson of James, sent it to the present royal family of England, and that it has been worn by the last three sovereigns of Great Britain. The address with which Anne received her coronation-ring seems to have been unaltered from the ancient formula:—

"Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the *Catholic* faith, that as you are this day consecrated head of this kingdom and people, so being rich in faith, and abounding in good works, you may reign with him, who is the King of kings, to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen."

The archbishop, after the investiture of the ring, standing before the altar, on which were the staff, sceptre, and orb of sovereignty, took the crown, which represents that of St. Ed-

ward, in his hand, and placing it again before him on the altar, made the following invocation:—

"O God, the Saviour and rewarder of them that faithfully serve thee, who alone dost govern them with mercy and loving-kindness, bless and sanctify this thy servant Anne, our queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head to thy divine majesty."

The manuscript has a marginal direction in this place: "*Here the queen must be put in mind to bow her head,*"—little needed, indeed, if Anne had the least appreciation of the sense of this beautiful aspiration.

"And as thou doest this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her royal heart with thy heavenly and abundant grace, and crown her with all princely virtues which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed her, through him who is the King immortal, invisible, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever."

Then, queen Anne being seated in her chair, the archbishop, assisted by the other bishops, came from the altar, and the dean of Westminster brought the crown. The archbishop took it reverently, and put it on the head of the queen, at which sight the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried "God save the queen!" the trumpets sounded, and the Tower guns answered a signal made from the turrets of Westminster-abbey by thundering discharges. When silence had succeeded to this joyous uproar, after a solemn pause the archbishop's voice was heard in address to the queen:—

"God crown you with a crown of righteousness and virtue, of victory and honour. The Lord himself be unto you for a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty; and may you also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God. Be strong and of a good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life; that when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of glory, and honour, and immortality that fadeth not away, which God, the righteous judge, shall give you at that day."

The choir then broke into a short but rejoicing anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;" the peers and peeresses put on their coronets while it was being sung. One of the prebends of Westminster then brought the Holy Bible to the dean of Westminster. The dean, after first placing it on the altar, brought it in procession to the archbishop, who, attended by the bishops, presented it, with great reverence, to the queen, with this address:—

"Our gracious queen,—Thus saith the Lord of old to his peculiar people, by

the hand of his servant Moses, When thy king sitteth upon the throne of the kingdom, he shall write him a copy of this law in a book, and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life, that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, and so keep all the words of this law to do them, and that he turn not aside to the right hand nor to the left, to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children."

Which passage must have seemed like a denunciation to the childless queen, who had so recently put off her mourning for her only son.

And now queen Anne, having been anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of royal dignity, the archbishop solemnly blessed her; and at each clause of the benediction, the peers and bishops, who stood round about her, joined "in a loud and hearty Amen."

"The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make the light of his countenance to shine ever upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord protect you in all your ways, and preserve you from every evil thing; the Lord prosper the works of your own hands upon you; the Lord prosper your handy work."

To which the peers and bishops responded, "Amen."

"May all the blessings of heaven and earth plenteously descend upon you," continued the archbishop; "the Lord give you of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, a fruitful country and healthful seasons, a faithful senate and a quiet empire, wise counsellors and victorious armies, a loyal nobility and a dutiful gentry, and an honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty."

"Amen," responded the peers and bishops "very heartily and devoutly;" and there were some points in this aspiration wonderfully suited to the urgent necessities of the times, for the most dismal weather in winter and summer, attended by famines and agues, had plagued the British empire since the accession of William III., and greatly added to his unpopularity with "the honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty," who laid the whole blame upon his majesty; insomuch, it is traditionary in the Highlands, "that on the 8th of March, a cottager going out to trench his kail-yard, and seeing the first fine day he had beheld for twelve or fourteen years, threw down his spade, gave a Highland fling in the air, and an exclamation in Gaelic, 'The wicked king is dead to a certainty!'"

"The Lord preserve your life, and establish your throne," continued archbishop Tennison, "that your reign may be prosperous and your days many; that you may live long in this world, obeyed, and honoured, and beloved by your people, ever increasing in favour both with God and man, and leave a numerous posterity to rule these kingdoms after you by succession in all ages."

"Amen," responded queen Anne's surrounding peers and bishops; but this clause, like more than one in the coronation-rite, must have brought remembrance of her recently lost Gloucester sorely to the memory of the bereaved and hopeless mother.

The peers performed their homage to the queen as soon as she was enthroned, her husband, prince George of Denmark, leading the way, and offering his homage as duke of Cumberland. The archbishops and the prelates did their homage *as temporal peers* after prince George, preceding the nobles: they *seemingly* kissed her majesty's left cheek,[1] and afterwards touched her crown. Meantime, her gracious pardon was read, and her coronation-medals of gold and silver thrown about among the people, "as her majesty's gracious largess and donative," says the Bankes' manuscript;[2] and while the homage of the lords was performed, the grand final anthem was sung by the choir with instrumental music. At the end of the anthem the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted "God save queen Anne! Long live queen Anne! May the queen live for ever!"

The royal family acknowledged by the country, had dwindled to a small and distant span indeed, for the childless and Roman-catholic widow of Charles II. was the only person, besides the sovereign, remembered by name in the prayers of the church of England.

"O Lord our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers, with our thanksgivings, for our sovereign lady queen Anne, set over us by thy grace and good providence to be our queen, and so, together with her, bless Catharine the queen-dowager, and the whole royal family."

Catharine of Braganza was then reigning as queen-regent in her native country with some *éclat*. It seems singular that she should be remembered in the prayers at the coronation, and that queen Anne's protestant consort should not be named in the first protestant coronation that had occurred in this country of a queen acknowledged as entirely sovereign-regnant,

[1] London Gazette. It is not certain whether this word "seemingly" was introduced by the writer of the Gazette, or that the peers had been directed only to seem to salute queen Anne.

[2] Brit. Museum.

which her sister and predecessor could scarcely be considered, unless at times when she was formally invested with the regency.

The retirement of the queen to St. Edward's chapel, (called in coronation-language the recess,) her divestment of her consecrated crown, robes, and regalia, (termed those of St. Edward,) and the offering of them on the shrine of the regal saint and lawgiver, her collateral ancestor, her assumption of the state-crown and purple velvet robes, which she was to wear at the banquet in Westminster-hall, proceeded, according to the usual routine, without any variation peculiarly personal to queen Anne. Her majesty's day's labour was only half performed: she could not avoid appearing at the banquet, lest the Jacobite portion of the community might say that she dared not suffer the champion, Dymoke, to perform his challenge, as that had proved a remarkably awkward step in the coronation ceremonial[1] of her predecessors, William and Mary. Queen Anne, therefore, went through all the ceremonials pertaining to her coronation-banquet, from the entrance of the *dillegrout* to that of the champion, without any of the perverse accidents which had marked her sister's and brother-in-law's coronations. Every proceeding was as regular as if her title had been as perfectly undisputed and indisputable as that of her present majesty.

At the banquet, his royal highness prince George of Denmark dined at the table of the queen-regnant, his consort; "he sat at the end thereof, at her majesty's left hand." The parliament being sitting, the members of the house of commons were assigned seats in the abbey, in the north-cross, and at the banquet in the gallery at the east end of Westminster-hall. At the foregoing coronation, the commons, (who had taken to themselves, in the preceding century, almost every function of crown and church,) had been not a little astonished and offended at finding that a specific place of entertainment had been provided for every estate of the realm excepting their own important body. William and Mary, who were nearly penniless themselves, rather ungrate-

[1] Life of Mary II.

fully followed the ancient regulation, and the commons, although they had proved the means of crowning their majesties, went dinnerless at their coronation-banquet. Lamberty, one of the secretaries of the then prime-minister, discusses the fact drily, as if he thought, privately, that it was a mighty good joke. Queen Anne treated her commons with more hospitality, and they were regaled with a good dinner in the Exchequer-chamber.[1]

It was past eight in the evening before all the services and ceremonials of the coronation-banquet were finished by her majesty, who, after resting and disrobing at the court of wards, was carried back to St. James's-palace in her close sedan, exceedingly fatigued. The palace, with the rest of the metropolis, was in a tumult of joyous excitement, and prince George of Denmark, with a circle of the private friends of royalty, was disposed to do what most persons that night were doing; which was, passing a considerable portion of it in a carouse, drinking their sovereign lady's health. Her majesty was, however, disposed to seek repose from all her fatigues of regality on her pillow. The lord chamberlain noticed that the queen was exceedingly tired, and would be glad if his royal highness would propose going to bed. "*I* propose?" replied the prince, jovially; "*I* cannot. I am her majesty's *subject*, —have done and sworn homage to her to-day; I shall do nought but what she commands me."—"Then," replied queen Anne, laughing, "as that is the case, and I am very tired, I do command you, George, to come to bed."[2] Her majesty was obeyed.

Altogether, this coronation proceeded prosperously, and gave general satisfaction to all classes of society, not excepting the very worst; for the thieves, who were numerous and audacious beyond all modern computation, stole the whole of the plate used at her majesty's banquet in Westminster-hall,

[1] London Gazette, April 1702.

[2] This is one of those floating anecdotes which may be almost considered oral; it is, however, printed in the antiquary Hutton's Visit to London, being a tour through Westminster-abbey, the Tower, &c., published in the Freemasons' Magazine, 1792 to 1796.

together with a vast quantity of pewter and valuable table-linen.[1]

The coronation-medal of Anne bears the impression of her profile, representing her as very fat and swollen, her throat exceedingly short and thick; on the reverse of the medal is a heart, crowned, amidst oaken foliage, surrounded by a legend of the words ENTIRELY ENGLISH, from her speech on the opening her first parliament. An altar in front bears an inscription in Latin, which means "Descended from a race of kings." Another medal bears the queen's head, depicting her still fatter and thicker: it was struck on the appointment of her husband, prince George, as high-admiral. His likeness occupies the other side; the lower part of his face is enormously thick, yet his profile would have been handsome but for a very odd expression of face, as if he were turning up his mouth at his own nose. There were several different designs in the medals given, or thrown, at the queen's coronation, but the principal was the "entirely English" heart. In the queen's great seal she is, like her ancestors, represented on horseback, crowned with the arched crown, from which flies a most elaborate ribbon or scarf; her hair floats in curls on her neck, which is uncovered, all but a throat pearl-necklace: the royal mantle, lined with ermine, flows over her shoulders. She holds the sceptre in her hand, and the globe in her lap. She sits full in front, as if on the step side-saddle. The other side presents her in the same dress, but enthroned.

Queen Anne's manifesto of war against France, issued May 4, 1702, was received by Louis XIV. with a *bon-mot:* "It is a sign that I grow old, when ladies declare war against me."[2] He doubtless recalled Anne to memory as he last saw her, when she was in her infancy, wearing her long veil and black train at the Palais-Royal.[3]

The very next day of the declaration of war, the house of commons voted thanks to queen Anne, for the first im-

[1] Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, p. 54.

[2] True and Secret History of the Lives and Reigns of the Kings and Queens of England: from the library of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

[3] Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

portant step taken to secure the crown of Great Britain to the next Protestant line of the royal family, in these words: "May 5th. This day it was resolved in the house of commons, that an address of thanks be presented to her majesty for her great zeal for the succession of the crown in the Protestant line, in directing, by an order of council, the princess Sophia to be prayed for. On Sunday last the princess Sophia was prayed for in all the churches of London and Westminster."[1] Her majesty went from St. James's to Windsor, on the 2nd of June, where she knighted Simon Harcourt, and appointed him her solicitor-general. Prince George of Denmark went forward to Portsmouth the same day: he was there received with all the distinction due to "the dear consort of her majesty." The mighty naval preparations of England for the war were reviewed by the queen's consort before sailing from Portsmouth. He proceeded next day to the Isle of Wight, where all the newly-raised forces were encamped,—a very excellent situation, as they could not easily desert, which great numbers of them attempted to do. The prince, in quality of her majesty's generalissimo, pardoned several of these unfortunate men, at the moment when they were led out to death.[2] The contrast, in this action, to the military and naval cruelties of punishment which will render the reign of William and Mary ever remarkable, was believed to spring from the merciful disposition of queen Anne, which, of course, augmented the love that the common people bore to her.

In illustration of the queen's clemency, there exists, to her credit, many little autograph letters, proving her majesty's personal interference in these cases. One of them, which is undated, as is usually the case in Anne's correspondence, was, perhaps, written on the foregoing occasion; and even if placed a little prematurely, is true evidence of her feelings on such occasions.

[1] Somerville, who deals in generalities, in his Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 79, hints that the house of commons, dissolved by the queen in April 1704, had done great things to secure the Protestant succession: it may be supposed this was one, as it occurs in the Whitehall Gazette of the current year, among the Stepney Papers, Brit. Museum. Likewise, in Toone's Chronology is a notation of the above date.

[2] May, Boyer's Annals.

QUEEN ANNE TO SECRETARY SIR CHARLES HEDGES.[1]

"Monday night.

"I have been soe often found fault with for interposing in the case of deserters, that I am almost afraid to do it; but the enclosed *payper* seems to me to be soe moving, that I can't help sending it to you, and desiring you would take care that execution may be *stoped* till you can inquire further into the matter.

"I am, your very affectionate

"ANNE, R."

The queen had the more pity for these unfortunate deserters, since the maintenance of large standing armies, perennially employed in foreign warfare, was a new infliction on the British population. Such had not been usual since the invasions of France under the Plantagenets, and at that éra, the military code of St. George, adapted to a high-spirited yeoman or franklin class of soldiery, was essentially different from the discipline enforced by the mutiny bill. There was, it is true, a severe clause, threatening boring tongues for blasphemy; but then blasphemy, being neither a want nor luxury, presents, after all, small temptation to human nature, howsoever perversely disposed.

The political history of the reign of queen Anne (from which the pages of her biography will be kept as clear as perspicuity will permit) appears, to the eyes of readers in general, to consist of violent and interminable contests between two classes, into which the whole kingdom was divided. The names of these two parties are frequently heard in the present times, yet it has never been satisfactorily proved from whence the name of either Whig or Tory was derived. Each was undeniably one of those nicknames in which party malignity especially delights, springing from the same feelings that occasioned the ugly *sobriquets* of Lollard, Quaker, and Papist to have been, in turn, accented with peculiar rancour. But the derivation of these terms of polemic venom are not so far-fetched and mysterious as Whig and Tory. Whig is said to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon word signifying war and contention; the term was found thus oddly spelt and sounded by Cromwell's soldiers when they invaded Scotland and defeated the Scotch at Dunbar, and they seem to have

[1] Copied from the original series, lately in the possession of James Montague, esq. They were never printed until given in the Monthly Magazine, 1808.

imported it into the south to denote persons they found more impracticable and contentious than themselves. Yet it soon after designated their own party throughout the island, as systematic opposers to royalty. It was thus used by the piper of Dundee, who so bitterly aggravated the insurgents at Bothwell Brigg by playing and singing the following stave just as the battle joined:—

"Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
And do no good at a'!
Awa, Whigs, awa!"

The poor piper was sent tumbling down the banks of the Clyde[1] into the stream by a whig bullet; but the refrain of his song was taken up, and has been echoed by a powerful English party ever since. Thus one great division of English politicians were named from a civil war in Scotland; and they, not to be found wanting in similar courtesies, becalled their opponents from some predatory guerillas, who distinguished themselves when the Jacobite civil war was fought in Ireland; these were Rapparees, or Tories. The duchess of Marlborough, in her unpublished writings,[2] always calls them *Rapparees*, and very often, like her royal mistress, (neither being remarkable for skill in orthography,) spells whigs as *wigs*.

The whigs, in the time of queen Anne, chiefly contended for the policy and propriety of keeping up a perpetual war against France, ostensibly in order to prevent the re-establishment of the son of James II. Their opposition to the reformed catholic church of England was really more violent than to the church of Rome, and the chief object of their opposition was, to prevent the sovereign of England (who bore the awful responsibility of head of the church in the eyes of her people) from naming those of the clergy she approved to any sees or benefices that became vacant. The whigs chose that these places should be the gift of the prime-minister who could command most votes in the house of commons, whatsoever his

[1] Jacobite Relics.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xlvi. p. 197, which contain the duchess of Marlborough's original lucubrations, widely differing from the printed publications. Many anecdotes, hitherto inedited, are presented from them in this volume.

belief might be. The tories supported the prerogative of queen Anne to name the dignitaries of the church; they resisted the predominance of the Calvinistic or Geneva party in the church of England, vulgarly termed 'low church.' They were for an economical government, and for naval war instead of continental regimental war; they advocated the extension and protection of the noble colonies planted by the Stuart kings; they had exposed the enormous corruptions of William III. and his party in the house of commons. They were generally considered Jacobites,—they would have gladly been so, if the son of James II. had been of the same religion as his grandfather, Charles I. They appear to have been unwillingly, but sincerely, convinced of the impossibility of a Roman-catholic being the head of the church of England.

There is reason to believe that the restoration of the church of England to the vital rights of electing her spiritual dignitaries was meditated by the queen, and by her uncle, lord Rochester, whom she chose for her prime-minister when she ascended the throne, and declared him as such soon after. With his assistance and co-operation, queen Anne carried into effect an act of benevolence, which will make her name for ever gratefully venerated by our church. Her majesty, at her accession, was entitled to the first-fruits of every benefice or dignitary conferred by the crown. With praiseworthy self-denial, instead of appropriating these gains to the amplification of her personal power or magnificence, queen Anne formed with it a fund to augment the miserable livings, or rather *starvings*, which too often fall to the lot of some of the most excellent of the clergy. The fund bears the expressive name of 'queen Anne's Bounty.' Words would be wasted in dwelling on it with panegyric; it speaks for itself, being still in operation, and having effected immense good. A plan of similar beneficence was first carried into effect, from the savings of his preferments, by the noble and self-denying archbishop Sancroft. Queen Anne followed his example on the most extended scale of royal munificence, and her generosity has placed her name high on the list of royal foundresses in the Christian church.

Lady Marlborough was now at the pinnacle of her long-anticipated glory, and she had reigned supremely over the formation of the newly-formed royal household, disposing of all places therein as it seemed good in her eyes. From the mighty Dutch magnate Portland, down to the humble clear-starcher Abrahal, Sarah of Marlborough placed and displaced whomsoever she thought fit.[1] Very unceremoniously, at her instigation, did the queen eject lord Portland from the rangership of Windsor-park. At the same instant he had the vexation to behold the object of his avowed hatred, lady Marlborough, leap into the place.[2] The queen, too, testified some of her hoarded hates and antipathies: Charles earl of Macclesfield was discharged by her from all the rich offices and sinecures with which he had been loaded by her sister and her spouse. Her majesty's reasons, according to his own quotation of her words, were "because he had thrown blood in her father's face,"[3]—a startling metaphor, whereby queen Anne indicated her remembrance of his being the chief instigator in the calumny that loaded her father with the death of lord Essex, who destroyed himself in the Tower at the explosion of 'the Rye-house plot.' Lord Macclesfield was at that time entitled lord Brandon: he had been banished for slaughtering a poor sentinel, who only did his duty by stopping him and another nobleman from entering the palace of Whitehall by the stairs that led from St. James's-park to the Long Gallery at a forbidden hour, when returning from their orgies. The transaction was a cowardly one, for the two titled ruffians, setting upon the poor youth together, flung him over the balustrade, and broke his bones miserably on the pavement.[4] For this detestable murder lord Brandon was justly condemned to die, but his punishment was unwisely commuted by James II. to banishment. While in Holland, he became the author of the numerous attacks on king James, charging him with the death of lord Essex, to which queen Anne alluded. He returned as a *patriot* with the prince of Orange; he became a minister of state, and, when earl of Macclesfield,

[1] Coxe MSS., lady Marlborough's statement. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Trial of lord Brandon for murder; Howell's State Trials.

enjoyed an immense share in the enormous grants which William III. bestowed on his supporters.

Queen Anne about the same time abolished, by order of council publicly announced,[1] the injurious practice of permitting the sale of places in the royal household. It was a very bad French custom, brought in with the Restoration, but openly and officially transacted since the Revolution, when places at court were purchased of the former possessor, exactly as officers buy their commissions in the army at the present time. Thus the sovereign was deprived of the prerogative of choosing his or her own servants, nor could any remarkable degree of fidelity be expected from the purchasers. The proverb says, "what a man buys he may sell:" too many of the retainers of royalty in those days did not limit their sales to their offices. "The master of the horse," says the Marlborough MSS., "the groom of the stole, and the comptroller of the household,—in short, every body who had the disposal of places in these departments, claimed the right to sell them, and were no more ashamed of taking the proceeds than of receiving their salaries, or their rents out of the country."[2]

It may be observed, that lady Marlborough in her memorials, either edited or inedited, takes the credit of every generous action done by her royal mistress while she remained in favour. If an old servant were pensioned, she audaciously asserts that she continued his salary, although the cost was paid from the privy-purse. When queen Anne issued her palace-ordinance to the public, "that no more places were to be sold in her household," lady Marlborough records the fact; but, after indulging at length in the warmest flow of self-praise on her own generosity, assures her friends, public and private, "that the command was really issued by herself." It is dubious whether queen Anne's master of the horse, her comptroller of the household, and her groom of the stole would have obeyed any orders but those of the queen, requiring them to relinquish the profits of the sale of places under

[1] Toone's Chronology, July 10, 1702.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv.; inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough.

them, which they were "no more ashamed of taking, than they were of receiving their rents of landed property." The queen actually followed the impulse of her own bountiful temper, and her favourite made the best of the royal orders for the exaltation of her own consequence, by holding a sort of tribunal in the palace, something like the court of requests, where, with great pomp, she took petitions and heard grievances. Her account of her own doings at the accession, affords some information regarding the establishment of the royal household of queen Anne.

"The first thing of the kind," says lady Marlborough,[1] "that comes into my mind, is in relation to sir Edward Lawrence. Some time after the death of king William, he desired leave to speak with me. On being admitted, he addressed himself to me with this complaint: He had given eight hundred pounds for a place in that king's household, lord Jersey being lord chamberlain, but by the death of his majesty, and his servants not being paid by the queen, he had lost his money and his salary too, 'and hoped *I* would consider his case.' I told him 'that he came too late, for the queen had appointed all her family; however, I would do what I could for the queen to take him on the next vacancy,' which I accordingly did, without receiving any thing from him, and he still enjoys the place. The pages of the backstairs are places so considerable, that I have been told several grooms of the stole have sold them for a thousand guineas each; but I gave them freely to Mr. Kirk, Mr. Saxton, and Mr. Smith, purely at the request of three ladies, lady Charlotte Bevervaart, lady Fitzharding, and the countess of Plymouth, that married bishop Biss. All the other places I had to dispose of were in the robes, which I made no more advantage of than the others. I gave the place of waiter 'in the robes' to Mr. Curtis, who had married a woman that had served my children. I gave another place of the kind to Mr. Foster, who had served the duke of Marlborough, and I made William Lovegrove coffer-bearer, who was also a servant of the duke of Marlborough. These three were turned out of their places by the duchess of

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv.; letter to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited: Brit. Museum.

Somerset in the most shameful manner, to make room for her own servants.[1] I also gave a place of coffer-bearer to Mr. Woolrich, and another, under the groom of the stole, to Mr. Hodges, who had both been servants in the family of the princess. Besides these, I made Mrs. Abrahal, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, 'the queen's starcher,' and settled a hundred a-year on her, because she had washed the queen's heads for twenty pounds a-year when she was princess." The "queen's heads" were the Brussels-lace cornette caps of three stages, an old-lady style of dress, which had been made fashionable throughout Europe by the costume which madame de Maintenon, the elderly spouse of Louis XIV., thought proper to adopt. Even babies wore this very queer cap, which somewhat resembled the façade of a church, with three galleries, each higher than the other. Between the queen's starcher, Mrs. Abrahal, and the duchess, a fierce feud ensued afterwards, but all was harmonious at this halcyon period. "I gave the place of sempstress to the queen," pursues the duchess, "to Mrs. Ravensford, (who has since married a son of the bishop of Ely,) because her mother was in the same place before."

The queen further caused an order of council to be enforced in the department of the green cloth, that every person taking office was to testify, by solemn oath, that he did not pay any thing for his place.[2] The duchess of Marlborough claims all these steps as the result of her own bright integrity and scorn of ready cash, while giving the only information leading to the fact, that queen Anne was the sovereign who actually destroyed the place-selling system at the British court. It had been winked at by easy Charles, her uncle, who suffered his court-harpies to fill all lower offices with mercenaries, who could not be removed for their misdeeds, because "the poor folk, oddsfish! had paid their cash to Buckingham or Killigrew, or some other merry villains." Intelligence of this custom went forth into distant provinces, and shoals of harmless country gentlemen swarmed up to

[1] Several years afterwards, when the duchess of Marlborough was deprived of her offices of mistress of the robes and groom of the stole.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xliv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; inedited.

court with their ready cash in hand, to deal for court places with the said "merry villains." The story was rife at queen Anne's board of green cloth, that Killigrew had actually sold to some of these good people the imaginary offices of "the king's physic-taster," and the "royal curtain-drawer;"[1] and when the injured parties claimed their places, or the return of their gold, they found that the gold was spent, and the invention of these absurd offices was only meant as a capital good joke.

Although queen Anne had put such stringent restrictions on the sale of places, such regulations had the sole effect of limiting the negotiations, and the attendant profits, to her female "mayor of the palace;" for, notwithstanding lady Marlborough's vehement praises of her own honesty and disinterestedness in such cases, the assertions of her contemporary, Cunningham, directly contradict her. That historian being in the confidence of the house of Argyle, (remarkable as its nobles were for revolutionary proceedings in the seventeenth century,) cannot be suspected of Jacobite antipathy to the duchess, yet his words are these: "Within the palace itself was a very busy market of all the offices of government. The queen's own relations were kept at a distance, and all things were transacted by the sole authority of *one* woman, to whom there was no access but by the golden road."[2]

The queen, alarmed at the effects of an asthma, which had in the course of the summer endangered the life of the prince, her husband, resolved to make a western progress, from Windsor to Bath, for the recovery of his health. Her majesty took Oxford in her way, and though she rested there but one night, was received with the most fervent loyalty. The example of William III., who refused to eat the banquet provided for him at Oxford, on some suspicion of poison, in the year 1696, was not followed by his successor, who did more than ample justice to the hospitality of the university; likewise, she took most graciously the accustomed gift of Woodstock gloves, and a Bible, promising at the same time a future

[1] Tracts, by Swift.

[2] Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 258.

visit.[1] The citizens of Bath, in their address of congratulation to Anne on her accession, had invited her to revisit their city, where she had, in the most louring periods of her career, always been received with undeviating marks of attachment. On the confines of Somersetshire her majesty and prince George were welcomed with signal marks of honour and affection. One hundred young men of Bath city, uniformly clad and armed, and two hundred of the young women dressed as Amazons, met the queen on the borders of the county, and conducted her *cortège*, by a road cut for the occasion, from the summit of Lansdowne to the western gate of Bath, where the corporation received the royal visitors, and conducted them to their apartments. So great a concourse thronged to the city in consequence of this visit of the queen, that the articles of general consumption rose a hundred per cent, and a guinea a-night was charged for a bed.[2] The first day of September, 1702, is the date of this arrival, and about the same period is recorded a curious *incognito* visit which George of Denmark made to the neighbouring city of Bristol. His consort's name is woven up in the story as queen when it occurred, but though the incidents may be true, there must be a great mistake in the chronology, for the prince-consort was a decided invalid soon after the queen's accession, his locomotion being too seriously impeded with gout, dropsy, and asthma, for flying visits of the species commemorated in the topography of Bristol and other grave authorities.

Once on a time, then, George of Denmark went to Bristol, and proceeded to examine the lions thereof. He made his appearance on the Exchange, attended solely by a military officer, remaining there till the merchants had withdrawn, none of them having either the courage or the inclination to ask him to partake of any hospitality. All departed excepting a humble bodice-maker, one John Duddlestone, whose abode was in Corn-street. The good man walked up to prince George, and asked him, "Are you, sir, the husband of our queen Anne, as folks say you are?" The prince replied "that such was the fact." John Duddlestone resumed, "that

[1] Boyer's Annals, 1702. [2] Warner's History of Bath.

he had seen, with great concern, that none of the prime merchants on 'Change had invited him home; but it was not for want of love or loyalty, but merely because each was afraid of the presumption of addressing so great a man." John Duddlestone added, "that the shame to Bristol would be great, nevertheless, if the husband of their queen was obliged, for want of hospitality, to dine at an inn; he therefore begged him, humble as he was, to accompany him home to dinner, and to bring his soldier-officer along with him,—if they could eat what he had to offer them, which was a good piece of roast beef, a plum-pudding, and some ale of his wife's own brewing." Prince George was charmed with this most original invitation, and accepted it with gratitude, although he had already bespoken his dinner at the White Lion. His royal highness and his noble companion accompanied John Duddlestone to his home, and when that worthy citizen arrived there, he called to his spouse at the foot of the stairs, "Wife, wife! put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and a soldier-gentleman are come to dine with us." Dame Duddlestone descended forthwith, clad in a clean blue apron, and, according to the national English custom of that era, was saluted by prince George when she entered the parlour.

In the course of their dinner, his royal highness asked his entertainer "if he ever went to London?" John Duddlestone replied, "that since the ladies had chosen to wear stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went thither to buy whalebone." The prince, when he took leave, requested his host "that, the next time he travelled there, he would bring his wife, and to be sure to take her to court." He at the same time gave him a card, which he said would facilitate his admission at Windsor-castle.

Whensoever the pleasing incident of John Duddlestone's hospitality to George of Denmark might have occurred, it is certain that, on Thursday, September 3, 1702, that worthy citizen had an opportunity of seeing the queen, with his former guest by her side, make their state entry into Bristol in the royal carriage. The records of the bright city expressly

remark that the queen's coach was black, drawn by black horses, with black harness and housings. Such dismal trappings, which were likewise seen on the twelve carriages that made up the royal procession, were in consequence of the deep mourning which still prevailed for king William. The Bristol annals likewise mention that the mourning worn by the royal persons was purple. The queen and prince George went through all the usual routine of a grand civic reception, from which the ancient customs of pageantry and presents were entirely excluded; and then partook of a magnificent dinner, at the great house of sir Thomas Day, Bridge-end.[1] Here queen Anne gave receptions to mistress mayoress and other Bristol ladies, who kissed her majesty's hand, and went through the regular court presentations. When the fatiguing day came to a close, the queen, with her invalid consort, entered their black vehicle, and, followed by their long funeral-looking procession of mourning coaches, arrived safely at the neighbouring city of Bath that night.

In the course of the first four months of her accession, the queen seems to have taken considerable pleasure in rewarding any instances of disinterested attention, which either she or her consort had experienced during their previous long eclipse of court favour. The kindness of Mrs. Davies, of Twickenham, was rewarded by a renewal of her expiring lease of the house she had lent for the reception of the duke of Gloucester, for which purpose queen Anne wrote an especial request to Catharine of Braganza, of whose dower the old manor-house and its demesne made part. The royal visit to Bristol evidently brought John Duddlestone to the memory of prince George, and caused that worthy citizen's connexion with royalty to conclude in a very satisfactory manner. The queen remained at Bath until within a few days of the assembling of her parliament. On her homeward progress, the following picturesque incident occurred: queen Anne, being hunting near Lippock, alighted from her equipage and reposed herself

[1] It is noted in the Bristol civic records, that the queen's own cook, Mr. Lamb, was employed to dress the dinner.

on a green bank, while the lord of the manor caused the whole of the deer in his district, five hundred in number, to be driven past her; so that she may be said to have reviewed them. The queen said, "that she had never before seen so many deer in her life at once, and considered it a stately sight for a prince to look upon." This tradition was retailed, from an old man who had assisted with the deer in his youth, to the celebrated naturalist, White of Selborne.

When John Duddlestone needed a new supply of whalebone, he took his worthy dame behind him on his pack-horse, and journeyed London-ward. He found an easy admittance at the royal castle of Windsor in his way from the west, and was introduced by prince George to the queen. Her majesty thanked them for their hospitality to her consort, and in return invited them to dine with her. She told them they must have court-dresses for the occasion, which should be provided by the officers of her wardrobe, but she wished them to choose the material. John Duddlestone and his dame chose purple velvet, such as the prince had on at that time. The suits were accordingly made, and worn at the royal dinner-party, queen Anne herself presenting them to her guests "as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol." After dinner, her majesty desired John Duddlestone to kneel down, and, according to the very words and accent of his good helpmate in her oft-repeated description of the scene, first laid a sword on his head, and then said, "Ston up, sir Jan."

Queen Anne offered sir John Duddlestone a place under government, or a gratuity in money; but with the sturdy honesty of a by-gone day, the hospitable citizen would accept of neither; "for," he said, "they wanted nothing, and had fifty pounds of savings out at use; and he doubted, from the number of people he saw about her majesty's house, that her living must be very expensive." Queen Anne, however, presented the newly made lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch from her side. With this mark of royal favour the good dame was particularly delighted, and never failed of wearing it over her blue apron-string whenever she went t

Bristol market. Such is the tradition of Bristol, related in the topographical work descriptive of that city.[1]

While the queen remained at Windsor-castle, after her return from her visit to the west, she received a familiar and confidential letter from Ernest duke of Saxe-Ehrstein, deploring the death of his duchess in childbed of a little son. He further acquainted the queen that the child survived its mother, and that he had had him christened "Anne" in her honour. The infant Saxon prince was not the only one of the queen's godsons who were endowed with the feminine name of Anne. Among the great mass of Christian names, which it is the custom in Germany to bestow on an infant in baptism, the unpretending name of the queen of Great Britain might glide without much notice; but the fact is, that "lord Anne" was not an uncommon sound in the British peerage or army in the first half of the eighteenth century, to the great affliction of the queen's unfortunate godsons.

[1] Corry's History of Bristol. It is likewise quoted in Hone's Year-Book, and related in the Gentleman's Magazine. There is another sir John Duddlestone, created a baronet in 1691, a wealthy tobacco-merchant, who with his lady were buried in All Saints' church, Bristol.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Change of queen Anne's feelings towards lady Marlborough—Queen conceals her dislike—Remunerates the Marlboroughs for former services—Her letter on that subject—Creates lord Marlborough a duke—Queen presents the Marlboroughs with a pension from privy-purse—Queen tormented by the reproaches of the duchess—Queen's exculpatory letters—Her gifts, &c.—Queen's controversy with the duchess on creation of peers—Queen sceptres Scotch acts of parliament by commission—Offers to restore bishop Ken to his see—Accepts his resignation, and his recommendation of Dr. Hooper—Queen receives a visit from the king of Spain—Queen's letters to sir George Rooke, her admiral—Queen celebrates her birthday by her bounty to the church of England—Resignation of the queen's uncle as her prime-minister—Entire change of her government from tory to whig—Queen falls completely into the power of the duchess of Marlborough—Secret influence of her consort in favour of the whigs and dissenters—Queen's touching for 'the evil'—Her order in council for healing-service—Mode of the queen's performing it, &c.—Queen's improvements at Kensington-palace—She builds a banqueting-room there—Her spring and summer fêtes at Kensington—Routine of residences at her summer palaces.

Queen Anne's fond devotion to lady Marlborough had been nearly commensurate with her own existence. Her majesty was but in her thirty-eighth year, and full thirty years of that duration she had loved her almost to the exclusion of every other object. The agreeable hurry and flutter of inducting friends or customers to the sweets of places and preferments, and the still greater luxury of expelling enemies from them, had, however, blinded lady Marlborough to the important fact, that her royal mistress began her reign with feelings towards her of a very different nature from those which had hitherto actuated her conduct. The queen's words, either written or in utterance, were more caressing than ever; "for," says her contemporary, Swift, "there was not, perhaps, in all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions,

than queen Anne. Upon her first coming to the throne, lady Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty often acknowledged to those who told it to me."[1] He meant Abigail, and her sister Mary Hill, and much the historian importuned these persons to tell him the particulars of the offence given; they never told him, but he expresses his belief that it arose from a mere breach of etiquette,—that some ruffle, periwig, tag, tassel, or furbelow, worn disrespectfully in its wrong place, had caused the quarrel. To do queen Anne justice, although an accidental circumstance, connected with a matter as trifling, had brought to her ears the hatred and loathing her ungrateful favourite bore to her, it was not the trifle itself, but the cruel words she unwillingly had heard that changed her loving heart towards her long-cherished "Mrs. Freeman." However, no one knew that change but Abigail, and she revealed it not, but let it gradually develope itself by those imperceptible means which are scarcely to be defined.

When the grand occupation of the coronation was over, lady Marlborough, the new mistress of the robes, began instinctively to feel rather than to perceive this change. She forthwith commenced carping, quarrelling, and hunting for affronts,—practices which appear not in any former specimens of her correspondence, at least with her royal mistress. The queen, on the other hand, was eager to grant the Marlboroughs all the advantages which their avarice and ambition had anticipated on her attainment of power. Marlborough had yet his fortune to make from her bounty. He, who had begun the world with nothing, notwithstanding his almost supernatural efforts at saving,[2] had no capital commensurate with his title of earl, or with the still higher flights of his ambition. Queen Anne was willing to indulge the appetite of the pair for wealth and honours. While this plan was in process, her majesty redoubled her caressing expressions, that

[1] Swift's Memoirs of the Queen's Ministry, vol. iii. p. 172.

[2] Lord Dartmouth enumerates among the sins of the Marlboroughs against their royal patroness, "that they used every thing belonging to the queen as if it was their own; that the very linen that the duke took every year to the army was furnished by her majesty."—Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 31.

her presumed favourites might feed quickly and peacefully, for she did not wish to incur their reproach of sending them empty away; but that she meant ultimately to break with them, what person can doubt who watches the gradual tendency of every transaction relating to queen Anne and the Marlboroughs?

The queen came from Windsor to St. James's-palace, in time to open her parliament, October 20, 1702. The house of commons was newly elected, and was supposed to be replete with tory principles. Robert Harley was chosen speaker for the third time. Her majesty had left lady Marlborough at Windsor, and meant to dispense with her attendance in her grand state-visit to the city, which was appointed to take place on the lord mayor's-day, then celebrated October 29. The first step the queen took, consonant to her intentions of rewarding the earl of Marlborough for his former adhesion to her interests, was announced in a letter to his lady, written two days after the opening of parliament:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.[1]

(In the names of Morley and Freeman.)

"St. James's, Oct. 22.

"I have had, this evening, the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's [letter] of yesterday, for which I give you many thanks; and though I think it a long time since I saw you, I do not desire you to come one minute sooner to town than is easy for you, but will wait with patience for the happy hour; and only beg, when you do come, you would send for a coach, and not make use of a chaise."

Lady Marlborough, it seems, did not then keep a carriage of her own. She was therefore to send for one of the queen's coaches, and give up her plan of travelling from Windsor in a post-chaise. The queen continues,—

"Lord treasurer intends to send you a copy of the address to the house of lords, which is to be given to me to-morrow, and that gives me an opportunity of mentioning a thing which I did not intend to do *yet*. It is very uneasy to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, to think that *she* has so very little in her power to show you how sensible *I* am of all lord Marlborough's kindness, especially when he deserves all that a rich crown could give. But, since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes, to make him a duke.

"I know that my dear Mrs. Freeman does not care for any thing of that kind; nor am I satisfied with it, because it does not enough express the value I have for Mrs. Freeman, nor ever can how passionately I am yours, my dear Mrs. Freeman."

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[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 202.

It will be observed, that there is no actual mention of suitable provision to support this dukedom in the queen's letter. No wonder, then, that the announcement of the royal intentions gave lady Marlborough more alarm than pleasure. "When I read the queen's letter, I let it drop out of my hand," said lady Marlborough, "and was for some minutes like one that had received the news of death." It will be seen that the queen rectified this mistake before she sent her message to the house of lords for the creation of the dukedom. Lord Marlborough was more grateful than his wife for this distinction, because it created for him respect among the German princes in Flanders, where he was commander-in-chief of the allied forces.

Notwithstanding the caressing terms of her majesty's epistle, a controversy was going on between lady Marlborough and herself. Thus early in the reign of her royal mistress had the favourite thought fit to interfere with functions of government. The discussion was on the occasion of creating four new peers, which the queen or her ministry had resolved should be all tories. Lady Marlborough had made such violent opposition to this course of proceeding, that at last she actually prevailed on the queen, by her importunity, to add a fifth, Mr. Harvey. Upon which the queen's peers refused their titles, if a whig were to be their associate in the new-made nobility. The poor queen, who was nearly divested of the power that had appertained to her ancestors, was still loaded with all the responsibility of it in the eyes of her people. In her endeavours to compromise between her own party and that of her favourite, she soothed the haughty dame with an epistle, indited with more than her usual servility of expression. It will be observed that she brings in the word *blest* oddly enough, to make the reader think that it was used as an ironical substitute for its antithesis:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.

(Under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

[1702]. "St. James's, Saturday,[1] [24th of October.]

"I am very glad to find, by my dear Mrs. Freeman's that I was *blest* with

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 129. The duchess makes out the ate of the month in the course of her comments. by observing that the 24th of)ctober fell on a Saturday.

yesterday, that she liked my speech; but I cannot help being extremely concerned you are so partial to the whigs, because I would not have you and your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley differ in opinion in the least thing.

"What I said, when I writ last upon this subject, does not proceed from the insinuations of the other part; but I know the principles of the church of England, and I know also, those of the whigs, and it is that, and no other reason, which makes me think as I do of the last. And upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman, you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true whig, for the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them, but to the church. But I will say no more on the subject, but only beg, for my poor sake, that you would not show more countenance to those you seem to have so much inclination for, than for the church party.

"Since you have staid so long at Windsor, I wish now, for your own sake, that you would stay till after lord mayor's-day, (Oct. 29 [1]); for if you are in town, you can't avoid going to the show, and being in the country is a just excuse; and I think one would be glad of any, to avoid so troublesome a *bisness*. I am at this time in great haste, and therefore can say no more to my dear, *dear* Mrs. Freeman, but that I am most passionately hers."

The "troublesome" business alluded to by her majesty was the grand civic dinner, attended by herself and the prince on lord mayor's-day, which was accompanied by the utmost pomp and state. Lady Marlborough was evidently too great and delicate a lady to endure the welcome of the citizens, and was thus given an opportunity of absenting herself. Lord Marlborough had succeeded in the capture of some towns in Flanders, at the head of the allied armies. It is certain that his progress was in favourable contrast to the disastrous campaigns of William III.; yet the queen's design of enriching him and raising him to a dukedom, was decidedly premature. These intentions evidently emanated from her majesty's previous magnificent promises to her favourites; when oppressed by her inimical sister, she declared that a "*sunshine* day would one day come for them." Lord Marlborough returned from his campaign in November, and, on the 28th of the same month, the queen put in execution her plans regarding his dukedom. Her majesty's hurry to remunerate the Marlboroughs for all they had done, suffered, or lost in her behalf, almost defeated its own object; she forgot that her uncle, Lawrence earl of Rochester, whose honest vigilance had detected the inroads made on her income when she was princess, was at the head of affairs. In pursuance of her intention,

[1] Lord mayor's-day, old style.

her majesty sent a message to the house of commons, declaring "that it was her pleasure to create lord Marlborough a duke; she therefore requested a pension of 5000*l.* per annum might be secured to *him and his heirs* from the post-office." Sir Charles Hedges brought the queen's message into the house, signed with her hand. When the royal pleasure was announced, a pause so deep ensued in the house of commons, that the speaker,[1] Mr. Harley, rose, and looked about him, to ascertain who meant to break the portentous silence.[2] Sir Edward Seymour was the man, and, after warm debates, the queen's request was respectfully denied, on the plea "that lord Marlborough's services, although considerable, had been sufficiently rewarded, and that the dangerous custom of the preceding reign in alienating the crown-revenues for favoured individuals ought to be avoided."[3] The queen returned the following extraordinary answer to this remark:—

"I shall always think myself much concerned to reward those who deserve well of me and the public. On this account, I bestowed some favours on the duke of Marlborough, and am glad to find you think them well placed."[4]

From this circumstance may be dated the lifelong animosity that the duchess of Marlborough manifested to the tory party, in whose ranks she and her husband had been reckoned since their well-known expulsion from court in the year 1691-2. A saying, at the same time, went forth among the populace, "that the queen meant to give to one duke [of Marlborough], all the gold gained at Vigo by the other duke [of Ormonde],"—alluding to the recent victory and spoils taken there by Ormonde and admiral Rooke.

The queen and her new grace of Marlborough were in consternation at the turn affairs had taken in parliament. In hopes of somewhat soothing the rage of the duchess against the tories, her majesty wrote to her, the same day that the commons refused the bill, the following offer of endowment from her privy-purse. The note is without date, but the occurrence took place December 16, 1702.

[1] Robert Harley, elected speaker October 20, that year.
[2] Ralph, in his Other Side of the Question, 194–199. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"I cannot be satisfied with myself without doing something towards making up what has been so maliciously hindered in parliament, and therefore I desire my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman [the duchess and duke of Marlborough] would be so kind as to accept of two thousand pounds a-year out of the privy-purse, *beside* the grant of five.[2] This can excite no envy, for nobody need know it. Not that I would disown what I give to people that deserve, especially where 'tis impossible to reward the deserts; but you may keep it as a secret or not, as you please. I beg my dear Mrs. Freeman would never any way give me an answer to this, only comply with the desires of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, that loves you most tenderly, and is, with the sincerest passion imaginable,

"Your's."

The letter and donation failed to satisfy the enraged duchess, who refused the compensation of 2000*l.* per annum with scorn. The refusal was, however, but to distress the queen, and furnish matter for perpetual reproaches, since, years afterwards, when immensely rich, she insisted on the pension with all its arrears.

After the pecuniary disappointment, the queen had little peace: either in her hours of retirement, or on solemn occasions of state, she was liable to the most violent vituperation from the woman she had raised, to use that person's *own* words, "from the dust," to be her scourge and punishment. The duchess of Marlborough kept no measures with the queen, in fact, either in writing or speaking of her or to her. While the tories were in power she constantly abused them as enemies, and reviled the queen as their accomplice, until, strengthened by the great victories obtained by her husband, in the succeeding year she effected their expulsion,[3] and the queen fell into her hands "a crowned slave," as her majesty afterwards pathetically called herself.

The vexation occasioned by the queen's hasty and premature attempt to acquit herself of the obligations daily vaunted to her by her imperious mistress of the robes, did not distract her mind from the benevolent duties of her reign. The firm establishment of Greenwich Hospital was at this period one of

[1] Coxe, Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 208.

[2] The queen must mean, *instead* of the intended grant of five thousand pounds per annum, for that had been positively refused by the commons.

[3] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 82.

her cares. "Her majesty and his royal highness prince George commanded that the model of Greenwich Hospital should be brought to St. James's, and were pleased to view the same, and highly approved of the intention and government of this noble foundation, designed for the maintenance of disabled seamen. And her majesty has recommended the passing some proper bill this session for the further support thereof; and if the bill pass, it will soon be in a state to admit seamen disabled in her service."[1]

The following letter, hitherto inedited, was written by queen Anne to her cofferer, sir Benjamin Bathurst. Although a simple, business-like communication, its tone does her honour:—

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR BENJAMIN BATHURST.

"Windsor, June 8.

"I received yours yesterday, and should be very glad if Potvin would bring down y^t part of my bed he shewed you; but as for y^e confectioner you mention, I do not *aprove* of him, for I will never take any bodys servant from them, tho they seem never soe willing to it. Therefore I desire you would look out for some other, or if you could meet with a woman y^t *dos* those kind of things well, I had rather have one than a man, w^{ch} is all I have to say, but y^t I am your very affectionate friend, "ANNE."[2]

Few sovereigns, perhaps, would have allowed themselves to be restrained from acquiring a desirable servant by the reverence here paid by queen Anne to that excellent clause in the tenth commandment which prohibits us from coveting our neighbours' servants any more than their goods,—a clause which the selfishness of human nature rendered peculiarly necessary, and which too many matrons in private life scruple not to be guilty of the sin of violating, although nothing can be more disgracefully mean than the practice of disturbing the peace and disarranging the household comforts of others, by seducing their domestics from their engagements by the tempting offer of higher wages. The queen, moreover, in this little characteristic billet, shows a trait which is very well worthy of consideration by those desirous for the well-being and good government of the lower classes,—points of statistics

[1] English Post, Dec. 16, 1702.

[2] Most courteously communicated by the lady Georgiana Bathurst, to whom our grateful acknowledgments are offered.

which are at present so painfully pressing on the attention of our rulers, that all persons ought conscientiously to give their individual aid in their own domestic arrangements. The queen, who, whatsoever were her faults, was admirable in her practical kindness to the working classes, dislikes that a man should be employed in the office of confectioner, because a woman can serve as well in that department. The queen's example is a very good one, and deserves consideration by those who employ men-servants in many offices that are better suited to the strength and capacity of women. The higher classes do so from the supposition that it is more consonant with their dignity; wealthy persons sedulously imitate them, and many of the middle classes follow an example they can ill afford. Let all remember how very few modes of gaining a livelihood remain to a destitute woman of any degree; when the laundry, the needle, in-door service, and tuition are mentioned, all is said. Let, then, the ladies of the British empire consider, that if they in any way circumscribe this very short list by employing men in household offices which the weaker sex can perform, they deprive women of their virtuous subsistence, and thereby drive them to want,—the strong temptation to wickedness; and if the mothers and daughters of the poor become utterly degraded and corrupted by reason of unpitied misery, their infants will be reared in defiance of good, and in devotion to evil. Tremendous will be the re-action on society in general, a truth there is no occasion to dwell on, for it is widely acknowledged; yet the evil is more universally known than any remedy. But if our fair contemporaries will follow the example, in this instance, of her who was not undeservedly called by the populace their "good queen Anne," they will go very far in ameliorating such wrong.

The enormous settlement of 100,000*l.* per annum was given prince George of Denmark for life,[1] and with remainder in case he survived the queen, by the parliament of 1702, to which was added a grant of the palace at Winchester. It was supposed that the prince-consort received this high pecuniary compensation in lieu of the distinction he might have claimed as

[1] Calamy's Diary, vol. ii.

husband of the queen-regnant. Among the debates relative to the income of the prince of Denmark, sir Stephen Fox very gravely asserted "that *fifty thousand pounds* was sufficient for the income of the prince of Denmark, because his grandeur would not be expensive to him, as her majesty would provide him with lodgings, bed, wax-light, and all the expenses of food and housekeeping."[1] It seems that the propriety of giving prince George the title of king for life, with continuation of the high offices he held in case of the death of the queen, was urged rather warmly by the personal friends of the queen, it is supposed at her instigation, but all further privilege, save the increase of income, was ultimately rejected by parliament.[2]

The petty and peevish complaints with which the duchess of Marlborough continued to torment the queen will sufficiently appear from her letters, on one of which the duchess comments in the following words:[3] "In this letter she attempts to excuse what, some time ago, she would have thought inexcusable,—such neglects as are inconsistent with love and friendship:"

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"I think I need not say any thing more to yours of Saturday, but that I do not, nor ever will, deserve such unjust thoughts as you have of your faithful Morley, who would be glad to see you to-night at eight, or any other evening, as it is easier for yourself."

Thus the time and thoughts of the queen-regnant of the British empire were almost exclusively occupied with the degrading and irksome employment of soothing into tolerable humour a domestic tyrant, who exacted from her royal mistress servile attention to her looks, her health, her goings out, and comings in. Four notes every day made the average of the queen's task of writing to her humorsome attendant.[4] The following was an attempt of the unfortunate queen to explain away some fancied neglect of inquiry after the duchess's return from the sea-coast, whither she had accompanied her husband on his leaving England, in March 1703, for his second Flemish campaign:—

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 312.

[2] Coxe, vol. i. p. 210; likewise Burnet.

[3] Coxe's Papers, vol. xlv. fol. 149; Fragments, inedited.

[4] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Monday night.

"Just as I came from basset,[1] I received my dear Mrs. Freeman's letter, and though it is very late, I cannot content myself without thanking you for it. I hope by this time you have seen lord treasurer, and then you will see how innocent I am of one complaint, and so I think I am in all the others; for as for my not saying any thing to you on the D. of M.'s letter, I did not think it necessary, nor you would not neither at any other time. And as to not inquiring after you the first time you came from Margate, how was it possible, not hearing of it till just as I was going out of town myself? I shall dine at St. James's, an it please God, to-morrow, and shall be very glad to see you there when I am alone; and be assured, whenever you will be the same to me as you was five years ago, you shall find me the same tender "MORLEY."

The game of basset, mentioned by the queen in the commencement of this note, occupied, as in her young days, a considerable portion of her majesty's time and thoughts, and broke into her hours by day as well as by night. At the basset-table the players sat so closely crowded round queen Anne, that she could scarcely "put her hand in her pocket,"[2] an obligation not unfrequent, since her majesty was usually unfortunate at play.

The irksomeness of the slavery of making up affronts, and soothing the self-esteem of the haughty duchess, had not as yet made any alteration in the humble and caressing style of the queen, whose next letter is more self-abasing than ever.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[May, 1703.]

"It is now so late, that I can only thank you for your letter, and congratulate the duke of Marlborough's being well after the siege of Bon,[3] which is more pleasing news to me than all the conquests he can make.

"May God Almighty, that has preserved him hitherto through many dangers, continue to do so, and send him safe home to his and my dear *adored* Mrs. Freeman."

The allowance of the queen's privy-purse was 20,000*l.* per annum; "not half the sum of king William's," observes the duchess of Marlborough, who, having the management of it, was most intimate with its contents. "It was very little, considering how many pensions were paid out of it, and how great a charge, settled by custom; there were the queen's bounties,

[1] The gambling game so called.

[2] Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum, inedited.

[3] Bon capitulated May $\frac{4}{15}$, 1703. Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 1.

play-money, *healing-gold*,[1] and charities. The queen was pleased to give me, as soon as she came to the crown, the rangership of the Great and Little parks at Windsor, which are the same that Mr. May enjoyed many years, and afterwards the earl of Portland. The house is an agreeable place to live in, and her majesty was pleased to give it to me of herself, remembering, that when she was princess, I had wished mightily for such a lodge, as we rid by it to take the air. The lodge in the little park was no better, at that time, than such as the under-keepers live in. I gave it to a brother of the duke of Marlborough for his life."[2] The queen continued to urge the duchess of Marlborough, by letters and conversation, to take the annuity of 2000*l.* per annum from the privy-purse, and "lay it up to buy something with." It was not the pleasure or policy of the duchess to do so. Yet, when she drew the proceeds of the queen's privy-purse, through the hands of Mr. Coggs, goldsmith in the Strand, opposite to St. Clement's church, (who acted as her majesty's banker,) it was very evident that these two thousand pounds were not appropriated to the royal expenditure. The places the queen had given to the duchess of Marlborough, according to that lady's own account, amounted to the great annual income of 5600*l.*: they were only the same offices which she had performed for the queen, when princess, at a yearly salary of 400*l.* The queen, it seems, was not liberal in presents, which, after the mighty masses of money she bestowed, cannot excite surprise. The duchess of Marlborough finally demanded and pocketed the great donation of 2000*l.* per annum, besides portions for her daughters to the amount of 30,000*l.*; nevertheless, she murmured because the queen never gave her a "diamond, or a fan, while she served her, but only the remainder of some baskets of fruit and red deer, some seals of king William's, and an old harpsichord," which, she adds, "is the only thing I ever asked whilst in her service. This I obtained with some difficulty, it being at the time when Abigail Hill was a concealed favourite, and it happened to be

[1] It may be observed how very soon *healing-gold* is named in the enumeration of the queen's privy-purse expenses.

[2] Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess; inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

lent or given to her, which I did not then know."[1] Indeed, it seems to have been a customary proceeding for the queen to offer any thing to the duchess of Marlborough that she seemed to desire, from great masses of thousands of guineas to mere trifling articles, the objects of female admiration. The haughty favourite *always* refused the queen's presents strenuously, her self-esteem not permitting her to acknowledge any obligation. But, in course of reflection on the subject, avarice never failed ultimately to obtain the victory over pride, and she was *sure* to demand the gift she had positively refused, to the queen's great inconvenience; for if, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, it had been presented to some one else, and could not be reclaimed, her royal mistress had to undergo a series of reproaches for such offences.

The duchess records a most apt illustration of her caprices in refusing the queen's gifts, and yet laying claim to them when years had passed away: "Another time, indeed, upon my commending very much a japan box, which her sister, the princess of Orange, had sent her, worth about 20*l*., she would needs give it to me; yet I did not *then* accept it, but said, 'it was too pretty for her to part with.' However, fifteen years after, when it had never appeared, but was buried, as I thought, with many other things which she used to keep in a wardrobe, I told her, after she was queen, 'that I was now grown less modest, and if she would give me *that box*, which she was formerly pleased to offer me, and which I found she did not use, I should be much pleased with it.' The queen said, 'I should have it,' but never gave it to me."[2] How the poor queen could be expected to remember the particularities respecting "that box," for fifteen years together, and with the cares of empire recently devolving on her inexperienced head, is a marvel. One inference is certain, that the person whose mind could dwell among such small rubbish while dynasties were tottering and empires crashing around her, had no such mighty intellect as it has pleased biographers to assert of the

[1] Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess; inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. The musical tastes of Abigail were remarkable, and with them the gift of this harpsichord was connected: the queen herself was fond of music.

[2] Ibid.

Marlborough duchess. How could she have possessed a mind above mediocrity, when it was perpetually occupied with the petty acquisitions of chambermaids and lodging-keepers? The minute particulars of the domestic martyrdom that queen Anne endured from her palace-tyrant, are only recorded by the pen of the inflictor: it says enough!

The audacious woman proceeds boldly to describe, in the midst of her exculpations from public accusations of selling places and peerages, her success in her project of making a peer of Great Britain,—an hereditary senator, truly, made by *her!* the privilege being often carped at when exercised by regal authority. "I was confident the queen thought the house of lords so numerous, that she would make none, [viz. new peers]; but that if ever she did, I would certainly speak for the making of my lord Harvey. I have a letter from his wife, which shows that it was not for money, as the report went, but to perform a promise I had made to sir Thomas Felton, when the queen first came to the crown."[1] The intrigue relative to lord Harvey's peerage occurred while the duchess of Marlborough was in retirement from court, on account of her affliction for the death of her only son, lord Blandford. Like her royal mistress, she too had been, by a sudden stroke, deprived of him, who was to carry down and perpetuate all the honours and emoluments which their patriotic labours in the stormy field of revolution had harvested for them. Queen Anne, who knew best whence the political falsehood which branded her brother as an impostor emanated, had shuddered, and acknowledged the justice of her bereavement, when she lost Gloucester, her only one. Again the queen was startled, as if the coincidence were more than accidental, when she saw her partner in the iniquity likewise deprived, in the midst of her exulting maternity, of her promising heir. The grief of the duchess could not have been very great, if the evidence of her own words may be trusted; for she was roused from its indulgence by the distant tocsin of party warfare, to set all engines of intrigue at work to wring from her unwilling mistress the

[1] Inedited MS. of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe's Papers, vol. xliv., Brit. Museum.

boon of making—a whig peer. In her manuscript this passage is to be found: "When the queen came to the resolution of making the four peers, I happened to be in the country, in great afflictions upon the death of my only son. However, having heard of it accidentally, I writ to my lord Godolphin, 'that if lord Harvey was not made a peer with them, I neither could or would show my face any more.' This accordingly was done, purely at my desire and on my account."[1] The queen was forced to yield to the importunity of her domestic ruler, but not without a struggle, as may be seen in the foregoing correspondence. Lord Harvey knew not one word of what was in agitation, if the maker of his peerage may be believed, "until a messenger was sent from the queen to him, saying, 'that lord Harvey must come to the backstairs on such a day, to kiss the queen's hand for being made a peer.'"[2]

The regnal history of queen Anne retains some traces of the now-forgotten custom of sceptring acts of parliament; but it was only in connexion with her authority as queen of Scotland, and was performed by commission. Early in her reign, some years before the Union, lord Tarbut wrote to queen Anne, May 8, 1703, to tender his resignation of secretary of Scotland, in displeasure at some immunities given to the presbyterians there, which he had supposed would not have been done in her reign. His words imply that the deed was not wholly ratified, as her sceptre of Scotland had not yet given it legal vitality. "I will not venture to give judgment on it now. Your majesty's authority is recognised in the first act, and touched by the royal sceptre, and *so is law*; the last is passed in parliament, but not yet touched, nor the other ratifying presbyterial government, but waits your majesty's commissioner *to give them the touch*."[3] All classic readers will remember the sacredness of the sceptres of the kings in the

[1] Inedited MS. of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe's Papers, vol. xliv., Brit. Museum.

[2] MSS. Coxe, vol. xliv.; letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess of Marlborough, inedited. Compare the passage in the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, where this fine intrigue is cautiously mentioned, and the fresh information relative to the queen (in the inedited portion printed in the text) will be ascertained.

[3] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, second Series, vol. iii.; reign of Anne.

Iliad, and it might be thought that the Scotch, who drew their cruel national laws from the Romans, had been to the Greeks for their sceptring[1] ceremonies; but it was a regnal custom in England as well as Scotland, for a slight but indisputable notice of it occurs in the parliamentary journals after the coronation of Mary I. No notice exists of this picturesque act of regality, that we can find, excepting in the annals of these queens-regnant of England and Scotland, for lord Tarbut's letter refers to the ceremonial as done in behalf of Anne *queen of Scotland*, not Anne queen of Great Britain. Since the accession of James I., the island sovereigns had been titular kings and queens of Great Britain, but the island was only united in name. Her majesty had resided, some months in her youth, in her good kingdom of Scotland; yet she never visited it during her reign, neither was her presence ever desired there apparently, even by the slightest token conveyed in the Scottish lyrics.

The most dismal storm that ever ravaged the earth occurred at the decline of the year 1703. The queen was then at her palace of St. James, and was eye-witness to the extraordinary desolation of the park, where ancient trees, of historical celebrity, were laid low before her eyes.[2] Among others, the group planted by the children of James I., near the passage of the Horse-guards,—those trees which awoke a tender reminiscence in the breast of Charles I., who, when he was marching across the park on the morning of his death, said to his newly-found friend, colonel Tomlinson, pointing to one of them, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."[3] The storm began on the evening of November 26, and raged without intermission until the next morning,—not like a winter tempest, but attended with peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning.

[1] A very scarce tract, containing some printed speeches of the members of the Scottish convention parliament in 1703, with which lord Hopetoun has favoured us, casts some light on this custom. "By the constitution of this kingdom, no act of the estates (of Scotland) had the force of a law, *unless touched by the king's sceptre*, which was his undoubted prerogative. The touch of his sceptre gave authority to our laws, as his stamp did to our coin." All the speeches are addressed to the lord chancellor.—Speeches by a Member of Parliament which began at Edinburgh the 6th of May, 1703. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1703.

[2] Congreve Correspondence; Bromley Collection.

[3] Pennant's London.

The leads of most of the churches in London were rolled up by the power of the wind, like scrolls. The Thames was choked at London-bridge with boats and barges dashed together. The severity of the storm set against the south and west of England; the north scarcely felt it. Sixteen of the largest ships of the navy were wrecked and utterly lost, with all on board. Many tempests cause great devastations on the sea-coast that do no mischief inland; but this swept the interior of the southern and western counties with the besom of destruction. Whole families were crushed under their own roofs, and multitudes of people killed and wounded. Among the most remarkable accidents of the kind, was the fall of a stack of antique chimneys in the episcopal palace of Bath and Wells, which killed the bishop and his lady, Dr. and Mrs. Kidder, in their bed.

When the news reached queen Anne of the tragical death of the intruding bishop of Bath and Wells, she determined to restore the see to its ejected bishop, Ken. A nobleman (supposed to be his friend lord Weymouth) intimated to him, by her majesty's orders, "that he was to return to his diocese, without any oaths being required or any questions asked of him, just as if he had merely left his palace on a long journey." The true bishop of souls replied, "that he was an old man, stricken with years and infirmity, and overborne with hard work;[1] but if it were permitted him to resign his charge to a faithful son of the church of England, who had already taken the oaths to the daughters of James II., he would cheerfully lay down his pastoral staff as one o'er-wearied." It was further intimated, that the primacy was meant for him by the queen. Ken had too much wisdom to be tempted with the promise. He said, "he felt that his sole worldly business was to perfect his resignation to his chosen successor, Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, his friend, whose principles he had known since they were both thirteen years of age." Our readers will remember Hooper as chaplain to Mary II., when princess of

[1] To quote the words of one of his biographers, "He had, in the midst of his poverty, performed all the spiritual duties of his diocese. The people of the west almost adored him, because of his noble and courageous resistance of the slaughters of the monster Kirke, in Monmouth's rebellion. He saved the lives of hundreds."

Orange, and afterwards appointed by her to the deanery of Canterbury, to the great anger of her husband.

If the character of our bishop Ken could shine brighter, it was on account of his admirable moderation in nominating a successor who had complied with the times, rather than one who was a nonjuror like himself; but he was more anxious for the Christian welfare of the souls committed to the guidance of his pastoral staff, than for the gratification of partisans. Dr. Hooper had complied with the Revolution as conscientiously as his friend Ken had renounced it.[1]

When queen Anne had, with great joy, confirmed a bishop of Hooper's known loyalty to her in the episcopal see of Bath

[1] Dr. Ken always said, that God, by his misfortunes, had preserved him from a death very horrible to human contemplation; since, if he had not been ejected from his episcopal palace, he should have been crushed to death in the great storm, as Dr. Kidder was, because, when resident at Wells' palace, he had always occupied the same chamber. Like most persons who struggle to keep the middle path between furious extremes, Dr. Ken had been calumniated by fanatics, and was sometimes assailed by a "no-popery" howl. Although he knew that the Roman-catholics were as inimical to his doctrine as were his revilers of the low church, such attacks disturbed not the serene and studious life he led, after he had consigned his pastoral staff to the hands of the friend of his youth, Hooper, who, he was rejoiced to observe, became infinitely beloved throughout the great western diocese. Dr. Ken, as before, spent his winters in Salisbury-close, under the roof of his dutiful nephew, the rev. Isaac Walton, (the son of his sister and the well-known and excellent author, Isaac Walton); summer he passed among the shades of Longleat, the seat of lord Weymouth. The welcome visit of death met our Ken at Longleat,—welcome, for he was a great sufferer from ill health, or rather, it ought to be said, from frequent bodily torture, arising from a dire malady. In the cessation from paroxysms very hard to bear, he soothed his mind by the composition of divine poetry. He is one of the most inspired lyrists of our church, and his poems, only found in the libraries of old loyal church-of-England families, have furnished a mine of sweet lays and thoughts to some members of our church in these days. Before Ken expired, he thus expressed his faith: "I die," he said, "in the holy and apostolic faith professed by the Christian church before the disunion of the East and West. More particularly, I die in the communion of the church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross." If the egotism may be forgiven the sisters who have written these Lives, (who have been calumniated by the same sect that persecuted Ken,) they say, likewise, such is and has been their belief, and may God give them grace to die in it!

The room, at Longleat, where Ken died is still shown. It is said that he put on his shroud before he expired, and then composed himself for the sleep of death, "not out of any superstition," as he observed, "but from the wish that my remains might go to the grave just as God had left them." Ken was attended to his humble grave in the parish churchyard by true and simple-hearted mourners, —the children from the village school he had established and taught. These little ones followed the earthly remains of their beloved pastor and friend in silence

and Wells, the abdicating prelate celebrated the event by a poem, of which these lines are a fragment:[1]—

"Forced from my flock, I daily saw with tears,
A stranger's ravage ten sabbatic years;
But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,
Which freed my sheep from the Erastian yoke.
Yet Heaven was superfluently kind,
In sending them a pastor to my mind,
In whom my spirit feels the like repose,
As old Valerius when he Austin chose."

After Dr. Ken had resigned his bishopric to Dr. Hooper, he signed himself "Thomas, *late* bishop of Bath and Wells." Nothing could induce him to discontinue his episcopal signature till that time. It is to the honour of queen Anne that she settled on the old man a pension of 200*l.* per annum, which he thankfully accepted, as it was clogged with no conditions which his conscience rejected.

The seas were scarcely tranquillized after "the great storm," when the fleet of the rival candidate for the throne of Spain, Charles of Austria, appeared off the western coast; and as he was on his way to take possession of his kingdom, to which queen Anne had sent succours in support of his claims, he wished to pay his respects in person to her. The queen immediately despatched her master of the horse, the duke of Somerset, to Portsmouth, to receive the royal stranger on his arrival at Spithead, December 26, 1703. The duke went on board Charles of Austria's ship, and delivered to him "a compliment," and a letter from queen Anne, informing him "that she had come to Windsor-castle, in order that he might more conveniently pay her the visit he had given her reason to hope for." As the duke of Somerset occasionally resided at Petworth, his seat on the coast, he invited Charles of Austria to

and tears. He was buried at dawn of day; and just as the last spade of earth had been cast upon his coffin the sun rose, and the children, with one voice, burst forth into that holy and familiar strain, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," (the Morning Hymn, written by the departed prelate,) which closed his obsequies. He died March 19, 1711.

Dr. Hooper died at Berkeley, on September 6, 1727, in the 87th year of his age: he was born at Grimsby, Worcestershire, November 1646. He was interred in Wells cathedral. Both of these prelates had been domestic chaplains in Holland to Mary II., when princess of Orange. Hooper entertained a higher opinion of her than did Ken, who lived with her when she was three years advanced in life

[1] Biographia Britannica.

repose there until the prince-consort arrived, who had undertaken to escort him to the presence of queen Anne. Prince George of Denmark appears to have set out for Petworth from Windsor-castle, December 27th, expecting to arrive there in a few hours, the distance being only forty miles; but the roads,—then guiltless of tolls or toll-gates—were in a deplorable state. He was fourteen hours travelling that distance, the last nine miles occupying six hours. "This was the more singular," observes one of the Danish gentlemen of his household,[1] who records the fact, "since the prince made not any stop on the road, excepting when his coach was overthrown or stuck in the mud. Thrice was his royal highness's carriage overturned in the course of the said nine miles, and never should we have arrived at our journey's end, if, in the deep close lanes, the nimble Sussex boors had not walked on each side of his royal highness's coach, bearing it up with their hands by main strength." Great contrast is offered in this narrative to the present state of travelling; only, to be sure, people did get up again with their heads on after a roll in the Sussex mud, which is not always the case after a railway collision.

Charles of Austria had, perhaps, met with a similar series of mischances in his progress to princely Petworth, for he arrived there just at the same hour of the night as George of Denmark. One day's repose for rest and refreshment was needful, both for the prince of Denmark and his guest. They set out from thence for Windsor on the 29th of December, and they had comparatively a favourable journey, not being overturned more than once every dozen miles in their progress thither. At what hour they arrived at the regal towers, where queen Anne kept court, is not noted; but they were received by torch-light, and supper, not dinner, is mentioned as their refection.[2] The duke of Northumberland, constable of Windsor-castle, the duke of St. Alban's,[3] captain of the guard of pensioners, and the marquess of Hartington, captain of the

[1] Letter quoted in the third vol. of Ellis's Historical Letters.

[2] London Gazette, Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1703.

[3] Both illegitimate sons of Charles II.

yeoman-guard, received Charles of Austria at his alighting out of his coach. The earl of Jersey, lord chamberlain, lighted him to the stair-head, where queen Anne herself came in person to welcome him. Charles of Austria made an elaborate compliment to her majesty, acknowledging his great obligations to her for her generous protection and assistance. He then led her to her bedchamber, for such was the royal etiquette at that time,—only one would wonder by what intuition he found it, for it was improbable that he could understand the queen's French, the only language in which they could confer. However, the royal party, consisting of queen Anne, the prince-consort, and Charles of Austria, actually did arrive at the queen's bedchamber, for it is noted that they made some short stay there. The next formality was, that prince George escorted his guest to his sleeping apartment, but only for temporary repose; many other ceremonials, as tedious as the Chinese prostrations of welcome, were still to be perpetrated. Charles of Austria supped the same night in state with queen Anne; her majesty gave her royal guest the right hand at table, and there was a long and tiresome contest of courtesy before he would receive this honour. Prince George sat at the end of the table, on the queen's left side. Another formal procession took place, of escorting the tired guest to his bedchamber, where he was at last left in peace to his own attendants, for the purpose of proceeding with that rigid code of etiquette, which is inevitable before a Spanish monarch can rest his head on his pillow. The next day was to be considered the public one, and all parties rose with the intention of going through a second series of formalities.

As Charles of Austria received timely notice that queen Anne meant to return his visit at his own apartments, he came to receive her majesty at her drawing-room door. It seems that it was reckoned good manners to prevent her from taking the trouble of visiting him, and a most elaborate series of compliments and protestations forthwith took place. At last queen Anne, who scorned to be outdone by either Austrian or Spaniard on the point of etiquette, persisted in her intention, and paid her visit in her guest's apartments, from whence

he led her majesty to a grand state-dinner, which was as public as a state-dinner at Windsor-castle, in the dark days at Christmas, can be. A choice concert, vocal and instrumental, was performed.[1] The evening was spent in music and other diversions,—basset, of course, being the principal.

Labour dire and weary woe must the lengthy entertainment have proved, from the dinner hour of the royal Anne, three in the afternoon, till after supper; for to supper they all went before the day's hospitalities terminated. When the latter meal was at last concluded, the grand scene of Spanish courtesy took place, and that, indeed, had an air of long-departed chivalry. Her majesty had presented, as part of the high ceremonial of the public day, several ladies of the highest rank to the Spanish claimant, who took the privilege of his regal station, and saluted them by kissing each in turn.[2] The more studied graces were reserved for the propitiation of the ostensible favourites, the duke and duchess of Marlborough. To the husband he presented his sword, with the rather touching observation, "that he had nothing worthier of his acceptance; for he was a poor prince, who had little more than his sword and his mantle." He, however, found a more valuable offering when the hour arrived, which he had devoted to win the good graces of the mighty duchess. When supper was finished, Charles of Austria, after another series of elaborate compliments, prevailed on the duchess of Marlborough to give him the napkin which it was her office to present to the queen, and he held it for her majesty when she washed her hands. At the moment of giving back the napkin to the duchess of Marlborough, he presented her with a superb diamond ring,—thus imitating the proceedings of his great predecessor and ancestor, the emperor Charles V., when he was a guest in France, who made a like offering to the duchess d'Estampes, the all-powerful favourite of Francis I., at the moment when she waited on him, after supper, with the ewer and bason. The emperor left the costly diamond ring in the bason for the duchess d'Estampes; his descendant, with more gallantry, pressed his on the finger of queen Anne's favourite.

[1] Postman, No. 1223, Jan. 1, 1703-4. [2] Ibid.

Supper and its succeeding ceremonials being at last happily accomplished, Charles of Austria gave his hand to queen Anne, and led her to her bedchamber, where he made some stay, informing her majesty that it was his intention to depart early the next morning, and therefore he would take his leave that night. Prince George was ill, but meant to escort the Spanish claimant back to his ship at Portsmouth. This Charles positively refused to permit, in his state of health; but the prince insisted on attending him to his coach-side when he departed the next morning. The duke of Somerset was appointed by the queen to accompany her royal guest to Petworth, and then to Portsmouth, in the place of her consort, prince George.

Charles of Austria was scarcely seen in England, or by the English, in his dark December visit to the royal seclusion of Windsor. The queen, her consort, and the great officers of state only could judge of him; but the idea went forth that he was odd and dull.[1] A poet, of the party which spent oceans of blood and treasure in the struggle to gain for him the whole of Spain, does not characterize him very brilliantly in these lines:—

"An Austrian prince alone
Is fit to nod upon the Spanish throne."

But an original miniature of Charles of Austria, the claimant of Spain, in possession of the countess-dowager of Cathcart, represents him as a handsome, elegant man, wearing the graceful national costume of Spain,—black velvet doublet, with slashed sleeves and point-lace collar.

The queen mentioned the visit of her ally and *protégé* the rival majesty of Spain, in her speech at the meeting of her parliament on the 21st of the ensuing January, and the next day wrote the following holograph letter to her admiral, sir George Rooke:—

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR GEORGE ROOKE.[2]

"St. James's, Jan. 22, 1703-4.

"You having represented that the king of Spain seemed desirous, upon the first turn of the wind, to make the best of his way to Lisbon with such clean ships as shall be in readiness for that service, and this matter requiring the

[1] Dr. Garth.

[2] MS. Addit. 5015, f. 15.

greatest secrecy, I think it proper to give you orders, in my own hand, to pay the same obedience to the king of Spain, as to the time and manner of his setting sail, and as to the number of ships which shall be in readiness to attend him, as you would do to myself.

"I am, your very affectionate friend, "ANNE, R."

Endorsed—"To Sir George Rooke. Found among the papers of lord Dudley, (sir George Rooke's representative.)"

A second holograph letter, written throughout by the hand of Anne, and showing sympathy for some family affliction that had befallen her worthy officer, is likewise preserved; it is dateless.

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR GEORGE ROOKE.[1]

[*Original.*]

"I am so concerned for the great affliction that hath befallen, that I cannot forbear letting you know the compassion I have for you. I think you are of so great importance to my service, that if any assurance of my favour can help to support you under it, you may depend upon me. "ANNE, R."

The next birthday of queen Anne, February 6, 1703-4, was nobly celebrated by her message to the commons for finally settling her munificent gift to the church of 'the first-fruits' she had bestowed at her accession for the amplification of impoverished livings. The fund was incorporated by the house of commons, and measures taken to enable any other charitably disposed individuals to add bequests to the queen's foundation.[2] The circumstance is thus mentioned by one of her contemporary historians:[3] "The queen's birthday, February 6th, in the year 1703-4, fell on Sunday. It was kept with more than usual solemnity the next day, when her majesty, desiring to celebrate her nativity by an act of benevolence, sent a message to the house of commons, 'that it was her wish to remit 'the first-fruits,' which she had a right to claim from the church, for the benefit of the scantily endowed clergy, and that she prayed the commons to find a way to make her gift legal.' The queen forthwith received the thanks of parliament, of the convocations of the clergy of the *two provinces*, Canterbury and York, and of the clergy of every diocese in

[1] Bib. Birch. 4163, No. 3.

[2] Journals of the House of Commons, quoted in Somerville's History of Great Britain under Queen Anne.

[3] For further particulars on this important subject, we are happy to refer our readers to Palin's History of the Church of England from 1688 to 1717.

England." The annual income of 'queen Anne's Bounty,' as it is emphatically termed, amounted, at the end of the last century, to eleven thousand per annum.[1]

As her majesty's birthday fell on the Sunday, she received the usual compliments on the occasion when, on the Monday following, she held a splendid court. Dryden's play, All for Love, or Antony and Cleopatra, was acted before her majesty at St. James's, in the presence of the court, by the chief tragedians of both houses.[2] But where was the theatre of the palace of St. James? All the great banqueting-halls of the English palaces, such as Westminster-hall, Inigo Jones's White-hall, Wolsey's hall at Hampton-Court, had been and were occasionally used as theatres; but no remnant of any such building can be traced at St. James's-palace. It is true that it has suffered various devastations by fire since the days of Anne. It is, besides, possible that some or other of the corridor courts were, in the old Shakspearian style, converted into temporary theatres. The actors, her majesty's servants, who had hastened from her great theatres to divert their royal mistress, performed next day for the entertainment of her loving lieges. "On the 8th of February," they announced, "will be represented the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, out of compliment to prince George: singing by Mrs. Leveridge." She was, it may be presumed, the Ophelia of the night. "Likewise some sonatas on the violin by signor Gasperini, and several new entertainments of dancing, which were performed yesterday [Feb. 7, 1703-4] before her majesty at St. James's, by monsieur de Revel, monsieur Cherrier,

[1] The *first-fruits*, or first year's whole profits of every benefice, and the *tenths*, or tenth part of its annual produce, according to a valuation *made in the reign of Edward VI*. The history of these dues to the crown carries us back to antiquity. It was originally a tax levied by papal authority on the beneficed clergy of England for the support of the crusades; it then was appropriated by the see of Rome, as part of the papal revenue. Great discontent ensued, on account of the solid money sent out of England to Rome; it was, in fact, one of those encroachments of which just complaints were made. Henry VIII. excused much of his rapacity, by affecting to restore this property to the church; but directly he considered the church of Rome was overthrown in England, he obtained, says Blackstone, "an act of parliament for transferring the first-fruits to the royal revenue."—Blackstone's Commentaries, late edition, vol. i. p. 286.

[2] Postman and Daily Courant, Feb. 7 and 8, 1704; Brit. Museum.

Mrs. Mayers, and others."[1] Many other advertisements of the kind, mentioning performances of her majesty's servants in her royal presence at St. James's, prove that queen Anne went not to the play, but that the play came to her. Another species of entertainment, introduced by her aunt, Catharine of Braganza, and continued by her, is thus notified: "These are to give notice, that the tickets of the subscription-music in York-buildings, delivered out for Monday, April 24, will serve for April 26, by reason of an entertainment at the court."[2] That is, the queen, who did not honour the York-buildings subscription concert with her royal presence, had sent for her theatrical servants to perform before her at court; therefore the concert was postponed till after she had been waited on.

The final removal of the tory ministry from the councils of the queen was caused by the loss of the "occasional conformity bill," as it was called. The ministers of queen Anne considered, that to guard the church against the votes of the dissenters in the houses of parliament, it was needful to introduce a bill to prevent persons who only took the sacrament as a test to qualify themselves for office, or for seats in the commons, from returning to their practice as dissenters. The bill against occasional conformity meant to enact, "that the persons taking the church-of-England sacrament must continue in all the observances of the established religion,—at least whilst they were in office, under penalty of 100*l.* on their first going to meeting, and 5*l.* forfeit for every day they held office afterwards."[3] It is supposed that prince George of Denmark, although he actually went to the house of lords and voted for it, was the cause wherefore the queen stood neuter in this measure; yet it was calculated to meet her exclusive partiality for the church. The prince was a Lutheran, and at the same time an occasional conformist, by assisting at the sacraments and services of the church of England; yet he had a Lutheran chapel and ministers. The bill included foreign Protestants in its penalties, with the exception of the dissenting worship of prince George, which was secured from

[1] Daily Courant, No. 631; Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid., No. 631.
[3] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 29.

interruption by the marriage-articles of the queen; still it was natural that he should have a fellow-feeling with those persons who received the sacrament as a measure of worldly expediency.

The most furious contests had taken place since the queen's accession relative to this measure; it was finally carried in the house of commons, and thrown out by the house of lords; and this dissension forced the queen to dissolve parliament, April 5, 1704. Without entering further into the stream of general political history, it is only necessary to observe, in illustration of Anne's personal life and conduct, that her uncle Rochester, the duke of Buckingham, lord Dartmouth, and the tory lords had previously withdrawn from office; and that, from the time of her majesty's opening the new parliament in October 1704, her government and councils were principally swayed by the whig party, of which her imperious favourite, the duchess of Marlborough, was the leading and controlling spirit. It is likewise evident that her consort, prince George, being violently offended at the inquiry which the late tory ministers had made into the corruptions and robberies to which the navy had been subjected during his administration as lord high-admiral,[1] made common cause, whilst his life lasted, with the dominant party, whose own corruptions prevented any very vigilant examination into the peccadilloes of others. All real events combine to show that the prince was secretly the patron of the whigs, who lost office soon after they lost him.[2] General history asseverates that he was a high tory: the duchess of Marlborough knew better.

Early in her reign, queen Anne claimed that mysterious pretension to the power of healing, which the Roman-catholic hierarchy of the middle ages asserted pertained to the immediate heirs of St. Edward who were anointed sovereigns of England. William the Conqueror and William the Hollander had equally repudiated the claim of healing the sick: they were too much occupied with killing those who were well.

[1] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne, vol. i. p. 76.

[2] According to Calamy, prince George of Denmark was looked up to as the protector of the dissenters.

The uproarious sons of the Conqueror, Robert and Rufus, affected no share in the sacred mesmerism of their saintly predecessor. They manipulated the sword, the lance, and the wine-cup; occasionally knocked healthy folk at head, but carefully eschewed the company of the sick. Their learned brother Henry, the Ulysses of the Norman dynasty, very wisely married a saint's niece and a saint's daughter, who brought with her something like a title to the throne; but what was better, she renewed the old loving bond that subsisted between the Anglo-Saxon monarchs and the populace. Saintly queen Maude, or Matilda the Atheling, spent most of her time in rectifying and ameliorating the "new poor-laws" of the roistering Norman usurpers, who seem literally to have taken for their text, "that when men asked for bread, they gave them a stone;" fortunate it was for their Saxon subjects when they did not give them much worse. Chronicles speak of the washing and healing the wounds and sores of the poor by Matilda Atheling, but we can trace no imposition of hands. Her haughty heiress, Matilda the empress, would certainly have taken the tongs, if she had been obliged to touch a Saxon serf who was whole and well; of course, she earnestly avoided them when sick and sore. Her warlike son, the first Plantagenet, does not appear to have been aware of any gift of healing that his person had inherited from his royal Saxon grand-dame; and as for his successor, the Lion's Heart, it is to be doubted that, if any Saxon serf had knelt to beg the imposition of the royal hand, the benediction would have been given with his weighty battle-axe. As for king John, who wanted "to make the penny loaf worth a shilling," the least said of his imposition of hands the better; his impositions being connected with what the old chroniclers call "pilling and polling," and "robbing and reiving" his subjects. But his son, the quaint, the original and peace-loving Henry III., (who seems to have been James I. by anticipation,) found it good policy to cultivate the good-will of the Anglo-Saxon commonalty, and identify himself as the representative of their royal saint and beneficent legislator, Edward the Confessor. He rebuilt his abbey and renewed his shrine; he carried his

coffin on his shoulders in the grand jubilee of his canonization; nor can there be a doubt that he revived or invented the royal saint's gift of healing.

The plan worked well for Henry: by the aid of the people, he brought, after half a century's struggle, his perverse barons to order. The Norman barons had clamoured louder than their Saxon thralls for "the laws, the righteous laws of St. Edward," and had gained them at Runnymede; but, like the higher classes in the revolutions of the seventeenth century, (particularly those in the reigns of the Stuart queens-regnant,) they meant to keep them exclusively for their own benefit. Edward I., the name-child of his Saxon ancestor, although a destructive on an extensive scale, affected a good deal of St. Edward's piety: we suspect him of the policy of "healing by manipulation." He named three sons after the Saxon saints, St. Edward, St. Edmund, and St. Thomas à-Becket. Edward II., the name-child of the popular Saxon king, would, poor soul, have been quiet if he could. He probably performed the healing-office, for he was beloved by the lower classes, and his only intelligible crime was making too free with them.

Now we come into a little glimmer of actual fact connected with the mysterious office of royal healing. It seems that the kings of England, from the era of Edward I. to Edward III., kept an alchymist, Raymond Lully,[1] who *made* gold for them at the Tower. If we must acknowledge our wrong thoughts, we actually suspected that the warlike Plantagenets, being, like all conquerors, sinfully poor, employed a false coiner there, to vitiate their own circulation. But no; a royal tradition, preserved among the Chaillot MSS., informs us that Raymond the alchymist's Tower-gold was the purest *angel* gold; and, howsoever he came by the ore, the coins were so called because the reverse was impressed with the figure of an angel.[2] On account of its superior purity, the angel-coins stamped from Lully's gold were devoted by the kings of England as the healing-gold, and bound by their royal hands

[1] Many traces are to be found of this curious fact in Rymer's Fœdera. Other alchymists were employed at the Tower Mint till the troubles of Henry VI. broke out.

[2] St. Michael triumphant over the dragon.

on the arm of each of their subjects touched in the healing-office for the king's evil. Assuredly, if Edward III.'s conjuror made the gold of the celebrated angel-coins for the purpose of being bound on the arms of the sick, his royal master performed the healing-office.

Among the other crimes aggravating the murder of Richard II., his virtue as an anointed descendant of the Saxon saints is not forgotten. Henry IV. was in the predicament of William the Dutchman,—not the lineal successor: whether he touched, we have no evidence. Henry V.'s skill with the sick is not on record. Henry VI. was looked upon as prophet as well as king: he certainly practised this office,—indeed, he had an additional title to success in healing, being descended from St. Louis. As touching for cure of the king's evil was identified with the rightful claim to lineal succession, there was nothing in earth, air, or sea which those bold sinners, the brothers of York, would not have touched that led the way to the royal garland. It was a practice very consistent with the quiet policy of Henry VII. As to his son, Henry VIII., who united every claim, spiritual and temporal, of the rival disputants to the throne, of course all regal offices were carefully observed by him; and he insisted on his numerous queens performing a religious office of blessing cramp-rings, some of his antiquarians having discovered that this privilege had been enjoyed by queen Edith, consort of Edward the Confessor. Anne Boleyn, to prove herself a rightful queen, consecrated and distributed these rings, which, it may be presumed, was a branch of the gift of healing inherent in queens-consort, even in those who were not royal by birth. The two Tudor queens-regnant, papist and protestant, duly performed the royal ceremonies of healing and consecration of cramp-rings. These offices were not abolished among queen Elizabeth's reformations. Strange that so many hospitals and charities should have been swept away as superstitious overmuch, and pertaining to "the sinful nature of good works," whilst such veritable rags of righteousness were retained. James I., to his great joy, found these ceremonials flourishing. They suited his purpose right well; for, if his predecessor healed by virtue

of her descent from the Saxon line, he was rightful heir of St. Edward,—the representative of Matilda Atheling's elder brother, St. David, and, as matter of course, possessed the miraculous gift in a higher degree. The Jacobites were exceedingly delighted with the fact that Mary II. dared not, and her spouse would not, perform this ceremony.[1] But they were proportionably displeased when they found that queen Anne, in order to assert her claims as the heiress of both branches of the Saxon royalty, through Plantagenet and Stuart, meant to treat her brother as a nonentity, and perform the rite of the royal healing-service. It is supposed that this measure was adopted in rivalry to her brother's original healing establishment at St. Germains, since vast numbers of diseased people yearly made pilgrimages to seek the touch of the disinherited heir of their royal line; and, what with the sea voyage, the change of air, and change of scene, his cures were marvellous.

Our readers will smile when they consider that all this implicit belief in miracles by touch was in a state of activity at the beginning of the century in which some of them were born. However, the soft white hand of the regal lady, beneath which Dr. Johnson bowed his suffering body in childhood to receive the royal prayer and benediction, was, at least, as good as the passes of the modern mesmeriser; and many a brow that has not submitted to the cross in baptism, as "too superstitious," has bent beneath the sway of a mesmeriser.

Sometimes the trials for cures were failures on the part of the queen, as may be learned from an extract from a sermon by no mean divine, added below.[2] Sometimes, the crowd

[1] "There is a form for touching for 'the evil' in the liturgy printed under queen Anne;" but, adds William Whiston, in his auto-biography, "neither king William, queen Mary, or George I., or II., ever touched for the evil."

[2] Extract from a sermon by Dr. Bull, (bishop of St. David's, who died in 1709,) "St. Paul's Thorne in the Flesh explained."—"Hereby it appears, that the gift of curing diseases without the help of art or nature, was indeed a gift of God, and so given by him to his apostles that they could not exercise it arbitrarily, and at their own pleasure, but only to whom, when, where, and how God pleased, and should direct them to make use of that power; that so the glory of all the wonderful cures wrought by them might at last redound to God the author, and not to man the instrument. And (by the way) perhaps this is the best account that can be given of the relique and remainder of the primitive miraculous gift of heal-

was so great around the doors of the chapel-royal, that the unfortunate children who were brought to be healed were carried away dead, owing to the dense pressure of the populace, eager to witness the miracle they devoutly believed was inherited by their sovereigns, of the faculty of curing "the king's evil," as they quaintly called it,—not because the royal race of Stuart were afflicted with any such dire disease, but because the royal touch was presumed to be efficacious in dispelling it. Evelyn records the fact that, in the reign of Charles II. several persons were pressed to death in the crowd that surrounded the doors of the court-surgeon, where individuals applied for tickets, in order to present their children for cure to the king.

The queen, in the commencement of the second year of her reign, issued an order of council to the following effect:—

"ANNE, R.

"Our will and pleasure is, that this form of prayer[1] and thanksgiving for the eighth day of March be forthwith printed and published, and be used yearly on the said day in all the cathedrals and collegiate churches and chapels, in all chapels of colleges and halls within our universities, and of our colleges of Eton and Winchester, and in all parish churches and chapels within our kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

"Given at our court of St. James, the seventh day of Feb. 1703-4, in the second year of our reign. "By her majesty's command.

"NOTTINGHAM."

The queen being seated in state in the banqueting-hall, her great officers stood in their usual places near her, and her chaplains officiated; one of them especially knelt near her when the practical part of the healing-office commenced, having white ribbons on his arm, strung with the pieces of "pure angel-

ing, for some hundreds of years past visible in this our nation, and annexed to the succession of our Christian kings; I mean, the cure of that otherwise generally incurable disease called *morbus regius*, or king's evil. That divers persons generally labouring under it have been cured by the mere touch of the royal hand, assisted by the prayers of the priests of our church attending, is unquestionable, unless the faith of all our ancient writers, and the consentient report of hundreds of most credible persons in our own age attesting the same, be to be questioned. And yet some of those diseased persons return from that sovereign remedy *re infecta*, without cure done upon them. How comes this to pass? God hath not given this gift of healing so absolutely to our royal line, but that he still keeps the reins of it in his own hand, to let them loose or restrain them as he pleaseth. . . . ."

[1] The book of Common-Prayer from whence this curious service is extracted, is the possession of Bernard Gilpin, esq., Ulverstone, who has kindly permitted

gold" which the queen was to place round the necks, or bind on the arms of her poor patients, after she had stroked and touched them. The healing-office commenced with the Collect,—

"Prevent us, O Lord, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continued help, that in all our works begun, continued, and ending in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, attain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"The holy Gospel is written in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, beginning at the 14th verse.

"Jesus appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, &c. . . . . *They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover.* So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs and wonders."

"Our Father, which art in heaven," &c.

¶ Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the queen upon their knees; and as every one is presented, and while the queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her majesty, shall say these words following:—

"God give a blessing to this work, and grant that those sick persons on whom the queen lays her hands may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

¶ After all have been presented, the chaplain shall say,—

"O Lord, save thy servants."

Response by the sick, who come to be healed,—

"Who put their trust in thee."

"Send them help from thy holy place."

Response of the sick.—"And ever more mightily defend them."

"Help us, O God of our salvation."

Response of the sick.—"And for the glory of thy name deliver us, and be merciful to us sinners for thy name's sake."

"O Lord, hear our prayers."

Response of the sick.—"And let our cry come unto thee."

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it to be copied. "Printed by Charles Bell, and the executrix of T. Newcomb, printers to the Queen's most excellent majesty: *cum privilegio.*" It is of the edition of 1709, but the contents evidently refer to 1703-4. Since the publication of the first impression of this volume, we have been favoured by Mrs. Yonge, of Otterbourne, near Winchester, with the description of an earlier printed copy of the healing-services, in her possession, entitled "The Ceremonies for the Healing of them that be Diseased with the *King's Evil*, used in the time of King Henry VII. Published by his Majesty's command. Printed by Henry Hill, printer to the King's most excellent majesty, *for his Houshold and Chappel*, 1686." From the last words, it may be inferred that this book was not meant for general circulation: it was for the use of James II. The rubric is translated from the Latin in the Cottonian library; but the fact is curious, that the Gospel is not from the authorized version. The sentence occurs in it, "*He exprobated their unbelief.*" The book contains twenty pages, in large print, with red rubrics; many blank pages are added, and in its old red-and-gold binding it has much the appearance of a book supplied to some attendant in the royal chapel.

"Let us pray.

"O Almighty God, who art the giver of health, and the aid of them that seek to thee for succour, we call upon thee for thy help and goodness, mercifully to be showed upon these thy servants, that they, being healed of their infirmities, may give thanks unto thee in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

¶ Then the chaplain, standing with his face towards them that come to be healed, shall say,—

"The Almighty God, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in him, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth do bow and obey, be now and evermore your defence, and make you know and feel, that there is no other name under heaven given to man in whom and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore. Amen."

In the translation of Henry VII.'s healing-service a notation occurs, "That the chirurgeon [surgeon] leads away the sick folk," instead of the clerk of the closet. Perhaps Anne's chirurgeons were contumacious, and ashamed of the whole process.

There are two or three letters in the State Paper-office addressed personally to queen Anne, written in elegant Italian, from the pope, by the hand of his official, or ordinary, congratulating her in affectionate terms on her conversion to the Roman-catholic faith. Not any notation of answer is appended to these epistles: they are dated in 1706. After carefully reviewing the whole of queen Anne's life, these letters appear inexplicable, for the fact of a Roman-catholic claiming any person as belonging to his religion is a very different matter from fanatics accusing members of the reformed church of being "papists." Very often persons so reviled are, on the other side, persecuted as much by the Roman-catholics themselves,—a certain evidence that they strive to gain the narrow and difficult path which lies between the two extremes,—that *via media*, which has been pronounced the best by Christian sages. How queen Anne ever manifested sufficient participation in the Roman-catholic rites to induce the Roman-catholic pontiff to claim her as a member of his church, is a mystery of history that must remain such; unless the solution be, that the queen had, in the first year after her accession, celebrated the healing-office according to its original service, which, both in the English translation and the Latin formula, contains in-

vocations to the Virgin Mary. Moreover, she claimed the performance of the miracle by her double descent from the heirs of St. Edward, a king canonized by the papal see. The original formula of the service included a mass.[1]

The passionate love that the people bore to "their good queen Anne," was partly founded on her condescension in thus suffering the most wretched and pitiable of her subjects to approach her, when she with alms, with benedictions, soothed their miseries for the love of God. As to the questions of whether the queen performed the healing-office with a little jealousy of the cures wrought by her brother, "the king over the water," or entirely with the simplicity of a heart earnest in good works,—let them rest. One thing is certain, that never was any measure better contrived by the most sagacious statesmen to fix the sovereign in the love of a populace[2] when her regnal power was circumscribed, and almost defied, by a majority among the aristocracy of wealth, who had profited by the religious revolutions of the preceding eras.

It appears that the queen performed the healing-office on her progresses whensoever she rested at any provincial city. Her progresses were chiefly journeys to Bath, the springs of which were in equal repute to those of Bourbon. It is supposed that the queen touched Dr. Johnson for 'the evil' in one of these western progresses. She actually spent the autumn of this year at that city, chiefly for the benefit of the health of her consort.

The queen usually began her retreat from St. James's-

[1] In queen Anne's edition of the Common-Prayer, just cited, the most efficacious means for anti-papal purposes are resorted to. What makes the pope's loving letter (extant in the State Paper-office) to queen Anne, as a Roman-catholic, the more unaccountable is, that it contains the renowned hymn of Robin Wisdom, of Carfax, to be sung before sermon, beginning—

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear Word;
From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord."

In the litany, the prayer for the royal family is this: "For thy servant Anne, our most gracious queen and *governor*,"—and "to bless and preserve the princess Sophia, and all the royal family." Mr. Bernard Gilpin has likewise a Bible, of the same date with the Common-Prayer, containing the healing-service, printed just after the thanksgiving for the 8th of March, queen Anne's accession-day.

[2] The effect it had on Dr. Johnson's mind throughout life is a well-known instance.

palace at the Easter recess. She then visited Kensington-palace for occasional breathings of fresh air, and settled there in April or May, according to the weather. It was a place in which her consort, prince George of Denmark, greatly delighted, and actually coveted it so much, as to induce him to take rather hasty possession of it on the demise of William III. Kensington-gardens owe much to him and queen Anne. They were merely gardens in those days, since king William's palace-grounds consisted of only twenty-five acres, and were bounded by the broad gravel-walk in front of the palace. All the plantation between the present conservatory and the Bayswater-road was a wild, hollow gravel-pit, which queen Anne added to her Kensington domain when she began to build the conservatory or banqueting-room: that part of the gardens called Kensington-park, was subsequently enclosed from Hyde-park in the reign of George II. Queen Anne's new additions were called 'The upper garden of Kensington.' "It was," says Addison, "at first, nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area. On one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye; on the other side of it appears a mount, made up of trees." These alterations were commenced by queen Anne directly she took possession of Kensington-palace. A hundred men were kept constantly employed in bringing the gardens to the appearance described above. The mount mentioned, perhaps alludes to one still in the memory of those who can look back fifteen or twenty years, said to have been designed by queen Caroline, the consort of George II., and furnished at the top with a turning alcove, which accommodated the queen's seat to the way of the wind. The mount commanded a view of the Brentford-road, said to be added by queen Caroline when she had the round pond dug; but there was evidently a mount in Kensington-gardens planted with trees in the time of queen Anne. Another mount, still called in the Kensington traditions 'queen Anne's mount,' is the site of one of the company's water-works, and, according to tra-

dition, was included in her grounds at Campden-house. These remains were probably fragments of fortifications when Kensington was the *king's town* and summer seat in the Saxon era, and subsequently the nursery palace for the children of Henry VIII. appended to the dower-palace of Chelsea. Leases were granted, from time to time, of this beautiful situation to various palace servants, when royal nurseries were no longer wanted. If considered as an adjunct to Chelsea-palace, Kensington forms the first of that westward chain of summer palaces on the Thames to Reading, which comprised Hammersmith, Barnes, Kew,[1] Richmond, Ham, Hampton-Court, the regal Windsor-castle, (the fortress of retreat in case of rebellion,) and finished with Henry I.'s palace-abbey of Reading, or perhaps with the royal Beaumont of Oxford, where Richard I. was born.

Queen Anne's banqueting-room at Kensington was commenced directly the body of William III. was conveyed out of the palace. Any person who looks therein may see that it has been originally divided into three beautiful rooms, adorned with Corinthian pillars; there are elegant friezes, and niches for statues bearing girandoles. There is a circular room at each end, one a drawing-room, the other a music-room; the middle apartment was a ball-room. Taking advantage of the broad windows, it afforded a spring or summer stand to the queen's myrtles, oranges, and other evergreen exotics, which, in the winter, she sent to the famous gardeners, London and Wise of Brompton-park, to be sheltered.[2] Near the western end of the palace may be observed a gateway leading directly to the banqueting-hall, through which queen Anne used to be carried in her chair when she went to her illuminated galas on spring evenings.

Her majesty gave concerts and balls. The public were admitted into the royal gardens on these fête occasions, but

[1] Many of these palaces were appanages to the younger branches of the royal family. Kew (*the tail* of Richmond-palace) was the seat of the earl of Devonshire, time of queen Mary I., and seems to have belonged to his grandmother, the lady Katherine Plantagenet, youngest daughter to Edward IV. Such grants were resumed by the crown when the lineage of the younger scions of royalty failed.—Correspondence, State Paper-office.

[2] Knight's London.

were expected to sail about, *à-la-Watteau*, in full dress. The open alcove, the back of which abuts on Kensington-street, was built by queen Anne as a sheltered seat on these occasions for the promenaders. Hyde-park coming up to the broad walk, which runs from Kensington to Bayswater, "the poor commonalty" could have a peep at their beloved Anne, her consort, and all her noble suite and guests in the illuminated banquet-hall, through the grille which divided it from their authorized haunts, and could criticise the full-dresses of the genteel people who glided about the gardens "in brocaded robes, hoops, fly-caps, and fans." On these evenings, some of the chief diversions were musical entertainments, with songs by the court lyrist, D'Urfey,[1]—some humorous, some political, others pastoral. For one of these concerts he wrote and set to music the well-known ballad, "'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town,"—a song which, although adopted as Scotch, is neither national in costume nor character.

Queen Anne's known partiality to flowers occasioned D'Urfey to compliment her, according to the mythology of that era, under the appellation of 'Great Flora,' in his lyrics written for her concerts. It is probable that the banqueting-room was used occasionally as a theatre, for D'Urfey superintended the performance of his dramas at Kensington in the presence of queen Anne, as he especially notes. He likewise endorses several of his most profligate compositions, "that they were performed at Kensington before queen Mary II., to her great delight." Yet, previously to queen Anne's erection of the banqueting-room, Kensington presented few facilities for theatrical representation. When the now-deserted banqueting-hall was finished, about the end of 1705, Defoe, her contemporary, describes the royal fêtes there in homely language: "After the queen had built her green-house at Kensington-palace, she was pleased to make it her summer supper-room."[2]

Kensington-palace was conveniently near London for councils and ministerial visits in early summer. Before the queen made her gradual advances towards Windsor, by way of

[1] D'Urfey's Works. [2] Defoe's Tour through Great Britain, vol. iv.

Hampton-Court, she used to visit the old palace manor-house at Twickenham, where she had been nursed in infancy. Here she was pleased in having a private tea-party occasionally. Sometimes she extended her spring tour as far as Hampton-Court, and even held councils there, if we may trust Pope, who says, invocating Hampton-Court,—

> "Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Doth sometimes council take, and sometimes tea."

Hampton-Court was usually the queen's residence for some little time after the summer prorogation of parliament. August and part of September she spent at Windsor-castle. Her parliament often met in October, and then she returned to Hampton-Court, and with visits to Kensington-palace, as the cold set in, she found herself again at St. James's-palace the last days of November, or the first in December. Queen Anne seldom made any progresses, excepting to Bath for the benefit of her health, or that of the prince. In the first years of her reign, it was frequently expected that the queen would bring an heir to the crown. On one of these occasions, the prince positively forbade her to go to the Newmarket October meeting, on which she had fixed her mind. Her courtiers greatly lauded, in their letters to each other, the conjugal obedience of the queen on this occasion.[1]

[1] White Kennet's MS. Correspondence; Brit. Museum.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Causes of queen Anne's popularity with the lower classes—Literature of the times of queen Anne—Almanack for ladies dedicated to her—Queen approves of a Protestant convent—Promises to endow it—Hindered by bishop Burnet—Queen breaks with her uncle, lord Rochester—Queen's enmity to her mother's family—Her letters to the duchess of Marlborough—Queen receives tidings of the great victory of Blenheim — She goes in procession to St. Paul's — Her magnificent presents to Marlborough—Her letters to the duchess—Royal visit to Cambridge—Queen knights Isaac Newton—She is refused the title of majesty by the emperor—Queen appoints whig ministers—Her manner of appointing a lord keeper—Her appointments to benefices in the church—Insolence of the duchess of Marlborough to the queen—Queen's letters—Her palace-life and daily routine—Queen's conference with lord Cowper on Ireland—Angry contests with the duchess of Marlborough—Queen receives from her an arrogant letter—Queen yields the point contested—She consents to make lord Sunderland lord privy-seal—She appoints bishops at his bidding—Queen's sorrow and dejection — Palace quarrel about the queen's cast clothes — Queen allows her women increase of salary—Jealousy of the queen's favour by the duchess of Marlborough against Abigail Hill—Queen considered on bad terms with the duchess—Queen resists her endeavour to appoint a bedchamber woman—Queen is lectured on the subject by her ministers—She exasperates the "family junta"—Close espionage on her conduct.

As far as the personal affections of all sorts and conditions of the people were concerned, Anne was the most popular female sovereign who had, up to that time, ascended the English throne. "Our good queen Anne" is an appellation not yet obsolete among the lower orders. Of a passive and obtuse temperament, the queen was rather that negative personage "a good sort of woman," than a good woman, and yet many causes combined to render her beloved by the people. In the first place she was, as she said, "entirely English," the daughter of an Englishman and Englishwoman; her comely person bore the national characteristics of the middle classes; her very

limited education confined her language, tastes, and prejudices entirely to every thing English; her feminine helplessness of mind well fitted her for the limits to which an encroaching oligarchy had confined the functions of a British monarch. If it be a maxim of the constitution "that the king can do no wrong," who could look on the soft and innocent features of the comfortable matron who filled the British throne, and make her accountable for the wrong-doing of her ministers? She was, too, the last of our native line of princes, the natural object of the fond loyalty of the Protestant adherents to the house of Stuart, who were numerous, notwithstanding all theological discrepancies.

Without possessing the refined taste for literature and the arts which the worst enemies of the Stuart royal line are forced to allow, Anne inherited the munificent spirit of her race. As soon as she ascended the throne, poetry and science breathed in a different atmosphere from the cold and chilly blight that had fallen on them when the Dutch persecutor of Dryden assumed the sceptre of the islands. Who can wonder, then, that the "good queen Anne" of the middle classes was eulogized by the pen of every writer? Her reign, too, was a series of brilliant continental victories, and she died before the bitter reaction of national poverty, which ever follows English wars, had fully taken place. Her personal generosity to the church, and her mildness of government, made her adored by a populace, which still extended its hands to churchmen as the kind alleviators of their most bitter miseries, for not only the weekly, but the daily offertory was still customary, and is supposed to have remained so until the year 1725. It supplied a fund for charitable purposes to the incumbents of livings too small to allow of efficient private almsgiving on the part of the indigent pastor, who is too often compelled to behold distress, without the power of supplying nourishment to the sick, or clothing to the naked of his flock.

"Queen Anne's grandmother was a washerwoman," is a saying scarcely yet forgotten among the lower orders, and, truth to tell, it was an assertion which had its influence in

inducing the extraordinary popularity with which her memory is still cherished by the people. A tradition, at once so mysterious and so widely circulated, demands some inquiry and explanation. The late cardinal York is said to have repeated the same to cardinal Gonsalvi, with the variation, that "queen Anne's grandmother was not a washerwoman, or *blanchisseuse*, but a tub-girl." A very strange circumstance it is, that a prince like cardinal York, born and bred in Italy, should know the distinction, that a tub-girl, or a tub-woman, according to old English costume, was not a laundress, but a breweress; it is only needful to call to mind the well-known instances of the lampoons levelled at Cromwell's wife as "a tub-woman,"[1] to prove that such was really the case. Here is the traditionary tale[2] connected with the common report that the grandmother of the two queens-regnant, Mary II. and Anne, was a washerwoman; it is literally "a tale of a tub." There was once a great country gentleman who lived in a grand hall, and who had a handsome wife, and a family of handsome children. The roundheads, as he was a loyal cavalier, assailed his park, stormed his hall, and slew him and his wife and children. When the homicides were all gone, one of the young ladies, who had only swooned with terror, revived; and seeing all her friends and family lying dead around her, and her home in flames, she ran away in terror she knew not whither, but fled as far as her feet could carry her from the scene of desolation, and sank down swooning—this time with

[1] All the earlier biographers of Cromwell note, that, being a younger brother, and having spent his portion, "he *permitted* his wife to keep a *public* brewery at Huntingdon." In those days, the division of labour had not separated the callings of the brewer and alehouse-keeper; the wife of the "public brewer" sold the ale and yeast from her tubs to the customers, and was consequently called "a tub-woman," and her helpers, "tub-girls."—Birkenhead's Mercurius. Echard.

[2] The author has often heard this story repeated orally, but never could trace it in print; she has been referred to the quarto edition of Macpherson's Stuart Papers, but it is not there. The above account is from the lips of the late marchese di Solari, who affirmed it was told to her by cardinal Gonsalvi, who heard it from cardinal York. One thing is curious, which is, neither the lady, nor either cardinal, could by accident have stumbled on the term "tub-girl," therefore the narrative must at first have had an English origin, and is probably a picturesque version of the history of that coarse favourite of fortune, Nan Clarges, duchess of Albemarle, whose early adventures have been confused by Voltaire, and other [su]perficial French writers, with those of the first duchess of York.

exhaustion and grief—at the door of a small wayside house, which proved to be an alehouse-brewery, or pot-house. The good man of the homestead had got up early to brew, and finding the poor young girl insensible at his door, he called up his wife, and told her to give the destitute one some Christian help and charity. The ale-wife was a very good woman; she put the poor girl to bed, gave her food and a great deal of pity when she heard "how the wicked round-head troopers had killed her father, because he loved king Charles, and burnt her home and village, so that she was destitute and houseless;" but the young lady never told her true name and rank. At first, she concealed them out of sheer terror, lest the Cromwellians should return and finish their work by murdering her; and afterwards, because she considered that her rank would prevent her from accepting the humble home her new friends offered her, for the ale-wife had just lost an only child, a girl of her age, and she persuaded her guest to stay where she was, (as she had lost all her friends,) and help her with the yeast, and filling the pottle-pots of ale out of the tubs. So the noble young lady (whose name has never transpired) remained, whilst the civil wars raged, as "tub-girl" to this ale-house. Matters did not mend for her after the death of king Charles; all that bore her name, or were akin to her, had emigrated, and her father's estate had passed into the clutches of a commonwealth man. The tub-girl, therefore, turned her mind so sedulously to her vocation, and, like the famous brown Betty of nursery lore, "brewed ale for gentlemen" of such exquisite flavour, that trade flourished, the hedge ale-house grew a wayside inn, and the ale-wife and her husband became so rich they could hardly reckon their wealth,—and they owed it all to their beloved "tub-girl," who was universally reckoned as their daughter and heiress. At last, as she was very rosy, fair, and comely, a rich tradesman made her an offer, and married her. The ale-wife died, then her husband, and they left all they had to the tub-girl: her spouse not long after followed this good example, and our tub-lady became a well-endowed widow. In the course of settling her affairs, she had a consultation with

Edward Hyde, a young, handsome barrister, at the Temple. The future lord chancellor being much pleased with her appearance, and still more at that of her documents, tendered the fair widow his heart and hand, married her, and in consequence "the tub-girl" became mother to Anne Hyde, and grandmother to the two queens-regnant of Great Britain and Ireland, queen Mary and queen Anne. A pretty story, and romantic too,—pity it is not true! But the inexorable fact, that Edward Hyde, earl of Clarendon, the lord chancellor of Charles I. and Charles II., and father to the duchess of York, married *both* his wives before the civil war took place, is incontestable. Anne Hyde was born long before the roundheads began the work of desolating the country-seats of England. There is now before us a very good proof, being the fac-simile of the said Anne Hyde's own autograph memoirs, to the following effect:[1] "I was born the 12 day of March, old *stile*, in the yeare of our Lord 1637, at Cranborne-lodge, neer Windsor, in *Barkshire*, and lived in my owne country till I was 12 yeares old, having in that time seen the ruin both of church and state, and the murthering of my king." And as if she had intended wholly to demolish the story of her parent becoming about the same time so celebrated in the brewing-tub line, the mother of queens Mary and Anne adds, very explicitly,—"I came out of England, being then twelve yeares old, one month, and eighteen dayes. ANNE HYDE."

Thus Anne Hyde herself was a girl at the very time, between twelve and thirteen years old, when the tub-girl tale makes her mother to be about the same age. Anne Hyde has been traced directly after, in the course of this work, as maid of honour to the princess-royal of England, (princess of Orange,) and afterwards as wife to the duke of York: according to the tub-tale, she could not have been two years old when her eldest daughter was born, if her mother was a young unmarried girl in 1645. The mother of Anne Hyde, and consequently the grandmother of queen Anne, was Frances Aylesbury, daughter of sir Thomas Aylesbury, a person of

[1] Engraved in Netherclift Autographs, p. 18, from a memorandum-book once ng to Anne Hyde.

excellent family, who was married, the mother of a numerous family, and *dead* long before the civil wars broke out. Her youngest child was Anne Hyde. Neither can the story be transferred thus; "the great-grandmother of queen Anne was a washerwoman or tub-girl," for where then are the civil wars? The story must travel back to the civil wars of York and Lancaster to find a local home and habitation. But as this shadowy and unchronological tale comes from universal tradition and the gossip of the exiled court, it must have foundation, howsoever distant, and the conclusion may be drawn that queens Mary and Anne had, by means of their descent from Anne Hyde, a remarkable *window* in their genealogies somewhere or other.[1]

Queen Anne extended her beneficence to the church of England so far, as to permit the sittings of her convocations, which her sister and brother-in-law had interrupted and, as far as they could, abolished. The convocation is the parliament of our church, and, like the temporal parliament, consists of upper and lower houses,—the first composed of the dignitaries, the other of the commoners of the clergy. It still exists, being convened with all legal forms simultaneously with new parliaments; but the moment a clergyman proceeds to speak, he is silenced, ostensibly by order of the sovereign, and the assembly is dissolved, according to the precedent of William III.

To discuss the origin, uses, and privileges of the convocation would fill a large book; it would, moreover, lead us from our proper course,—the personal life of queen Anne. Yet it

[1] Heralds use the quaint term "windows" in genealogies, when an alliance occurs with a person who either has no right to armorial bearings, or has forfeited them by some servile occupation. In that case, the painted windows in halls or chapels, illustrative of descent by blazonries of successive shields of coat-armour, presented now and then blanks; and the bright light streaming through the pane which had no blazoning, offered a strong contrast to those round it darkened with rich colouring of gules, azure, purpure, vert, or gold colour, and was therefore called "a window." Such passion pervaded the lower classes for scanning the descents of the gentry and nobility, that Chaucer describes his pilgrims, the miller, cook, and other plebeian folk, very busy discussing the rich blazonries of the painted windows in Canterbury cathedral, and showing their plebeian ignorance by very bad heraldry withal. The ancient text of Chaucer must be searched for this extraordinary feature in the propensities of the people of England; it has never been translated by Dryden or his assistants, or noticed as far as the author can recollect.

stands, like a huge rock, direct in the stream, and it is impossible to induce any perspicuous ideas of the fierce party-storm raised in the name of "high church," without devoting a few words to its primary cause. In these storms the helpless queen was whirled from side to side, guided by no purpose of action, excepting an earnest desire to do as much good, and as little harm as possible.

The queen then permitted the spiritual parliament, or convocation, to proceed to business without arbitrary interruption. Her majesty, of course, received the thanks and benedictions of her clergy, especially of the lower-house, for her grant of the first-fruits and tenths, which was an incalculable relief to the commonalty of the church. Strange to say, that the lower-house was, according to the jargon of her political history, "high church;" the upper-house of convocation was "low church." The explanation of this seeming paradox is not difficult. The upper-house of convocation consisted of those who enjoyed the great riches and high dignities of the church: they had been given them by the will and pleasure of William III. If those whose business it is to inquire into such history[1] will form a list of the dignitaries of the church appointed by William and Mary, and trace their names and lives through the Biographia Britannica, they will find very few of their archbishops, bishops, or deans but had been educated as dissenters, and that some had officiated as dissenting preachers and teachers. In general, the "conforming prelates" were not beloved and esteemed equally with those who embraced poverty rather than give up, for the lucre of temporal advantage, the principles in which they had been educated; but these conforming prelates formed the majority of the upper-house of convocation. It is easy to imagine that the lower-house of convocation could not agree with prelates and dignitaries who had been put over the heads of the sons of the

[1] For further information, the author refers the reader to the learned and interesting volume by the rev. William Palin, M.A., History of the Church of England from the Revolution to the last acts of Convocation, from 1688 to 1717. It is the only digest of this important subject that exists, presenting at the same time a continuous stream of narrative, the facts of which are supported by faithful and exact references.

reformed church of England, bred up with earnest devotedness to her ordinances and works of beneficence. Such are the simple facts wherefore the upper-house of convocation was deemed "low church,"—the lower-house, "high church;" their strife, as may be supposed, became violent, and unfortunately the object of angry debate comprised discussions on the first principles of Christian belief,[1] to the anguish of the queen. However, she permitted the two houses of convocation to open business, or rather to struggle together and defy each other, at the outset of her whig ministry in 1705.

The duchess of Marlborough, as the agent of the triumphant faction, endeavoured to wrest from queen Anne the privilege which, even so lately as the commencement of the last century, appertained to the crown, of nominating the holders of vacant dignities in the church. It will be shown, that the first serious cause of dispute between the queen and her imperious domestic arose from her majesty's demur in nominating bishops to vacant sees agreeably to that lady's sense of religion. The queen was neither qualified by nature nor education to trace the original causes of historical events. Her majesty was evidently greatly perplexed wherefore all the dignitaries of her church ranked themselves in the party of "low church." Having the greatest veneration even for the nomenclature of spiritual dignities, she was much mystified why the people at large made common cause with the country clergy against a conforming primate, and cried out most piteously "that the church of England was in danger." Perhaps they had their reasons, which reasons we leave for the discussion of those they may concern, marking only this fact, that most of the populace who now clung with affection to the reformed catholic church of England, had had the opportunity of comparing their happiness under her guidance, with their experience of Cromwell's

[1] A great swarm of deistical works, from the pens of Toland, Asgill, and Wollaston, with reprints and discussions on Hobbes, marked this epoch, and caused great injury, not only to the church of England, but to the general cause of Christian belief. The dreadful state of the morals of the poor, at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, forms the best criterion of the influence of the *latitudinarian* bishops appointed at the *dictum* of free-thinking ministers. No deistical philosophers trouble themselves with the poor.

dissenting ministry. Such were the primary causes of the remarkable church factions, which will soon be noted as occupying much of queen Anne's thoughts and attention. Facts bear out the assertion, that her study was not to exalt one party much above the other, but to maintain a moderating power between the extremes.[1]

The Augustan age of queen Anne, and the glories of literature under her sway, are phrases on the pen or lips of every one, and some readers may expect to learn how her majesty's name came to be connected with such praises. No person would, we think, have been more puzzled than good queen Anne herself, if she had been expected to account for the same. The duchess of Marlborough asserted "that the queen never read, and that cards entirely occupied her thoughts in her youth." It may be noticed that, throughout a voluminous correspondence, her majesty never makes a literary quotation, or mentions any book as if she had ever actually read it. Although she promised once to read a pamphlet much pressed on her attention by the duchess of Marlborough, there is no evidence that she really did so. On the grounds of bishop Wilson's[2] thanks to "our unnamed and illustrious benefactress," the queen has been considered as the foundress of one of the first Bible societies, but the fact has been denied. A tradition likewise existed that the Tatlers were printed at an early hour that they might be laid on the royal breakfast-table: these papers contained postscripts, which were summaries of passing political events. Hopes were entertained that her majesty would read them on that account, and every facility was afforded for that purpose: whether she ever did read them is another affair. The disorder incidental to her eyes was the excuse for her want of study; but it re-

[1] Throughout the whole of Swift's correspondence, and his historical works and pamphlets, he affirms, from the information of both Harley and Bolingbroke, that such were the queen's intentions.

[2] The apostolic bishop of Sodor and Man, who, without taking any part in the furious dissensions of the day, bent all the energies of his saintly life to civilise and reclaim a miserable and neglected population, by whom he was infinitely beloved. He had been educated by the reformed church of England, which sank for awhile when Mary II. deprived archbishop Sancroft and bishop Ken.

quired as much eyesight to write perpetually as to read, and queen Anne often wrote four times in the course of one day to the duchess of Marlborough, when she was in favour with that insolent spirit.

The literature of her era, it is now allowed, has been greatly overpraised: its fame is chiefly based on the efforts of translators or imitators of the classics, who praised themselves and their patrons with indefatigable ardour. The list of works of real originality is short. When the Tatlers and Spectators, and the Rape of the Lock are named, where else are we to look for originality,[1] unless a few comedies of Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Congreve are mentioned?—which certainly deserve the doubtful praise of presenting true, though atrocious pictures of the manners of the times. The wits reckoned Defoe among the dunces: posterity has righted him.

In the first years of the reign of Anne, an annual was established called the Ladies' Diary, or Women's Almanack; according to its prospectus "containing directions for love, marriage, preserving"—not hearts, but plums and gooseberries,—"cookery, perfumery, bills of fare, and many other concerns peculiar to the fair sex." The editor's description of this unique performance throws some light on the domestic customs of an age little known, though very near. There was a "copy of verses in praise of queen Anne, which were actually spoken in the lord mayor's parlour by one of the *blew*-coat boys, (at the last thanksgiving-day, about the Vigo business,) with universal applause." Then the calendar, with the common notes of the year, "the times when marriage comes in and out,[2] and the eclipses, all in one page. A picture of the queen in copper, [that is, a copper-plate engraving,] very well performed." The rest of the literature consisted of "delightful tales." The preface was a dissertation on the happiness England enjoyed "under the reign of queen Elizabeth and the

[1] The title of the Rape of the Lock is not original, as all Italian scholars know; but the poem itself is truly so, and in that respect stands alone among all Pope's works.

[2] The regulations concerning the times when marriage can be celebrated, were still observed by the church of England according to the discipline of the Roman-catholics.

present queen, [Anne]." Many ardent aspirations the worthy editor made to obtain the lives of celebrated queens, more particularly queens of England, and he even names Margaret of Anjou on his list, but declares that he gives up the undertaking, on the most solemn conviction "that no dates of birth or death can be found for any queen, excepting queen Elizabeth and queen Anne." Nevertheless, we earnestly wish he had made the attempt. "This being the first almanack printed for the use of the fair sex, and under the reign of a glorious woman," saith Mr. Tipper, "some would advise me to dedicate it to the queen, with some such dedication as this:— 'To the Queen's most excellent majesty. This Ladies' Diary, or Women's Almanack, being the first ever published for the peculiar use of the fair sex, is, with all humility, dedicated to your most sacred Majesty.'" The work was successful:[1] the elder of all English annuals by at least a hundred years, it is the survivor of most of them.

The literature of the early days of queen Anne was distinguished by the writings of some recluses of gentle birth and manners, who sighed for retirement "from the loathsome manners of the age, and wished to make seraphic celibacy popular and honourable among English ladies." Mrs. Mary Astell, a learned and beautiful lady, wrote an essay on the pleasures of retirement, in 1696, and proposed a sort of female college, in which "the young might be instructed, and ladies nauseating the parade of the world find a happy retirement." Queen Anne, then princess, wonderfully admired this project, and made up her mind, should she ever have it in her power, to endow it with 10,000*l*. After her accession, the whole plan was disconcerted by bishop Burnet, who rang an alarm of "popery" in the ears of her majesty, and declared

[1] See Ellis's Letters of Eminent Literary Men, where occur, from p. 304, a series of letters from Mr. J. Tipper, of Coventry, giving a most amusing account of the progress of this periodical. Its history is a curious one: although projected with the intention of being a ladies' almanack, and retaining the name of "Ladies' Diary" to this hour, it has become the only mathematical periodical in Great Britain,—not because ladies are exclusively devoted to such abstruse science, but because the authors who carried it on knew as little of ladies' literature, as ladies generally do of the mathematics.

"that Mary Astell's college would be called a nunnery."[1] The name would have mattered little, for it was not based on any principle that would have rendered it an object of affection or of interest to the people at large. Intense self-devotion to the tuition and moral government of the poor, added to the task of soothing their miseries, and all for the abstract love of the divine Founder of Christianity, is the only principle which can draw public respect to any female communities of the convent or collegiate species. It does not appear that Mary Astell's plan, however elegant and refined, aimed at this high intent of utility. Schemes like hers have been tried before and since the days of queen Anne, but, for the want of some motive of union raised above selfish expediency, have fallen into contempt, by degenerating into knots of whimsical women occupied with wrangling factions.

The wits of the era of queen Anne were infuriated at the idea of the conventual retirement for the purposes of seraphic meditation eulogized by Mary Astell. In the Tatler, Swift aimed a few handfuls of dirt at her, after the fashion of his own Yahoos. The Spectator subsequently did her gentler justice,[2] but the envenomed shaft had sped, and the protestant convent, which had won the approbation of queen Anne, and obtained her gracious promise of endowments, languished and took no root in the land. Another literary recluse graced the reign of Anne. This was Elizabeth Elstob, the daughter of a country clergyman, the gentle lady-student of Anglo-Saxon lore. There never were but two English ladies besides Elizabeth Elstob who have won public renown in this difficult path of literature, and they are both ornaments of our own times.[3] Thanks, for the preservation of much precious history of the early days of their country, are due to them. Neither the meekness of Elizabeth Elstob, however, nor her utter abstinence from challenging public attention, could defend her from the vituperation of Swift. Her contemporary, the fair Mary Astell, had probably mingled a little coquetry with her

[1] Scott's Notes to Swift, vol. ix. p. 3.

[2] In rather an affected paper, full of "Leonora," "groves," and "purling streams." Swift's malignity had the most literary power.

[3] Lady Charlotte Guest, and Miss Anna Gurney of Norfolk.

profession of seraphic celibacy, and perhaps had imbued it with some spice of romantic parade; but Elizabeth Elstob, immersed in the records of our Saxon kings and heroes, and of saintly queens and princesses, possibly departed this world without knowing there was such a person as Dr. Swift in it, much less that she had raised his spleen. The writings of these ladies belong to the days of queen Anne, but the tendency of them to a century earlier.

Female authorship of a far different tendency may likewise be traced to this era. Queen Anne had a French cook, or yeoman of the mouth, called Centlivre, whose name is connected with dramatic literature. "The Wonder," "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and "the Busy-Body," are comedies still occasionally acted,—not that her majesty's cook made them, but he fell in love with a fellow-servant of the crown, one Mrs. Carroll, an actress, who usually came to Windsor-castle to perform with others of the theatre-royal before the queen. The actress was pretty, and had withal brilliant literary talents, although she was not imbued with a very nice morality. However, the yeoman of the royal mouth wooed and married Mrs. Carroll, therefore her popular comedies are known as the works of Mrs. Centlivre."

At the commencement of the year 1704, the duchess of Marlborough successfully effected her purpose of disuniting her royal mistress and lord Rochester. She worked on the mind of the queen against her uncle by that worrying pertinacity against one object on all occasions, small and great, which seldom loses its purposes. By awakening the queen's jealousy that lord Rochester regarded her unfortunate brother with secret affection, it is supposed that the favourite carried her point. On the other side, she excited disgust in the mind of the queen's uncle by a series of affronts and insults. It is true, the duchess permitted the wife of his eldest son to become one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, for she expressly observes "that her majesty did not like her." There was more danger, it seems, in permitting the same advancement to the queen's cousin, the young and charming lady Dalkeith. When lord Rochester requested his royal niece to permit

her, his eldest daughter, to be one of the ladies of her bedchamber, on the vacancy made by the death of the Dutch lady, Charlotte Bevervaart, he could scarcely expect denial, because she was the queen's nearest female relative in England. Nevertheless, the request was denied, under the plea that there was no vacancy; for the queen had resolved, after the death of lady Charlotte, to have only ten ladies of the bedchamber.[1] The refusal arose from long-hoarded vengeance of an old bitter grudge. The duchess of Marlborough remembered that, in the outset of her crafty career of life, lord Rochester had pointed out to James II. that some domestic locust devoured the revenues of the princess Anne, and mysteriously involved her in debt,—a denunciation which Sarah took angrily to herself. Lord Rochester had recently opposed the extravagant grant the queen had attempted to bestow on the Marlboroughs in the first months of her reign, and converted them by that act from self-seeking tories into virulent whigs. From that moment every early affront was perpetually recalled to the mind of Anne. The duchess tauntingly observes, "that the queen had been pleased to forgive her uncle all his ill-behaviour in the reigns of king Charles, king James, and queen Mary." If the queen had done so, her favourite had not. With much thanksgiving to God for her own incapability of bearing malice, the duchess instigated her majesty to drive away her uncle, hinting "that he had better return to his government in Ireland."[2] All these mortifications had the effect on the mind of lord Rochester that his female foe anticipated: he flew into a passion, and resigned all his offices of state. Moreover, he refused to visit his royal niece, and never attended her councils. When these omissions and derelictions had been sufficiently pointed out to the queen, she ordered that her uncle should no longer be summoned to council, as he did not choose to attend. Her majesty added this observation: "It is not reasonable that lord Rochester should come to council only when *he* thinks fit."[3]

So ended, virtually, all connexion between the sons of the great lord Clarendon and his royal grand-daughter, for lord

[1] Conduct, pp. 133, 134. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., pp. 132, 133.

Rochester survived but a few weeks the subsequent change in the mind and feelings of queen Anne. Henry earl of Clarendon, the queen's elder uncle, was, as previously shown, a self-banished exile from her presence; and his half-witted son, lord Cornbury, whose merits in being the proto-deserter from James II. required some gratitude, was sent to play his imbecile pranks in the latter-founded English colonies of North America, which owed their existence to the statistical wisdom of that prince.[1] Among other apish tricks, lord Cornbury is said, when holding his state levees at New York, to have dressed himself in complete female court costume, and then received the principal colonists, because, truly, he represented as governor the person of a female sovereign, his cousin-german, queen Anne![2] It is likewise said, and with great probability, that the follies of this ruler laid the foundation of that system of evil colonial government, which deprived Great Britain finally of one of the brightest gems in her crown.

The duchess of Marlborough, after many shouts of triumph over the fall of the queen's uncle from his influence in the national councils and government, concludes her commentary with these words: "'Tis an amazing thing he should imagine he was to domineer over the queen, and every body else, as he did over his own family." Yet, after all, it would have been less "amazing" if the queen had been "domineered" over by her uncle, than, as the case really was, by her quondam chamber-woman, for the proud duchess was originally nothing

[1] The English colony of New York was the first in the chain of valuable colonies planted by James, when duke of York, in every quarter of the globe. The State-papers printed in Lister's Appendix of the Life of Clarendon, will give some intelligence of this fact, and of the expedition for the capture of Manhattan. There is no occasion to dwell on the facts of who supported and encouraged William Penn, in his inestimable labours as a colonist; the charters of the colony of Pennsylvania, if honestly quoted, will declare. At the time the duke of York extended his protecting friendship to Penn, the latter was a persecuted and tormented man, involved in debt: most of his co-religionists were, withal, groaning in the horrible gaols of England. The late slanderous attack on William Penn will bring the advantage of inducing research, that will soon place the truth of his connexion with James Stuart, both when duke of York and king, in the clear light of open day, to the honour of both as Englishmen. Half truth is almost as bad as bold falsehood: the "Friends" cannot defend Penn effectually, without acknowledging his and their obligations to his royal benefactor.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Horace Walpole.

more. With the queen's uncle retreated from her government lord Jersey, the duke of Buckingham, and several powerful leaders, who had been considered personal friends of the late king James II. The earl of Nottingham remained at the head of a ministry which, although exceedingly weakened by secession, was still zealous for "high church," and was considered tory, the leading object being to prevent unconscientious dissenters from using the most solemn sacrament of the church of England as a test to obtain seats in the house of commons. It was during one of the repeated struggles to pass through the house of lords the bill preventive of this abuse, that the queen penned the following deprecatory epistle to the arrogant duchess. In explanation, it must be recollected that the bill had repeatedly passed triumphantly through the house of commons, and that the contests against it were wholly in the house of lords. Meantime the queen, notwithstanding her affected indifference in the letter, had its success, as an act of legislature, much at heart.

QUEEN ANNE[1] TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.
(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"Friday morning.

"I give my dear Mrs. Freeman many thanks for her long letter, and am truly sensible of the sincere kindness *you* express in it; and in return, to ease your mind, I must tell you that Mr. Bromley will be disappointed, for the prince [George of Denmark] does not intend to go to the house when the bill *of occasional conformity* is brought in."

The queen meant the bill "*against* occasional conformity," but owing to her vagueness of style, she uses terms contrary to their signification, supposing her correspondent will guess her meaning. The queen's letter is a proof that prince George (who was an occasional conformist to the rites of the church of England) actually showed the wisdom and good taste of finally remaining neuter on this point.

"I think him," continues the queen, "very much in the right *not* to vote for it. I shall not have the worse opinion of any of the lords that are for it, for though I should have been glad it had not been brought into the house of commons, because I would not have had any pretence for quarrelling, I can't help thinking, now it is as good as past there, it will be better *for the service*[2] to have it

[1] Conduct, p. 155.
[2] This phrase, as it stands, is inexplicable, unless the queen has omitted part and means to say, "for the service of *the church.*"

pass the house of lords too. I must own to you that I never cared to mention any thing on this subject to you, because I knew you would not be of my mind; but since you have given me this occasion, I can't forbear saying that I see nothing like persecution in this bill. You may think it is a notion lord Nottingham has put into my head, but, upon my word, it is my own thought.

"I am in hopes I shall have one look before you go to St. Albans, and therefore will say no more now, but will answer your letter more at large some other time, and only promise my dear Mrs. Freeman, faithfully, I will read the *book* she sent me, and beg she will never let difference of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do.

"Nothing shall ever alter your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, who will live and die, with all truth and tenderness, Your's."

Although the duchess of Marlborough had triumphed in the dismissal and disgrace of the queen's uncle, she was by no means satisfied with the persons who remained in power, for the house of commons was the same that had denied her the 5000*l.* per annum in perpetuity, and was therefore not likely to be guilty of any very extravagant grants of the public money. She continued a wrangling correspondence with the queen during the summer against the powers in office, till the occurrence of the great victory of Blenheim turned the scale irresistibly in her favour.

Queen Anne was sitting in her closet at Windsor-castle, which commands a fine view over the north terrace, when the news of the victory of Blenheim was brought to her. For several years the banner by which the duke of Marlborough holds the manor of Woodstock was deposited in this apartment, in memory of the queen's reception of the news.[1] The closet forms a boudoir to one of the royal state bedchambers, where, in an alcove, is a ponderous article of furniture, being an embroidered bed of queen Anne, which was carefully preserved by the orders of George III., who would not suffer it to be displaced. By these traditions, the suites of rooms at Windsor occupied by queen Anne can be traced. On the following Thursday afternoon, colonel Parkes, aide-de-camp to his grace the duke of Marlborough, arrived express with the following letter to her grace his lady duchess, dated August 18, (N. S.)[2]

"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has had a glorious victory.

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[1] Pyne's Palaces.

[2] Flying Post, No. 1447.

M. Tallard, and two other generals, are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, colonel Parkes, will give her majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it, in a day or two, by another more at large.[1]

"MARLBOROUGH."

The news of the victory of Blenheim was received with a degree of national rapture that requires some retrospect to explain. It was the only great foreign battle that had been gained by England since that of Agincourt; in fact, the English energies had been wasted in such interior victories as those of Flodden or Pinkey fields, or the still more deplorable contests of the wars of the Roses, or the calamitous civil strife at Edgehill, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester. Not one victory had rewarded the national pride in exchange for all the blood and treasure expended by William III. in his continental wars, and the saying went through Europe, "that the island bull-dogs could only tear each other." While any monarch of Great Britain retained the foolish title of sovereign of France, the English populace were as much bent on French conquest as they were in the days of the Plantagenets, and the wisest peace-ruler was unpopular if an army were not always in the field, struggling to gain a footing over the frontier of France. Englishmen had forgotten the woes and exhaustion that succeeded the brilliant conquests of the showy hero, Henry V., and were constantly sending addresses to queen Anne, as they had done to her predecessor, to remind her of the propriety of reconquering her dominions in France,—as Normandy and Aquitaine. If the queen had cherished so insane an idea, it is to be feared she would have met with only too much encouragement among all parties in England. The victory of Blenheim was therefore celebrated with unequalled splendour. The unfinished cathedral of St. Paul was the place appointed for the chanting of the *Te Deum*, and the queen went thither in procession to return thanks to Almighty God, with all the pomp of royalty. The herald's narrative was published in all the leading journals of the day. Although the event occurred only in the last century, the whole tone of the procession

[1] The duke wrote this letter on horseback, "with a leaden pencil," adds the journalist. The fac-simile of the letter is added to Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

seems to belong to the costume of ages long past, and terms are used which are now obsolete.

"All the lords and privy councillors that were in and about the town met, at about eight in the morning, at the council chamber at St. James's, September 7, 1704. The knights of the most noble order of the Garter, wearing the collars of the said order, proceeded about ten o'clock in their coaches with six horses each, towards St. Paul's.[1] The knight-marshal with his men on horseback led the queen's procession; then the equerries and gentlemen-ushers to his royal highness, in his '*leading* coach;' then her majesty's 'leading coach;' the women of the bedchamber to her majesty; the maids of honour; his royal highness's '*body*-coach,' with the lords of his bedchamber; four ladies of her majesty's bedchamber; viz. the duchess of Somerset, the marchioness of Hartington, the lady Henrietta Godolphin,[2] and the countess of Abingdon, in the travelling 'body-coach;' the duke of Somerset, master of the horse, with the duke of Ormonde, the captain of the guards in waiting, in her majesty's '*body*-chariot,' each drawn by six horses. A detachment of the horse-grenadiers; then her majesty's footmen; after them the yeomen of the guard, on foot, some before and some on each side of her majesty's state-coach, in which was her majesty, with his royal highness her consort, the duchess of Marlborough, and the lady Fretcheville, being the lady of the bedchamber in waiting. Her majesty's first troop of horse-guards closed the procession. The streets through which her majesty passed were lined, from St. James's as far as Temple-bar, by the militia of Westminster; from thence to St. Paul's they were railed, and hung with blue cloth, the city trained bands lining both sides; and upon scaffolds, erected for that purpose, were placed the several companies in their gowns, with their respective flags, streamers, and music. A battalion of each of her majesty's foot-guards made a lane from the west entrance into the church to the door of the choir.

"At Temple-bar her majesty was met by the lord mayor,

[1] Monthly Mercury, vol. xv. pp. 347, 348; Brit. Museum.

[2] The Marlborough heiress.

in a gown of crimson velvet, and the aldermen and sheriffs in their scarlet gowns, being all on horseback. The lord mayor alighted, made a short speech to her majesty, and surrendered to her the city sword, which she was pleased to return to him; and he carried it before her majesty to the church, the aldermen and sheriffs riding before him. Her majesty being come to St. Paul's, was met at the west door, at her alighting out of the coach, by the great officers of state, the nobility, and privy councillors, who from thence proceeded to the choir. Her majesty was led by his royal highness, and was followed by the duchess of Marlborough. The earl of Kent, lord chamberlain of her majesty's household, the duke of Ormonde, captain of the guard, and the duke of St. Albans at the head of the band of gentlemen-pensioners, attending the royal person. The queen and his royal highness being entered into the choir, seated themselves in two armed chairs on a throne erected at the west end thereof, opposite the altar. Behind her majesty were stools for two of the ladies of the bedchamber and the great officers in waiting, attending her majesty and his royal highness. The peers and privy councillors were placed on the north side of the choir, the ladies of the bedchamber in the stalls on the south side, and the maids of honour and her majesty's bedchamber women below them. The dean and prebendaries sat within the rails of the altar, except such as officiated in reading prayers. The rev. Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, preached a sermon. The great guns at the Tower, those upon the river, and the train in St. James's-park were thrice discharged,—the first time when her majesty took coach at St. James's, the second at the singing of the *Te Deum*, and the third when her majesty came back to her palace."[1]

The queen still continued to defend and support the remnant of the high-church party against the constant attacks of the duchess of Marlborough. Her sentiments may be gathered from her letter written soon after her return to St. James's, 1704:—

[1] From a transcript in the Additional MSS., 6307, fol. 43, 44.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"St. James's, November 21.

"I had just sealed up my letter on *Saturday* night as I received the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's of that day's date, but would not open it again, concluding I should have time either *Sunday* or yesterday.

"When *Sunday* came I had several hindrances, and yesterday I sat down to write, but was hindered by one of the Scots people coming to speak with me, or else I should not have been so long without telling you that I am very sorry you should forbear writing upon the apprehension of your letters being troublesom, since you know very well they are not, nor ever can be so, but the contrary, to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley. Upon what my dear Mrs. Freeman says again concerning the address, I have looked it over again, and cannot, for my life, see one can put any other interpretation upon that word 'pressures,' than what I have done already. As to my saying the church was in danger in the late reign, [William and Mary, and William *solus*,] I cannot alter my opinion; for though there was no violent thing done, every body that will speak impartially must own that every thing was leaning towards the whigs, and *whenever that is, I shall think the church is beginning to be in danger*."

It is evident that the queen's ministry, which had lingered in power through the ensuing summer, were that party which are called by Lockhart of Carnwath, Hanoverian tories; but they were not sufficiently strong without the support of those who were suspected to be Jacobite tories. Those who only recognise *two* parties in the regnal career of Anne, form very imperfect ideas of the real state of affairs. It appears that the Hanoverian tories were sincerely desirous of the predominance of the established church of the Reformation; they likewise hoped to see the church of England earnestly supported by the protestant heiress on whom the crown was entailed. For this purpose they sent the warmest invitation to the electress Sophia to visit England, and to bring her grandson (afterwards George II.) to be naturalized in the country over which he was destined to rule. Whether this measure was sincere on the part of lord Nottingham and his colleagues, or whether it was merely a convulsive struggle to retain office, has been considered dubious by history: perhaps both motives actuated lord Nottingham and lord Haversham, for it is certain that neither of them were Jacobites. One positive effect the invitation to the electress had: the queen, being exasperated, immediately threw herself into the arms of the whigs, who negatived the invitation. The queen, directly after, noti-

fied her feelings to the watchful duchess by these passionate words:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

"I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree as we have formerly done, for I am sensible of the services *those people have done me that you have a good opinion of*, [the whigs,] and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of *them* [the tories] that you have been always speaking against."

This letter and the succeeding one appear to have been written by queen Anne in November 1704, when the Hanoverian tory ministry was tottering to its fall. From that moment the queen gave herself up to the party of which the duchess of Marlborough was the agent and mouthpiece in their domestic life, and she sank for years into the slavery which she afterwards so bitterly deplored. The queen is supposed to have formed her alliance with the whigs during her retirement that autumn at Bath, as lord Somers and several of the leaders of that party followed her majesty thither, finding the waters needful for their constitutions. It is certain she had an interview with Somers there.[2]

The riches and gratuities which the queen had vainly requested for the duke of Marlborough, and which had been peremptorily withheld by the house of commons a few months before the battle of Blenheim, were now profusely showered on the victorious general. The house of commons addressed the queen early in the ensuing year,[3] "that she would please to consider of some proper means to perpetuate the memory of the great services performed by the duke of Marlborough." At the close of the year the duke returned, with his prisoner, the general of the French army, count Tallard. He presented the colours taken at the battle of Hochstadt to the queen: she ordered them to be hung up in Westminster-hall.

Unfortunately, the queen chose to alienate one of the most interesting historical demesnes that pertained to the crown of England. Woodstock, with all its Norman antiquities, its memories of the Plantagenets, its nymph-like baths, its mysterious labyrinths, and its haunted bowers, whispering of royal

[1] Conduct, pp. 159, 160. [2] Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain.
[3] Journals of the House of Commons, January 10, 1704-5.

love and queenly vengeance,—Woodstock, where the peerless chevalier of the black armour, first-born son of the third Edward, unclosed his eyes to the light; where his mother, Philippa the Good, spent her young married life,—Woodstock, which Chaucer sang, and described with topographical fidelity every court, every pleasaunce, and every mighty tree therein, and every gothic nook and embrasure; and not only Chaucer, but elder poets of exquisite simplicity have told the tales pertaining to its glades, in strains not even now effaced from English memory.[1] Yes, the Woodstock of Henry the Beauclerk, and of Henry the Plantagenet,—the Woodstock of his much-wronged Rosamond, whether wife or deceived *fiancée*,—the Woodstock of Edward and Philippa, of the regal Elizabeth, of the beautiful Henrietta, was delivered to Vanbrugh and Sarah of Marlborough as a prey, to be defaced and destroyed, and worse, to load its green glades and lawns with heavy hideousness! The Dutch architect himself, struck with the grandeur of the royal ruins, spared them awhile, for "the purpose of prospect," as he said; but she, with the taste of the thorough *parvenue*, never rested until the towers of Woodstock were blasted with gunpowder, and their last vestige effaced from the site.[2] In this exploit she seems to have been actuated by the idea that induces a person who has appropriated a horse, which he thinks may be claimed by some former owner, to cut off his mane and tail, and shave his skin. But before the duchess Sarah perpetrated her tasteless mischief, queen Anne signified in person to the house of commons, "that she was inclined to grant the honour and manor of Woodstock to the duke of Marlborough and his heirs for ever, and that she desired the assistance of the house to effect it." The act passed a few weeks subsequently, with the addition of the hundred of Wotton, in consideration of the eminent services performed by the duke of Marlborough to her majesty

[1] "With that she smote her on the lips,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were the lips that bled."—OLD ENGLISH BALLAD: *Queen Eleanor and Rosamond.*

[2] Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough and Vanbrugh; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

and the public.[1] Would the grant had been thrice as much in the fattest lands that the island could furnish, so that the historical towers and bowers of Woodstock had been spared!

The queen ordered an exquisite portrait to be painted of the duke of Marlborough, in the minutest style of miniature: instead of crystal, it was covered with a diamond of pellucid water, cut with a table surface, surrounded with an edge of brilliant facets. When the whole had been mounted in an exquisite style of art, the complete device was valued at 8000*l.* The gift, worthy of royalty, was presented by the queen to the duchess of Marlborough as a souvenir of the victory of Blenheim: it is described in the long list of jewels appended to the will of the duchess in her own hand-writing, contradicting strongly her own ungrateful assertion, "that the queen never gave her a diamond, or any present worthy of notice, after her accession to the crown."[2] Lord Dartmouth, who was not inclined to extenuate any of the misdeeds of the duchess of Marlborough to the queen, declares "that she tried to sell this inestimable present of royalty, for he saw an advertisement that such a table-diamond was in the hands of a Jew to be disposed of, some years subsequent to the death of the queen."[3] But his lordship, like most of his contemporaries, had no information regarding the costume of the times immediately preceding his own, when this magnificent mode of covering miniatures with diamonds instead of crystals was in fashion.[4] The queen had probably found this gem among the crown-jewels, and had displaced some miniature of queen

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, March 8, 1704-5.

[2] The duchess of Marlborough left the queen's costly present of the miniature of her husband, with the diamond covering, to their only surviving child, the duchess of Montague.

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 31, on the information of Harley earl of Oxford.

[4] Many splendid gems must have been split up to produce this tabular style of cutting. The dagger of Henry VIII., sold at the Strawberry-hill sale, was ornamented with balas rubies, which had been divided into long slices of surprising thinness. Miniatures, covered with diamonds, table-cut, occur in the jewel-lists of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.; likewise in the jewel-lists of the kings of France. Indeed, the term of diamonds being "table-cut," appears to have originated in the purpose of covering some cypher or monogram in a ring or locket, or, as the arts advanced, a portrait in miniature.

Mary or queen Elizabeth, or their father, for the resemblance of her successful general.

The natural generosity of queen Anne found exercise by affording private relief to persons incarcerated in her prisons, especially those prosecuted by her government and in her name. About the time of the resignation of lord Nottingham as prime-minister, he left in the horrid dungeons of Newgate a remarkable object for the queen's charity, an author whose name (when he at last discovered the true bias of his genius) became and remains enduringly illustrious. This was the celebrated Defoe, who had been condemned to the pillory,[1] to an enormous fine, and to imprisonment that promised to be life-long, for writing a pamphlet called the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." To the present hour, no mortal can tell whether it was written on the side of the nonconformists, or in favour of their enemies. Queen Anne heard of Defoe's miseries with a concern which reflects honour upon her. She sent him relief, and vainly ordered Nottingham to release him, for he remained afterwards four months in Newgate. But he shall tell the queen's conduct himself. "When her majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her goodness and compassion. At first, her majesty declared that she left all to a certain person,[2] and did not think he would have used me in such a manner. Her majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances and family, and to send by her lord treasurer, Godolphin, a considerable supply to my wife and children, and to

[1] He stood *thrice* in the pillory, and from being an opulent London tradesman, was absolutely ruined. Defoe's life having been always written by violent political partisans, they have been altogether successless in developing his mysterious pursuits and character. He was, in the beginning of life, a hireling pamphleteer, and was, moreover, an editor,—a profession not then understood or defined. Persons brought him the subject they wished championised by his pen, and he did his best for them, just as a barrister pleads for a criminal, or prefers the plea of a plaintiff for a fee. Authors likewise hired him to fit manuscripts for publication; hence he has been considered the writer of works numerous and contradictory. Like Swift, he did not begin to write romances until his stormy political career was over, Robinson Crusoe being first published in 1719. Defoe is commonly mentioned as a naturalized Dutchman, but his biographer has clearly proved him to be of Anglo-Norman descent.

[2] Supposed to be the earl of Nottingham, Defoe's persecutor.—Life of Defoe, W. Wilson, vol. ii. p. 276.

send me, to the prison, money to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge. Thus obliged by the sovereign under whose administration I was suffering, could I ever act against such a queen? her who fetched me out of the dungeon and gave my family relief?"[1] When Defoe paid the above manly tribute to the memory of queen Anne, she had been for years mouldering in the grave.

Her majesty made a long sojourn at the palace of Newmarket in the spring of 1705; from thence she took her excursion to Cambridge, April 16, accompanied by her husband and the principal persons of her household. When she alighted at the Regent-walk, opposite to the schools, she was received by her kinsman, "the proud duke of Somerset," then chancellor of the university. A *regia comitia* was held at the Regent-house, and honorary degrees distributed among the noblemen and gentlemen of her court, the presence of the sovereign dispensing with the necessity of the receivers having earned them by exercises and due qualifications. This day was made for ever memorable in the annals of the era, by the queen bestowing knighthood on Dr. Isaac Newton at Trinity college, where she held a court. Afterwards, her majesty dined in Trinity-hall; and, after hearing evening service in the beautiful chapel of King's college, returned to Newmarket that night.[2]

Two days before the meeting of the new parliament, October 25, 1705, the queen addressed the following letter to her friend, lady Bathurst. If the closeting of members of the house of commons by James II. was justly considered illegal, the canvassing by the private letters of the constitutional sovereign of the Revolution seems some degrees worse.

QUEEN ANNE[3] TO LADY BATHURST.[4]

"Kensington, October y^e 23.

"I doubt what I am now going to say will come too late to obtain my wish,

[1] This excellent action, solely emanating from her own feelings, is now for the first time added, in this late edition, to any biography of queen Anne. The circumstance is an instance of the extreme difficulty of doing justice to the good deeds of royal personages.

[2] Memorials of Cambridge.

[3] Holograph, hitherto inedited. The author was favoured with this document, just as these sheets were going to press, by lady Georgiana Bathurst, to whom the grateful thanks both of the author and the public are due.

[4] Lady Bathurst, the daughter of a valiant and loyal cavalier, sir Allen Apsley,

the meeting of parliament being soe very neare y^t [that] one may reasonably believe that every one has taken their resolution who they will give their votes for to be speaker. However, I cannot help asking you whether your son is engaged or no: if he be not, I hope *you will give me your interest with him* to be for Mr. Smith.[1] I look upon myself to have a particular *conserne* for Mr. Bathurst, both for his father's sake and y^e [the] long acquaintance and friendship there has been between you and me, which makes me very desirous he may *allways* behave himself rightly in every thing. I do not at all doubt of his good inclinations to serve me, and *therefore* hope, tho' it should be too late to recall his resolutions as to y^e speaker, he will be carefull never to engage himself soe far into any party, as not to be at liberty to leave them when he sees them running into things that are unreasonable, for I shall always depend upon his concurring in every thing y^t [that] is good for me and for the publick.

"I hope, when I am at St. James's, I shall see you oftener than I have *don* of late, and that you will *com*, whenever it is easyest to yourself, to her y^t will be glad to see you at any time, and is, with all sincerity, y^{rs} "ANNE, R."

The war, meantime, which was equally brilliant in victory to the British arms both in Spain and Flanders, was carried on beyond the extent of the resources of England. But no comment of biographer or historian can do justice to the absurdity of the contest on which the blood and treasure of England were wasted in the reign of Anne, like unto the despatches of the persons in power at that day. Charles of Austria, it has been shown, had been received by queen Anne at Windsor-castle, and, moreover, placed on the throne of Spain. He was held there by the might of English arms, and the almost supernatural genius for war of lord Peterborough;[2] yet the emperor of Germany, the ungrateful father of the Austrian competitor, absolutely wounded his son's royal benefactress in the tenderest point, by refusing to give her the title of majesty. Much he might have done more injurious to the country of Great Britain, which its queen, in her historical and statistical ignorance, could not have comprehended; but this was a wound which touched Anne to the quick, for the only knowledge she had was regarding the arrangements of rank and

of Apsley, in Sussex, was the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, the son of a loyal family. He was appointed governor of the Royal African company, established by James duke of York, and was governor of his East-India company. Sir Benjamin Bathurst was likewise given by that prince great power in the establishment of his daughter Anne. He was treasurer of her household, and, after her accession, became cofferer. His son, lord Bathurst, surnamed 'the Good,' likewise married into the house of Apsley.—Burke's Peerage.

[1] John Smith was actually chosen speaker of the English parliament that met October 25, 1705.—Parl. Journals, MS.

[2] The lord Monmouth of the preceding volume.

title. Not that she was skilled in the ennobling science of the genealogist and herald, which naturally leads the mind to inquire somewhat into the deeds of those gone before, whose glories are commemorated by pedigree and scutcheon, for her mind dwelt on the mere rags of etiquette, the breadth of ribbons, the length of mantles and width of trains, and worse than all, the sort of wig (then an important part of court-costume) proper to be carried on the heads of her courtiers into her august presence. Let us judge, then, how much the bosom of the royal matron was moved when the emperor, for whose son the war which devastated central Europe had been with difficulty extended to Spain, refused to give her the title of royalty, and that, too, on the eve of an enormous subsidy! Mr. secretary Harley, when writing on this matter to the English envoy at Vienna,[1] thus alludes to the matter: "Lest Mr. Hoffman [the imperial resident-minister] should dress this business in frightful colours, you should be provided with materials to represent the matter of fact rightly. It is as follows: the Sunday before I went to the country, May 13th, count Gallas desired me to procure him an audience with the queen, for he told me 'that he had a *lettre de cachet*[2] to deliver to the queen, wrote with the emperor's own hand.' At his audience, he delivered to the queen the letter written by the emperor, and another from the German chancery, both in Latin, which the queen put into my hand."

Under the veil of Latin, the imperial ministers had prepared this insult to queen Anne, by denying her the title of majesty, and treating her as if she were a petty vassal of the empire. Owing to ignorance, the royal matron innocently took the emperor's letter, and dismissed the bearer with approbation; but when Harley examined the Latin, and found that the emperor's ministers had mentioned the majesty of England merely by the title of "serenity," he thought proper to question Hoffman, when the next German brought imperial missives, "whether his royal mistress was addressed by the title of majesty?"—"No," replied the Austrian envoy. "Then," said secretary Harley, "my queen will not look

[1] Stepney Papers, No. 2, 7059.

[2] Sealed private letter.

upon it."[1] This was proper, but the dignity of the British crown had already been compromised by the ignorant mind and sluggish apprehension of her who wore it. It was not always thus. Former queens-regnant of England would have comprehended the insult at a glance, and returned the arrogant missive to the hand that brought it, with such an exordium in extempore Latin, as would have made the ears of the imperialist tingle for a month. There cannot be a more striking illustration than this incident affords, of the contrast between the lightning intellect of queen Elizabeth, and the dull apprehension of queen Anne.

Since the prosperous accession of queen Anne to the throne of Great Britain, her conscience, and all the affection for her near relatives which had awakened when she stood by the death-bed of her son the duke of Gloucester, had been lulled to sleep. But in the year 1705, a letter was known to pass through the Hague from St. Germains to queen Anne: it contained a beautiful miniature of her young brother. It was ascertained that it reached the queen's hands safely, that she gazed on the picture, and, recognising the strong Stuart resemblance that no one can deny to the expatriated heir, she kissed it, and wept over it piteously.[2] It was verified more touchingly to her by the striking likeness of features and expression to her lost son, the duke of Gloucester. Notwithstanding this access of feeling in her hours of seclusion, Anne, finding that the whig party had carried majorities in the house of commons, complied with the temper of the times, and consented to form her agents of government entirely from their ranks. The duchess of Marlborough drilled her into appointing the Cowpers to places of importance,—a very sore trouble to Anne, since the modes of thinking and acting of both these brothers were little consistent with the usages of any denomination of Christians. The people raised the woful wail of the "church in danger," when they found their queen place the great seal in the hands of sir William Cowper.[3] The following

[1] Stepney Papers; letter of Harley, July 3, 1705.

[2] Lamberty, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8me Siècle, tom. viii. p. 656.

[3] The following note, by sir Walter Scott, casts some light on the disgust the

witty *jeu d'esprit* was handed through the literary coffee-houses in London, and dropped in manuscript in the thoroughfares by night:—

> "When Anna was the church's daughter,
> She did whate'er that mother taught her;
> But now she 's mother to the church,
> She leaves her daughter in the lurch."

From the diary[1] of the new keeper of queen Anne's conscience, curious particulars present themselves of her regnal life, and her mode of performing its duties in the interior of the palace. It seems that sir William Cowper had his doubts whether or not he was appointed wholly against the queen's consent; and as he had driven an unexampled bargain of profit to himself on his appointment, he was naturally desirous to ascertain whether the queen would let him remain long enough to reap the rich fruits of peerage, pension, allowance for equipage, and other goodly profits. To ease his mind, lord Godolphin put into his hands a letter written throughout by the queen to the duke of Marlborough, with the observation, "that as it was penned while lord Godolphin was at Newmarket, it must perforce be the genuine emanation of her mind."—"Her majesty," observes her new lord keeper,[2] very naïvely, "expressed as much concern for the good of her country, as if her letter was intended to be made public,"—a first-rate piece of satire on the patriotism of that era, but apparently mentioned as a simple matter of unbelief in the possibility of such feelings being genuine in any one, and never assumed except-

people felt at these appointments. The tenour of the new lord chancellor's life, and that of his brother, did not promise much regard to the ordinances of the church he was bound by his office to protect. "Some unfortunate stains," observes sir Walter Scott, rather drily, in one of his notes to Swift, "are attached to this *ingenious* family. Lord-chancellor Cowper was branded with bigamy, because he had written a work on plurality of wives, and had, adds Voltaire, actually *two* lady Cowpers in his domestic *régime*. His brother, *the judge*, had previously been tried for the murder of a young woman, one Sarah Stout, whom he had deluded by a feigned marriage, while he had a wife alive. The poor creature, a beautiful young quakeress, was found drowned in a pond, and he was the last person seen in her company, under circumstances of great suspicion."

[1] MSS. among the Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xiv. It is, as far as the author is aware, hitherto inedited.

[2] He was not lord chancellor until two years afterwards. Lord Somers was the actual lord chancellor, but, for some reason, the office had been for many years transacted by a lord keeper of the seal.

ing as a popular grimace. Another clause in the royal letter is, "that *the two lords* had so behaved themselves, that it was impossible for her ever to employ them again;" whereupon the heads of the junta, lords Halifax, Somers, and Godolphin, "expounded" the two misbehaving lords to be, "the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, and the earl of Nottingham."

At noon, the queen was in her closet at Kensington-palace, for the purpose of receiving her new lord keeper; her treasurer, lord Godolphin, went there to prepare her for the interview, leaving the expectant dignitary waiting in the royal bedchamber, which the queen and her prime-minister presently entered, and there the presentation took place, Anne herself making this laconic address to her lord keeper: "I am very well satisfied of your fitness for the office of keeper of the great seal;" and then she personally delivered it to him. When he had made the usual professions of honesty but incapacity, each of which terms should have been reversed, he kneeled down and kissed the queen's hand, asking at the same time "her leave to go out of town, in order to avoid the clamours of solicitation for places in his gift." The same night, being Friday, October 12, 1705, the queen received in council at Kensington his oaths of allegiance and church supremacy, and he does not forget to record that he paid 26*l.* as fees for each oath.[1] Such were the makings of a lord chancellor, or lord keeper, in the days of queen Anne,—a sovereign who has only been removed by one personal link from human memory in the present day.

Lest our readers should imagine that the writer is guilty of that hateful trope, an historical paradox, the solution of this seeming enigma is here offered, showing over what a wide space of history human life may be extended. Queen Anne, it is well known, not only spoke to the great Dr. Johnson, but, as already recorded, touched him when a boy for his woful affliction of king's evil; now many persons at present in existence have heard the late Eleanor, dowager-countess of Cork, dilate on her favourite topic of her conversations with her friend Dr. Johnson. Thus there was, very lately, a living link between

[1] Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum.

the present generation and the person to whom queen Anne had spoken, and even touched; but, oh! how many armies, fleets, heroes, orators, statesmen, and even dynasties of sovereigns have passed away during those two long lives, which thus mysteriously linked the breathing present with the silent historical past.

The queen received the personal services of her new lord keeper the next Sunday, being October 14, when he marched before her from the palace of St. James to the chapel; and he adds, "A little before anthem finished, I went up after sermon to her closet, and so returned before her to her *lodgings* again,"—meaning the suite of private apartments in the palace, where her majesty usually resided. There was an important meeting a few days afterwards of the whig junta, of which Halifax, who did not even affect to believe in Christianity, was the presiding spirit; the object was (now they thought the foot of power was upon the neck of our church) to alter her prayers and ordinances to suit *their* views. "In the evening," says the lord keeper, who was to be one of the principal instruments of this rending and dislocating, "I visited with my lord Halifax, and met the duchess of Marlborough, who declined all acknowledgment I offered of thanks for my advancement; and waiving that talk, went on to other subjects, and in the whole, expressed herself very averse from the high church."[1] She could not have poured her detestation into more willing ears than those of this creature of her advancement, since he notes "taking the sacrament, as a test to *qualify* him for his office." Never did a period look darker for the church: on whichever side, destruction seemed at hand. There were few in the places of her dignitaries but had been professors of some species of dissent. The queen's husband was a dissenter, and, it was supposed, no very warm friend to the establishment; her acknowledged favourite and ruler, the violent duchess, loudly proclaimed her hatred to the church of England, and she headed a mighty band of avowed freethinkers, then in power; the queen herself was harbouring resentfully some affront from the plain-speaking of her uncle,

[1] Cowper MS. Diary; Brit. Museum.

and her favourite was helping her "nurse her wrath to keep it warm." When all these circumstances are considered, the cry of the people of England, who watched the proceeding of the court with angry jealousy, that "the church was in danger," seems not so unfounded as the historians of the times would make us believe. But that cry had some effect on the enemies of the church; they might deface and sap, but they were forced to leave the venerable fabric standing. "At night," says the new lord keeper, "I visited the prince of Denmark at Kensington, whose compliment to me was, 'that he was glad the queen had made so good a choice for the great seal.' I assured him 'none was more devoted to his service, both because he was always in the *true interest* of England, and also for that I knew there was no surer way to render my poor services acceptable to her majesty than in my being first accepted by himself.'"[1] Lord chief-justice Holt came forward to exonerate himself to lord-keeper Cowper from the prevailing report, that he had warmly remonstrated with the queen against his advancement.

The diary of the lord keeper plainly shows the queen exercising the royal functions of disposing, not only of the dignities, but of the livings and benefices of the church that were in the appointment of the crown, according to the dictates of her conscience. Her own letters, and those of the duchess of Marlborough, affirm the same fact. Whether the exercise of this power be best entrusted to the will of the sovereign, or regulated by an ecclesiastical commission of bishops appointed by the crown, as in the reigns of the first Anglo-Stuarts, or, as of old, by elective powers of the church herself, with the temporal dignities and emoluments anciently granted by the crown, is no vocation of ours to declare; but only to say, that on whomsoever this mighty and onerous duty devolves, there should the responsibility rest. Queen Anne had not only the responsibility of this department of her high functions, but positively and virtually exercised it. The proof is from the manuscript of this lord keeper, as follows: "Sunday, March 21. Waited on the queen: walked before her to chapel [St. James's]

[1] Cowper MS. Diary; Brit. Museum.

the second time. Cabinet council at six at night; I spoke the first time in council. At the said council the queen desired that her speech might be prepared, which the secretary was ordered to do.[1] After which the queen withdrew, and I was admitted into her bedchamber; and there I laid before her two livings for which presentations were desired, which she received very kindly, and said 'she would discourse with me further next opportunity.'" Here the decision is plainly left to the communings of the queen's own thoughts, and many a quarrel afterwards ensued between her majesty and her furious favourite, the duchess of Marlborough, on account of the slowness of the royal resolve[2] in appointing such churchmen as the predominant junta prompted to her. Far astray from her functions as mistress of the robes, or groom of the stole, did this bold woman go, when she dared to open her lips to dictate to her mistress the appointments in the church. In the fits of irresolution under which the poor queen laboured, the upstart tyrant would enter her presence with a flouncing swing, and quicken her majesty's determination with the somewhat vulgar exclamation of, "Lord, madam! it *must* be so."[3]

The queen opened her parliament, after her speech had passed the consultations of several cabinet councils, and been deemed fitting for the occasion. It must have been a very remarkable one, although the passages recorded in it by her lord keeper have escaped the attention of the historians of her reign: "She promised her people 'to take care of the church;' at which clause the lord mayor, sir Thomas Rawlinson, at his

[1] Here occurs a curious marginal note by lord Hardwicke, explanatory of this custom and the usages of royalty. "I believe," says the MS. of lord Hardwicke, "that function, viz. writing the royal speech, having been long in the great seal, is *reverted back* to the secretaries of state." "Reverted back" means, if any thing, that the secretaries of state are considered as the *royal private secretaries*, for as such alone could they have prepared the speeches of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth. Perhaps in the middle ages, the lord chancellors (always churchmen) prepared the speeches of the English sovereign: hence the phrase, "keeper of the king's conscience."

[2] Two letters from the duchess of Marlborough, and one from the queen on this subject; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. Likewise various passages, (much modified in print,) throughout the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Scott's Swift; the information from eye-witnesses, Harley and Abigail Masham, and probably lady Winchelsea and the duchess of Ormonde.

dinner-table jeered before the lord keeper, a few days after,[1] her majesty's expressions not pleasing him." Queen Anne likewise spoke "of calumnies afloat regarding herself."[2] On these calumnies Dr. Stanhope, preaching before the queen, made her a most extraordinary address from the pulpit, "persuading her to bear the slander taken notice of in her last speech, with Christian patience; and he spoke with *smartness* [sharpness] against it at the same time. 'Twas thought, some months before, he would not have preached such sermons," adds the lord keeper.[3] Stanhope was not likely to please the lord keeper; he had been long a nonjuror, and was now one of the most powerful writers in the reformed church of England. The old roundhead epithet, "malignant party," is, in the ensuing page, applied by the new lord keeper to those anxious to preserve the liturgies and observances of the church of England.

Cowper attended divine service at Westminster-abbey as "speaker of the house of lords." He mentions the fact of the offertory for the poor distinct from other contributions. His words are, "I gave at *the basin* one guinea, and silver to the poor." This was one of the usages his party was earnest to alter, and which they contrived to bring into disuse in the days of George I. Of course, the influence the dispensation of this charity gave the regular clergy was great. The queen's privilege of disposing of the livings, according to his preceding narrative, was, in a very few days, carped at by her new lord keeper, who thus describes a discussion between himself and the conforming archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tennison, "about," lord-keeper Cowper says, "disposing the livings in *my* gift; and I have promised the queen 'to present as she directed in all the valuable ones.' The archbishop said 'he feared it would be under worse management than when under the late keeper's servants, by the importunity of the women and hangers-on at court;' and promised to endeavour, with me, to get that matter in a better train."[4]

[1] Cowper Diary. Coxe's MSS.; Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Cowper's Diary. In common justice to queen Anne, whose resistance to the disposal of livings by her state-ministers drew on her the furious abuse of the

Queen Anne has spared her biographer the trouble of either discussing or vindicating her from this ill-natured charge by these two dignitaries. In her reply to their agent, the duchess of Marlborough, her majesty fully exonerates herself from the charge of listening to the advice of her female servants on the disposal of church preferments; indeed, it seems that this presumptuous *parvenue* was the *only* one "among her women" who dared open her lips on a subject so utterly unbecoming her station and vocation.

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

"I had the satisfaction last night of hearing from my dear Mrs. Freeman, by my lord Fitz[harding], and should have thanked you for it then, but that I did not receive it till after I came from taking the air, which was too late to begin to write before I went to supper, and afterwards it is not really easy for me to do it. I cannot say so much to you as I would, but must answer *that part of your last letter* that concerns *my lord keeper and his livings.* I have a very good opinion of him, and would depend upon his recommendation on any occasion sooner than on most people's. But as to this particular, I think the crown can never have too many livings at its disposal, and therefore, though there may be some trouble

duchess of Marlborough and all her party, and a succession of historians to the present age, a glance ought to be given at the working of the system when, subsequently, crown patronage was successfully wrested out of the hands of the sovereign, and placed in those of the lord chancellor for the time being, as it has remained for the last hundred and thirty years. While the Diary of lord-chancellor Cowper was being incorporated into this biography, the clerical nephew of a late lord chancellor has departed this life, possessed of a rectory valued by some at 3000*l.*, by others at 2127*l.* per annum; a prebendary of upwards of 600*l.*, another rectory worth upwards of 500*l.*, another upwards of 500*l.*, a vicarage worth nearly 200*l.* The utmost research has not been able to furnish an instance of so unequal a distribution of the livings of the church made by the sovereigns of England in the seventeenth century, or by the ecclesiastical commissioners, (whom they authorized in the place of the more apostolic elections of the primitive church,) or even by the veto of queen Anne herself. And if such grasping appropriations took place within the memory of man, when advances have been made towards a better order of things by the improving rectitude of public feeling, what must they have been under the corrupt sir Robert Walpole, who nominated the dissenter-bred Secker to Canterbury, and the pirate Blackburne to York? The son of the man (sir Robert Walpole) who made these prelates, is the witness giving them characters appalling to humanity; such censure being, *if true,* the severest reproach to a father, of whose fame he is sedulously jealous.—Memoirs of the Reign of George II., with Notes by the late lord Holland, vol. i. pp. 65, 87, 347. Contrary facts may be quoted, to the honour of the reformed church of England, in the conduct of the clergy bred under her guidance previous to the Revolution. The noble pecuniary sacrifices of Sancroft and Barrow towards amplifying wretched livings, the resistance of Dr. Hooper, when tempted by queen Mary II. to entangle himself with pluralities, and the apostolic attention of Ken to the miserable victims of the Monmouth rebellion, are instances familiar to the readers of this work.

[1] Coxe's MS. Papers, vol. xlv. f. 1.

in it, it is a power I can never think reasonable to part with; and I hope that those that come after me will be of the same mind. I own I have been very much to blame in being so long in disposing of those livings; but when these are filled up, there shall be no more complaints of me on that account. You wrong me very much in thinking I am influenced by some you mention in disposing of church preferments. Ask those whom I am sure you will believe, though you won't me, and they can tell you I never disposed of any without advising with them, and that I have preferred more people upon others' recommendations than I have upon his, that you fancy to have so much power with me. You have reason to wonder there *is* no more changes made yet; but I hope, in a little time, Mr. Morley [prince George] and I shall redeem our credit with you, at least in that matter, which now is all that I can trouble my dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that her poor unfortunate Morley will be *faith*fully yours to her last moment."

(*Remark by the duchess, as endorsement.*)

"The letter was in answer to one I had writ, to tell her *not to be so long before she disposed of the livings to the clergy*; adding, how safely she might put power into the hands of such a man as my lord Cowper."

There are hints in the following letter, as if the smothered warfare was in the act of breaking into open hostilities between the queen and her favourite, who appears to have checked the slightest indication of forgetfulness in minute points of observance, not only as due to herself, but to the various connexions which she had made her own by the marriage of her daughters. Prince George was the offending party in the remonstrance she had addressed to queen Anne, which is not forthcoming like the queen's humble apology :—

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

[*Date, after* 1705.]

"I am very sorry my lord treasurer's [Godolphin] cold is so bad, and I will be sure to speak to the prince to command all his servants to do their duty. If they do not obey him, I am sure they do not deserve to be any longer so, and I shall use my endeavours that they may not; but I hope they will not be such *villians*, and if they do not do what they ought, I am certain it will be none of the prince's *falt*. I am in such haste I can say no more, but that I am very sorry dear Mrs. Freeman will be so unkind as not to come to her poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, who loves her sincerely, and will do so to her last moment."

Curious council scenes, recorded by the pen of the lord-keeper Cowper, or by the queen's private chaplain, Dr. Birch, now and then occur among other discussions relative to the interference of England in an insurrection of the Protestants in the Cevennes, which took place in the spring of 1706. The queen's council disputed fiercely, whether her majesty (at the same time she accepted their aid) was not to call them

[1] Coxe's Papers, inedited hitherto; vol. xlv. f. 147.

rebels? and it was only carried by one vote that this courteous epithet was not applied to these new allies. The queen herself, it may be gathered, was not so uncivilly disposed to the Cevennois, since a very grave nobleman was heard to reply to some remarks she made at the council-board, "What! will your majesty assist rebels?"[1] The queen, with the French Protestants in that district, unfortunately gained the aid of a man who may, in every respect, be considered the most thorough specimen of a "*mauvais sujet*" that ever renounced his country; this was the terrific sinner, abbot Guiscard, whose exploits as an assassin, some time subsequently, filled England with consternation, and actually brought danger nearer to the queen's person than she had ever before experienced.

On one point general historians are by no means agreed, which is, whether the Protestant heiress of the British crown, the princess Sophia, manifested any eager desire of encouraging her partisans in England to make the reigning queen uneasy? There is much contradiction among the letters and statements of the three struggling parties; but the result of the inquiry is, that the conduct of the princess Sophia was unexceptionable, as it had ever been. The following extract from the journal of lord-keeper Cowper gives the official answer of the princess to all the invitations which had been agitated by the Hanoverian tories during the winter of 1704, and the succeeding summer. "At the queen's cabinet council, Sunday, November 11, 1705. Foreign letters read in her majesty's presence: the substance remarkable. That at Hanover was a person, agent from the discontented party here, to invite over the princess Sophia and the electoral prince [George II.] into England, assuring them that a party here was ready to propose it. That the princess Sophia had caused the said person to be acquainted, 'that she judged the message came from such as were enemies to her family; that she would never hearken to such a proposal but when it came from the queen of England herself;' and, withal, she had discouraged the attempt so much, that it was believed nothing more would be

[1] Birch MSS., 4221, art. 6.

said in it."[1] The moderate and humane conduct of the princess Sophia,—conduct which the irrefragable evidence of events proved was sincere and true, did not mollify the burning jealousy of queen Anne. If we may believe the correspondence of the Jacobite writer, Dr. Davenant, angry letters were written by queen Anne to the princess Sophia, who, knowing how little she had deserved them, and being of a high spirit, retorted with displeasure, yet did not alter the intrinsic integrity of her conduct.[2] The duchess of Marlborough was reckless in her abuse of the Protestant heiress,[3] and it is certain, by her letters, that she worked on the mind of the queen with all her might, to keep up her jealousy and alarm regarding the advent of her high-minded cousin Sophia. A running fire of angry correspondence was actually kept up between the queen and the princess Sophia, from March 5, 1705. It was renewed at every violent political agitation, until we shall see the scene of this world's glory close almost simultaneously on both the royal kinswomen.

Queen Anne, like all her ancestors since the days of Henry V., was served upon the knee on occasions of state.[4] Exceptions were pointed out when this ceremonial was dispensed with in her domestic life, the authority being Abigail Hill, (then lady Masham,)[5] who supplied Mrs. Howard, bedchamber woman to queen Caroline, consort of George II., with a programme of the palace routine of the English queens-regnant. Abigail shows that, in some degree, like the attendants of the queens of France, the bedchamber woman transferred her service to any lady of rank who happened to make her *entrée* at the royal toilette. The bedchamber woman came into waiting before the queen's prayers; and before her

[1] Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe's Papers; Brit. Museum.

[2] Stepney Papers; letters of Dr. Davenant of that date.

[3] MSS. of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

[4] Such appears to have been the custom of the English royal family, introduced from the era when Henry V. was partially recognised as *suzerain* of France, after his entry of Paris and marriage with the French princess. The illuminated MSS., representing the courts of the earlier Plantagenets, give no indication of any such custom.

[5] Letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to Mrs. Howard, afterwards countess of Suffolk, written from lady Masham's dictation.—Suffolk Correspondence.

majesty rose, if any lady of the bedchamber was present, the bedchamber woman handed her the queen's linen, and the lady put it on her majesty. Every time the queen dressed in the course of the day, her habiliments made the same formal progress from hand to hand. The princesses of the blood in France had the privilege of passing their queen's garments from one to the other, till the princess of the highest rank came to clothe her majesty, who has been known to stand shivering in the midst of the circle of her ladies while the most needful articles of apparel were travelling round the room from one noble or princely dame to another, according to the rigour of precedency. Queen Anne was somewhat less tormented with these transfers than were the queens of France; her fan, it is true, made rather a circuitous progress before it came safely to her royal hand. "When the queen washed her hands, her page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side-table a bason and ewer. Then the bedchamber woman placed it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the queen, the lady of the bedchamber only looking on. The bedchamber woman poured the water out of the ewer on the queen's hands. The bedchamber woman pulled on the queen's gloves when her majesty could not do it herself," which was often the case, owing to her infirmity of gout. It will be remembered, that in the performance of this duty, the chain that so long bound queen Anne to the imperious dame of Marlborough was accidentally reft and broken. "The page of the backstairs," proceeds Abigail, "was always called to put on the queen's shoes. When queen Anne dined in public, the page reached the glass to her bedchamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting." In due time it arrived at the lips of royalty. "The bedchamber woman brought her majesty's chocolate, and," observes Abigail, "gave it to the queen *without kneeling*." In fact, the chocolate was taken by queen Anne in the privacy of her chamber, and just previously to lying down to repose, this too-nourishing supper tending greatly to increase the obesity of the royal matron. The royal dinner-hour was exactly at three, and both the queen and prince George manifested no little uneasiness if ministers of

state intruded upon that time. At six o'clock was the usual hour for the queen's councils. On Sunday evening the most important cabinet councils were held. The queen usually ate a heavy supper, and it may be seen, by her recently quoted letter, that writing after that meal was "not easy" to her. At the public dinners, when royalty admitted the loving lieges of their commonalty to look on, solemn etiquette was observed, first introduced by the Lancastrian kings, and even amplified by the Tudors.[1] Such usages were first altered by the kings of the Hanoverian line, according to the following notation of Defoe.[2] "Charles II., James II., William, Mary, and Anne, whenever they dined in public, received their wine on the knee from a man of the first quality, lord of the bedchamber in waiting; and even when they washed their hands, that lord on his knee held the bason. But king George hath entirely altered that, as he dines privately at St. James's."

Lord-keeper Cowper has left several notices of queen Anne's proceedings at council. "When the queen came into the cabinet council, she sent the secretary two letters to read, one from the king of Spain, the other from lord Peterborough," who was then prosecuting the succession-war in Spain, with small resources, yet in a manner that almost rivalled the military glory of Marlborough. Each party had his hero, and duly depreciated all that was done by the other. Small were the lasting results that arose from the vaunted victories of either. It was the custom for the queen to bring the letters she received from foreign potentates on affairs of state to her cabinet council, and send them to the secretary of state to read aloud. Sometimes a little embarrassment took place; for instance, one evening, when a rather curious letter from lord Raby, the queen's resident-minister at Berlin, was read, he observes, "that the old king of Prussia, surnamed 'the Corporal,' had drunk with him 'Confusion to those who first deserted the allied powers against France,'—a strong assurance," adds lord Cowper,[3] drily, "from a German prince." The queen's con-

[1] Despatches of La Motte Fenelon, who says the people fell on their knees er way the queen looked. [2] A Journey through England.
[3] Cowper MS. Diary; Brit. Museum.

sort, prince George of Denmark, being then sitting at the council-table, the next letter unfortunately alluded to him: "it was a despatch from Copenhagen, complaining 'that the king of Denmark was pushed on by prince George, his uncle, to insist on some injurious arrangement concerning Lubeck, on account of the narrowness of the prince's continental estate.' When the secretary came to this awkward passage, his only resource was to read it so low, that the prince of Denmark, although sitting by, could not hear it."[1] Another of the interior scenes of queen Anne's government was, pricking the sheriffs at the privy council. "The queen being present, the lord keeper handed the roll to the clerk of the council, who stood by the queen, and read over aloud the gentlemen named for the counties in order. If no lord in the privy council objected, her majesty usually pricked the first name of the three."[2] Such ceremonial clearly referred to the times when the possessor of the royal power could not write, and, moreover, decided by a species of chance-medley out of the three names presented, as if either were equally in favour or eligible; therefore no affront was involved in the preference. After the regal part of this singular ceremony was concluded, the roll was handed by the clerk to the lord keeper, and the "riding six-clerk"[3] came to that dignitary for it "to make the patents by." In those stormy times, this document was sometimes mysteriously missing or made away with when wanting for official purposes, on which account the former lord keeper always obliged the "riding-clerk" to give him a receipt[4] for the roll her majesty had pricked. The state machinery in this department was not always effective, and alterations were occasionally needed; these were effected by the queen writing with her own hand "*Vacatur*" on the side of the roll, against any objectionable name which she might have pricked. She then pricked another of the two remaining, or if reasons had come to light that neither of the three were eligible for sheriffs, the queen, with her own hand, inserted a fourth name. Such revision

[1] Cowper MS. Diary; Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.
[3] So written by lord Cowper. [4] Ibid.

was found needful in 1705, eight or nine days subsequently to the first ceremony, and was still further carried on early in the new year. "The queen, Saturday, January 5, 1705-6, having a mind to alter the sheriff of Stafford, appointed a council, but could not come, being hindered by the gout; the council and clerks were therefore admitted into her bedchamber, or closet, where she lay on a couch, and there she writ the new sheriff's name on the roll."[1] Throughout that month, cabinet councils were noted as held in the queen's bedchamber, or in the closet, where she was confined to her couch with the gout. "On one of these occasions," says lord-keeper Cowper, "I was alone with the queen in her closet. She asked me 'to propose a judge for England, and a chief-baron for Ireland.' I said that 'I understood her majesty had *reduced* her thoughts to two, sir John Hawles and Mr. Dormer.'—'Yes,' replied the queen. 'Yet lately I have had reason not to have so good an opinion of sir John Hawles;' meaning, I suppose, (adds lord Cowper,) 'his late foolish speech for the clause against offices[2] in the house of commons.' As to the Irish chief-baron, I stated to the queen 'the difficulty of procuring a fit man;' and told her it was the interest of England to send over as many magistrates thither as possible from hence, *that* being the best means of preserving the dependency of Ireland on England." The observation will not be lost, for even under the Tudors and Stuarts, men who had some share in the native blood of Ireland, and consequently some feeling for her miseries, were permitted to govern her. The Fitzgeralds, the Eustaces, the Talbots, the Butlers, those noble Norman-Hibernian lines were invested now and then with power in the government of their native land, even by the jealous Henry VIII. A new system arose with William III., and the dialogue between queen Anne and the lord keeper of her conscience is curiously illustrative of it, reminding one irresistibly of the refrain of some old Jacobite song,

[1] Cowper MS. Diary; Brit. Museum.

[2] The changes of the times had produced some anomalies which the people did not like; scarcely a member sat in the house of commons who was not an officer either in the army or navy. Like one of the parliaments under king William, it was called 'the officers' parliament.'

which, enumerating sarcastically the care queen Anne took of Ireland, says—

"She sends us our *judges*, our bishops, our deans,
And better she'd give us, if *better* she had!"[1]

Slight as was the share of power of any kind enjoyed by queen Anne, she took fire at the idea presented to her of the independence of Ireland, slily suggested by her cunning lord keeper, and rejoined, in the phraseology peculiar to herself, "I understand that they [the Irish] have a mind to be independent, but that they shall *not*."[2] In all probability, the "independence" discussed in this notable historical dialogue was merely that of the Irish parliament, which, by an iniquitous ordinance called 'Poyning law,' had, in the time of queen Elizabeth, been subjected in all its acts to the dictation of the English privy council. About ten days afterwards the queen received Mr. Dormer, and gave him her hand to kiss on his appointment to the judge's place; but her majesty seems to have persisted in her objections to the chief-justice for Ireland.

It is just possible that her new lord keeper, on reading over his last notation on the arcana of government as transacted between himself and his royal mistress, thought that he was betraying too far the secrets of the prison-house even to his private note-book, since he declares "he must break off, for he has sore eyes;" and that if he begins again, he must put his journal into short method—perhaps shorthand, which in fact made it as illegible to most readers as if written in the Greek character, or in regular cypher. It is evident, from many expressions in the Cowper diary, that there was a scheme in agitation between the conforming archbishop of Canterbury, Tennison, the lord keeper, and the duchess of Marlborough to alter the English liturgy, which providentially never took place; probably the following dateless autograph letter of queen Anne was written while this scheme was in course of agitation:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.[3]

"MY LORD, "Tuesday." (No date.)

"This is to desire you would do me the favour, on Tuesday morning about

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[1] Jacobite Relics; Appendix. [2] Cowper MS. Diary.

[3] From Lambeth-palace library, 941, f. 66; a holograph, but copied from a transcript in Brit. Museum.

eleven, to bring me the alteration that is to be made in the Common-Prayer, which you are to lay before the great-council [privy council] that day, because I should be glad to see it before it comes thither.

"I am, your very affectionate friend,

"ANNE, R."

Endorsed—"For the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Another great victory having been won by the duke of Marlborough at Ramilies, Whit-Sunday, 1706, another splendid thanksgiving-procession was made by the queen to St. Paul's. Lord Peterborough threw up his command in Spain the same summer: he was succeeded by one of William III.'s naturalized military colony, who, in a few weeks, lost the battle of Almanza, as lord Peterborough predicted he would.[1]

In the course of the contests regarding the nomination of her son-in-law, lord Sunderland, to the important offices of lord privy-seal and, soon after, secretary of state, the duchess of Marlborough treated the queen with unexampled insolence, such as probably was never used, even by the mighty Gallican nobles called 'mayors of the palace' to their wretched *rois fainéants* of the Merovingian or Carlovingian dynasties. The immediate dispute between the queen and her tyrant arose from Anne's long reluctance to appoint the son-in-law of her female *maire du palais* to the most responsible offices in the English government, every other appointment being already crowded with the Marlborough relatives. Whatsoever sympathy the world in general may feel with the duchess of Marlborough when she taunts her royal mistress with the misfortunes of her family, and above all, with those of her father, James II., it ought to be remembered that it was the

[1] Lord Peterborough, in his letter to admiral Wassanaer, August 23, 1706, positively affirms, that after two months' incessant urging, nothing could induce Charles of Austria to advance to Madrid and seize the crown of Spain, which the British arms had conquered for him. The letters of Peterborough, (Stepney MSS. Brit. Museum,) describing the personal impracticability of the German candidate for the crown of Spain, and the utter uselessness of the blood and conquests wasted for him, elicited from Marlborough, in a letter to Godolphin, some remarks written with as much spitefulness against Peterborough as the systematic smoothness of Marlborough permitted him to display. Marlborough names the Hanoverian tory party in the correspondence alluded to the *new party*, and, without entering further into the dull and intricate details of the whigs and tories of the reign of Anne, the faction of Marlborough, Sunderland, and Godolphin, whose principle it was to carry on a war for ever, and the faction of Harley, Peterborough, and Bolingbroke, who more reasonably wished to make peace, may be l from after this period in 1706.

boundless indulgence of the latter, and his misplaced trust in Sarah and her husband, that were the immediate causes of the misfortunes with which she reproaches his daughter, who was at the same time a partner in her guilt. Moreover, the queen was in the right respecting the wisdom and justice of the question, even as it regarded the public weal. It was injurious to the cause of the people at large that the greatest offices of state should be monopolized by *one* family; commander-in-chief, lord treasurer, secretaries of state,—all filled by Marlborough, his sons-in-law, and the father of another son-in-law. Their connexions, meantime, appropriated all lucrative offices, and the daughters formed a phalanx of ladies of the bedchamber round the queen; while the imperious mother, as mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, was supreme over the palace officials, and even royalty itself.

Queen Anne was likewise right in her antipathy to investing lord Sunderland with great power; his enormous defalcations, a few years afterwards, proved but too well that he was best at a distance from the temptation of money.[1] Moreover, lord Sunderland resolved to fill whatsoever bishoprics fell vacant according to his own pleasure. Now, lord Sunderland affected not to belong to any denomination of Christianity; can the unhappy queen be blamed if she resisted, to the utmost of her power, the appointment of prelates who suited the ideas or interest of such a man? As the following odious letter was written by this person's mother-in-law instead of going to church one Sunday morning, just at the time of the strong resistance of the queen to appoint lord Sunderland her secretary of state, it may be presumed that resistance was the matter in dispute. The manner in which the palace despot speaks to her queen of "Mrs. Morley's post," and "Mrs. Morley's *place*,"—meaning the regal functions, was scarcely exceeded by the verbal indignities of the French revolutionists in the most calamitous days of Louis XVI. It is certain that, in the present century, few gentlewomen born and bred would address the post-mistress of their village with phrases equally

[1] See lord Mahon's brilliant History of England after the Peace of Utrecht, especially his narrative of the South-Sea bubble.

discourteous. Oh! how the iron must have entered into the soul of the unhappy queen-regnant of Great Britain, as she recalled the days when she permitted the lowering *aliases* of Morley and Freeman to be used in her correspondence with her climbing bedchamber woman. Those names, under which the reader has seen her carry on the darkest intrigues of her ambitious youth, were now her most venomous scourges.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"Sunday morning, October 20, 1706.

"I must, in the first place, beg leave to remind *you* of the name of *Mrs. Morley*, and of your faithful Freeman, because without that help I shall not be well able to bring out what I have to say, 'tis so awkward to write any thing of this kind in the style of an address, tho' none, I am sure, ever came from a purer heart,[2] nor can be the tenth part so serviceable to *you* if you please; because *they* [query, an address] are generally meant for compliment, which people in *Mrs. Morley's post* never want, though very often it turns to their own prejudice. What I have to say is of another nature. I will tell *you* the greatest truths in the world, which seldom succeed with any body so well as flattery.

"Ever since I received the enclosed letter from Mr. Freeman, [the duke of Marlborough,] I have been in dispute with myself whether I should send it to Mrs. Morley or not, because his opinion is no news to *you*, and after the great discouragements I have met with—*only* for being faithful to *you*, I concluded it was to no manner of purpose to trouble *you* any more. But reading the letter over and over, and finding that he [the duke of Marlborough] is convinced he must quit Mrs. Morley's service, if she will not be made sensible of the condition she is in, I have at last resolved to send it *you*; and *you* will see by it how full of gratitude Mr. Freeman [the duke of Marlborough] is by his expressions, which were never meant for Mrs. Morley [queen Anne] to see. He is resolved to venture his life and fortune whenever it can be of any use to *you*; and upon recalling every thing to my memory that may fill my heart with all that passion and tenderness I had *once* for Mrs. Morley, I do solemnly protest I think I can no ways return what I owe her so well as by being plain and honest. As one mark of it, I desire *you* would reflect whether *you* have never heard that the greatest misfortunes that *has* ever happened to any of *your* family has not been occasioned by having ill advice, and an obstinacy in their tempers? . . . ."

And here follow three lines, which the duchess or some person, out of alarm at their contents, has expunged. It ought to be remembered that the motive of this insolent attack was neither regarding any tyranny nor rapacity intended by the queen, but only because she manifested reluctance at putting the entire power of her government in the hands of *one family*,

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, published by Colburn; second edition, 1838, vol. i. p. 71.

[2] The self-praise in which the duchess of Marlborough always indulges when she is about to be more than usually insolent to her benefactress, is a characteristic feature in her correspondence.

—reluctance worthy of a constitutional queen. Thus it was pure self-interest that excited the manifestation of the "plainness and honesty" of which the duchess makes such a remarkable parade. Still taunting the queen with the misfortunes of her ancestors, this *disinterested* patriot continues,—

"Though 'tis likely nobody has ever spoken throughly to *you* on those *just* misfortunes, I fear there is reason to apprehend there is nothing of this in the case of Mrs. Morley, since she has never been able to answer any argument, *or to say any thing that has the least colour of reason in it*, and yet will not be advised by those that have given the greatest demonstrations imaginable of being in her interest. I can remember a time when *she* was willing to take advice, and loved those who spoke freely to her, and that is *not five years ago*;[1] and is it possible that, when *you* seriously reflect, *you* can do the business upon your hands without it? Can flatteries in so short a time have such a power? Or can you think it is safer to take it [advice] from those *you* have little or no experience of, than of those who have raised your glory higher than was ever expected? And let people talk what they please of luck, I am persuaded that whoever governs with the best sense, will be the most fortunate of princes."

This is an incontrovertible apothegm, but not *à-propos* to the point the writer was wrangling to gain; namely, the appointment of her son-in-law to a place of enormous power and profit. It is no manifestation of good sense in a monarch to suffer one grasping family to monopolize every place in an administration.

"I am sure this letter will surprise Mrs. Morley, who, I believe, was in hopes she had got quite rid of me, and should never have heard from me again on any such subject; but instead of that, I have ventured to tell *you* you have a fault. There is no perfection in this world, and whoever will be honest upon that subject, does one in Mrs. Morley's circumstances more service than in venturing a hundred lives for her; and if I had as many, I am sure I could freely hazard them all, to convince her (though I am used as I don't care to repeat) that she never had a more faithful servant.

"I beg *you* will let me have this letter again, as well as Mr. Freeman's, [the duke of Marlborough's letter, enclosed,] because I have some reason to think Mrs. Morley will dislike this letter, as she has done many not written with quite so much freedom, and will accuse me to the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin,[2] without saying what is my fault, which has often been done; and having no copy of this letter, I would have it to show them in my own vindication."

It seems extraordinary why the duchess did not take the trouble of keeping a copy of her letter, instead of ordering her sovereign, whose domestic she then was, to return her this

[1] It may be observed how chronologically exact the duchess is regarding the change she had observed in the queen's affections, the reason of which she in vain tormented herself to divine, but which certainly arose from the scene of the gloves.

[2] The duchess uses the cant names Mr. Freeman and Mr. Montgomery, for the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin, and sometimes their own titles in the same letter, which injures its perspicuity.

unique epistle after being favoured with its perusal, a proceeding which certainly stands alone in the history of royal correspondence. She proceeds with a flow of her usual enthusiastic praises of her own excellences when she contemplates her conduct to the queen:—

"For nothing *sets* so heavy upon me as to be thought in the wrong by Mrs. Morley, *who I have made the best return to that any mortal ever did.* And what I have done has rarely been seen but upon a stage, every body having some weakness or passion, which is generally watched or humoured *in Mrs. Morley's place*, most people liking better to do themselves good, than really to serve another; but I have more satisfaction in losing Mrs. Morley's favour upon that principle, than any mercenary courtier ever had in the greatest riches that *has* been given, and though I can't preserve your kindness, you can't hinder me from endeavouring to deserve it by all the ways that are in my power."

Endorsed by the duchess—"My letter to Mrs. Morley, which you should read before you read hers."

Would not any one, who had not traced the rise and beginnings of the writer of this letter, suppose that her pure and virtuous mind was "like a star, and dwelt apart," far from the "practices of mercenary courtiers?" And yet she and "her Mr. Freeman" had contrived to appropriate, by means honest and dishonest, the mighty income of upwards of 90,000*l.* of public money,—nearly a tenth of the whole revenue (contested as it was) with which Charles I. carried on the government of his kingdoms without incurring a national debt. No wonder an economical ruler was considered guilty of "just misfortunes" in the eyes of "defaulters of untold millions."

The queen's actual answer to this assertion of all the disinterested virtues, on occasion of a contest for a shameless monopoly of interest, has not been discovered. The result was, however, that her arrogant palace-despot gained her ends, and her son-in-law was, to the queen's grief, appointed secretary of state; and what gave Anne infinitely more anguish, she was coerced into appointing a bishop of Norwich (his tutor in his religious principles, such as they were) at *his* dictation.[1]

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 175. A contemporary historian, Cunningham, when unveiling the proceedings of Sunderland, the father, during his exile in Holland at the Revolution, declares "that he gave his son into the care of Trimnel, a pious clergyman in Holland, to be instructed in the laws and *religion* of the Dutch republic."—Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain, book ii. p. 97. Thus the new bishop of Norwich, the *tutor* of a professed freethinker, was a professor of instruction in the *Dutch* dissent, although *forced* domination over the clergy of the church of England.

The unfortunate queen suffered agonies of mind at this juncture. Her tears and agitation just preceding the crisis had actually touched the heart of one of the family junta,—her old servant, Godolphin, who pleaded the cause of their royal mistress in vain to her pitiless tyrant. Few persons could have written a letter of such uncompromising insolence to any one, after the following picture had been drawn by Godolphin.[1] "You chide me for being touched with the condition in which I saw the queen: you would have been so too, if you had seen the same sight I did. But what troubles me most in all the affair is, that one can't find any way of making her sensible of her mistakes, for I am sure she thinks herself entirely in the right." The whole junta were utterly at fault to imagine in whom the queen reposed the confidence she had withdrawn from the duchess of Marlborough, who actually suspected George Churchill, the favourite of prince George of Denmark, of being the confidential adviser of the queen. Her husband, however, exonerated his brother by writing to her these remarkable words:[2] "I cannot but think you lay a great deal more to George Churchill's charge than he deserves; for the queen has no good opinion of him, nor ever speaks to him."

The poor queen had scarcely taken breath after the letter of the duchess, wherein the anticipation of disappointed ambition and interest vented itself under the assumption of tainted patriotism, when her torments were varied by the high-minded stateswoman,—the judge of erring dynasties, and hurler of judgments against her immediate benefactors, plunging, direct from her altitudes, into the midst of an insurrection of palace-chambermaids concerning—old clothes. As the particulars of this dispute are only recorded by the duchess's own pen, the facts can scarcely be considered as represented unfavourably to herself. From her narrative on this absurd subject may be gathered, that the queen was deeply offended by her previous conduct, and "that she considered herself *then* as much out of favour as she ever had

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 66.
[2] Ibid., p. 60; duke of Marlborough to the duchess.

been since, when the rupture with the queen was public and open."

It was characteristic of the duchess of Marlborough, that after she had, by the most deliberate outrages of tongue and pen, estranged the affection of her royal mistress, she forthwith began to inquire what new favourite had prejudiced the queen against her, and to whose ill offices she could attribute her majesty's coldness. As yet, her suspicions had not glanced at her cousin, Abigail Hill; but in the course of the domestic disturbance touching the queen's cast-clothes, her jealousy first received this direction. It will be seen, according to her own version, that the duchess distributed old mantuas, old gowns, old petticoats, commodes, headclothes, and *mantes*, with the justice of a Solon; nevertheless, the bedchamber women and dressers were perverse enough to declare, that "she kept all the queen's *best* old clothes for herself."[1] Among the minor objects of the duchess of Marlborough's jealousy was Mrs. Danvers, bedchamber woman, whose name occurs frequently as if she were near the queen's person, from her youth until the last day of her life. The duchess had tried to persuade queen Anne, "that Mrs. Danvers was a spy on her majesty;" but on whose account, her deposition sayeth not. The queen was likewise informed, that Mrs. Danvers had said "false and impertinent things of the duchess, and therefore ought to be dismissed from the royal employ;"[2] nevertheless, the old servant was retained.

Again the queen was distracted by the quarrels of the duchess and Mrs. Danvers. In hopes of placing all parties above these most wretched wranglings, her majesty generously gave her bedchamber women 500*l.* per annum, and New-year's gifts; and thus, according to the phraseology of the duchess, "put herself on the foot of a king,"—meaning, it may be presumed, that the queen gave her women of the bedchamber the same allowance that the kings of England accorded their grooms of the chamber. If queen Anne thought she could preserve peace by her liberality, she was the more mistaken: the loud squabbles of the mighty duchess relative

[1] Coxe Papers, inedited; Brit. Mus., 9121. [2] Ibid.

to her cast garments raged higher than ever. It was contended by her grace "that the queen's mistress of the robes was a particular place; and the bedchamber women had no more right to her majesty's clothes than the grooms of the bedchamber had to take them from a king's master of the robes, who never had any thing but a part of his linen. However, I never failed to give the queen's women three or four mantuas[1] and petticoats every year, some little thing to her sempstress, with a *mante* or two to the women that looked after her clothes. There would not be more than two or three *for my own* service. The dressers railed at me everywhere, and said 'I took from them all their clothes for myself,' though, in this case, every body that had common sense must know they *all* belonged to me, and none of them to the bedchamber women after *she* came to be queen. When *she* was princess, by all the old rules of courts, they were but to have half the old clothes between them. I began this paper to show the power of 'my Abigail' in obliging Mrs. Danvers, whom she once hated, and her daughter too, who I thought did not look like a human creature, and was always the queen's aversion until the times changed."[2]

The first hint which directed the angry jealousy of the duchess against her quiet kinswoman, appears to have arisen from this Mrs. Danvers, who being on bad terms with Abigail Hill, and believing herself to be dying, sent for the duchess, and implored her "to protect her daughter, and let her be in her place." The duchess told her "she could not, for she was then on bad terms with the queen;" which observation led to a long discussion by the sick woman against Abigail Hill, of her wickedness and ill principles, and secret enmity to the duchess, with a story of her behaviour when the queen took her to Bath. At this time, Abigail was still Mrs. Hill, (or, in modern parlance, Miss Hill,) and from the narrative may be gathered that the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were at serious variance before the marriage of Abigail with Masham, which did not occur until 1707. Some kind of lame pacifica-

[1] Mantuas seem to be robes worn over rich *jupes*, or kirtles; *mantes*, simple mantles, or cloaks.

[2] Coxe Papers, Brit. Mus.; vol. xliv., inedited.

tion took place, which tottered on until the grand and irreconcilable rupture in 1708.

One cause of complaint was, that the duchess wanted to thrust into the queen's service a Mrs. Vain,[1] as bedchamber woman: her brother had fallen in one of the Marlborough battles, and lord Godolphin pressed the queen mightily to admit this "Mrs. Vain" in her service, who was very well bred and agreeable. The queen looked uneasy at the proposal, which the duchess afterwards believed was owing to the fact that Abigail did not love "mistress Vain." All the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin could say to the queen could not prevail on her to receive "the Vain" into her service. Her majesty answered, "She did not want a bedchamber woman;" and when she did, she would not have any married person for the future." The first vacancy that occurred, the queen took Miss Danvers, the "inhuman-looking" daughter of her old servant, on purpose to keep mistress "Vain" out; a circumstance that enraged the whole family junta, male and female. How sedulously the queen was watched, and how low the prime-minister and the commander-in-chief descended, to waste time in intrigues concerning the appointment of a bedchamber woman, this tirade of the duchess can prove.[2] Her jealousy had not, even then, settled with fierceness on her cousin Abigail.

[1] Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum; vol. xliv., inedited. So spelled; perhaps the name is *Vane*.

[2] Ibid.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Anne's beneficial measures—Anecdotes of her generosity and charity—She is kept in penury by the duchess of Marlborough—Queen ratifies the treaty of union with Scotland, [*see vignette*]—Queen present at Abigail Hill's marriage—Tumults in Scotland against the queen—Her controversy with Peter the Great—She settles the arrangement regarding ambassadors—The queen accepts a book from Edmund Calamy—Her hunting at Windsor—Receives insolent letters from the duchess of Marlborough—Interview between the queen and the duchess—Queen gives the duchess the site of Marlborough-house—Queen harassed by contentions—Insulted at council—Forced to dismiss secretary Harley—Her charity to the criminal Gregg—Queen's alarm at the Scottish rebellion—Gives her brother the name of 'the Pretender'—Weeps when he is proscribed—Queen respites the execution of lord Griffin—Queen harassed with political disputes—Failing health of her consort—Her conjugal tenderness—Queen retires to nurse the prince at Kensington-palace—Her quiet invaded by the duchess of Marlborough—Queen's summer residence in Windsor-park—Queen's letter on the victory of Oudenarde.

To her people queen Anne looked, as the only means of atonement, pardon, and peace for the wrongs she had committed in her youth. To her they replaced the children, of which inexorable justice (if her expressed conviction may be quoted) had deprived her. Few readers of history have given this queen-regnant credit for the great good she actually did when on the throne; still fewer have given her credit for the extreme difficulty she had in performing it, struggling with the inertness of cruel disease, with her own want of historical and statistical education, and, worse than all, with the rapacity of favourites and factions, the nurturers of wars and revolutions for lucre of private gain. In truth, queen Anne is an instance of how much real good may be done by the earnest intentions of one individual, of moderate abilities and no pretence, actually bent on actions beneficial to humanity. Those who bow the knee in idol-worship before the splendour of human talent, would

find it difficult to produce two measures of equal benefit to this island, performed by any queen-regnant of acknowledged power of mind and brightness of genius, with those brought to bear by queen Anne, and which were her own personal acts. The one is 'the Bounty' she bestowed on the impoverished clergy of the church of England; the other is the union of England and Scotland. It is indisputable that the most influential persons around her, the duchess of Marlborough and the lord Somers, were opposed to the latter important measure, the necessity for which was felt, not only by the queen, but by rational people of both countries. Lasting and ruinous civil wars, such as had occasionally desolated the island for some centuries, were the only prospect Great Britain could look forward to, since the Scottish parliamentary convention had refused to ratify the settlement in favour of the next Protestant heiress to the island thrones,—the princess Sophia. A considerable party among the Scottish populace had re-echoed this determination outside of the hall of convention at Holyrood in their usual style, by historical ballads, in one of which they thus expressed their distaste of the Lutheran dissent:—

"The Lutheran dame may be gone,
Our foes shall address us no more;
If the *treaty*[1] should never go on,
The old woman is turned to the door."

Unless the Union had been completed in the lifetime of queen Anne, Scotland must have been separated from England, as the *convention*[2] of that realm had, since the queen's accession, passed a statute, repudiating from the Scottish crown any sovereign whom the English parliament placed on their throne.[3] Such determination made the union inevitable,

[1] Treaty for the union of England and Scotland.

[2] To produce perspicuity, it is needful to explain that, by the word *convention*, as applied to the English and Scottish parliaments of this era, two different meanings are implied. The conventional English parliament that voted William and Mary sovereigns of England, and superseded the prior right of Anne to her brother-in-law, was the last parliament elected in the reign of Charles II. convened or collected for senatorial debate. The Scottish convention signifies the whole Scottish senate, nobles and knights of the shire, and burghers, who sat together *convened* in one hall, as at Holyrood or Stirling.

[3] Memoirs of Lockhart of Carnwath. In the year 1703, the question of the Hanoverian succession, submitted to the senate of Scotland, was negatived by fifty-seven votes.

as the only means of altering the intractable legislature of Scotland.

The queen had found some consolation and support against the domestic tyranny established by the duchess of Marlborough in the friendship of her kinsmen, the duke of Hamilton and the earl of Marr; and to them she undoubtedly confided the injuries she suffered from her ungrateful favourite, since the pen of Lockhart of Carnwath, the member for Edinburgh, and one of the commissioners of the Union, has recorded the utter penury to which she subjected her generous mistress, refusing to supply her, without a furious contest, with the least sum from the privy-purse, of which she was the keeper, and, by all account, the appropriator. Perhaps the state of deplorable poverty to which the queen was subjected while surrounded by the mockery of dazzling splendour was not the least punishment she had to endure for having once made an idol of the evil woman who now sorely tormented her. Anne's disposition being undeniably bountiful, she felt this contradiction to her natural instincts the more severely. From the memorable hour when lady Marlborough concealed herself in the closet with lady Fitzharding, and listened to James II.'s remonstrance when he freed his daughter a third time from her overwhelming debts, Anne was, for some unknown reason, forced to submit to every imposition, and to suffer her imperious servant's will to be a law to her in all the actions of her life. In the course of Anne's career as princess, few charities or generous actions appear. It may be reasonably considered that she was deprived of all means of performing them, since, even in her regnal life, at the period when she had commenced some struggles to free herself from the domination that oppressed her, the duchess of Marlborough would neither permit her to be generous nor charitable.

Lockhart of Carnwath, the intimate friend of the duke of Hamilton, the only real confidant of queen Anne, has left the following anecdotes of the state of her majesty's privy-purse about the year 1706: "When the queen happened to have occasion to call for a small sum of money, the duchess

of Marlborough, who kept her privy-purse, would tell her, 'It was not fit to squander away money whilst so heavy a war lasted;'[1] though, at the same time, a vast sum of the public money was annually bestowed in building the duke of Marlborough's magnificent house at Woodstock. I remember that, just then, one Mrs. Dalrymple brought up from Scotland a very fine japanned cabinet, which, being her own work, she presented to the queen; but it was more than six months before her majesty could be mistress of fifty guineas, which she designed to give as a return for the compliment,—that sum, indeed, being scarcely the value of it."[2]

To return to matters of more importance in the character and conduct of queen Anne. Whilst the greedy favourite strove to prevent her royal mistress from giving the reward she thought fit for the ingenuity and taste of one of her female subjects, this very favourite was revelling in unbounded wealth, the fruits of the very war she urged as a reason for penuriousness. As for charity, it may be supposed that the queen dared not make the demand of the dragon who guarded her gold, for she borrowed the sums she needed, and paid them as she could obtain the funds by some personal deprivation. A case of touching distress became known to her of the sad fate of sir Andrew Foster, a gentleman who had spent his life as her father's faithful servant: he had likewise been ruined in fortune by his adherence to him. The queen had known him when she was a child; and when she was informed that he had expired of famine in some wretched abode in London,—his destitution being so complete that he left not wherewithal for the purposes of interment,—shocked at the fate of the unfortunate Jacobite, she was desirous that he might be decently buried.[3] Yet her majesty, in all points, excepting food, lodging, and clothing, was as poor as the unconscious object of her remorseful charity; nevertheless, she had some credit,

[1] It has been proved, that the Marlboroughs drew from the public purse at that very moment the enormous revenue of 64,000*l.* per annum; before the death of the duke, their income amounted to 94,000*l.* Yet, in the first year of queen Anne's reign, they were so much limited in their means, as to have no convey- of their own.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. pp. 267–269. [3] Ibid.

and obtained a loan of twenty guineas of lady Fretcheville, one of her ladies, whose name often occurs as her personal attendant. Her majesty employed the gold thus borrowed for the purpose of giving decent interment to the hapless servant of her father.[1]

The opposition of the duke of Hamilton to the Union was constant and effectual, until, on a sudden, it ceased. His conduct was considered, by all statesmen in and near those times, as most mysterious; but it was generally supposed that he was gained by the personal influence of queen Anne, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship. The secret has been divulged by Charles Hamilton, (the duke's son by the unfortunate lady Barbara Fitzroy,) who has given a quotation from a despatch of lord Middleton, prime-minister to the titular king at St. Germains. James Stuart saw the progress of the Union with satisfaction, for the woful experience of a century of regal calamity in his family had convinced him that the island-empire would always be rent into miserable weakness until that long-needed measure should take place. He entreated the duke of Hamilton to forbear from further opposition to the Union, as he had it extremely at heart to give his sister (queen Anne) this proof of his ready compliance with her wishes, not doubting but he should have one day the power of making amends to his ancient kingdom.[2]

As the queen completed the Union while the duchess of Marlborough ostensibly governed her, it has been attributed to the influence of that person and her party. Such assertion is completely erroneous. Witness the words of Maynwaring, the confidant of the duchess, and himself one of the under-ministers of state: "As for your Scots," says he, writing to her,[3] "it is impossible for you to think worse of them than I do, or to apprehend more mischief from them; and I think *your being against the Union should always be remembered to your everlasting honour*, for without that, it had been impos-

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 316.

[2] Hamilton's Transactions, pp. 41–44, quoted in Continuation of History of England; sir J. Mackintosh, vol. ix. p. 199.

[3] Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum; likewise Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 396.

sible for these people to have supported themselves for a month." Thus it may be gathered, that the queen derived some little freedom from her communication with her northern magnates when the Union was ratified, since "these people" signify Harley and his coadjutors, from among whom her tory ministry was afterwards formed.

The duchess of Marlborough was not the only person in violent opposition to the Union. Lord-chancellor Somers, soon after president of the council, did all he could to prevent the repeal of the cruel torture-laws pertaining to the Scottish national constitution, which, together with many savage customs in executions, were among the worst abuses which this salutary union swept away. Lord Somers had the baseness to oppose the abolition of torture, appointed at the will and pleasure of the Scottish council of state, "until after the death of the pretended prince of Wales."[1] The tragedy of Nevill Payne, the Jacobite, being tortured to death under the regency of Mary II., at a time when this Somers was in the English ministry, cannot be forgotten; his argument would betray the use his colleagues in Scotland had made of it since the Revolution. Torture was likewise used as a power of eliciting evidence in criminal causes, as the London Gazette, published in the reign of William and Mary, fully proves.[2]

Notwithstanding all opposition, the measure was passed early in the year 1707, both in Scotland and England. Queen Anne signed the Union, and ratified it, with great state, in presence of the Scottish commissioners, her own ministers, and the members of both houses of parliament. In the act of signing the ratification,[3] the queen is said to have made use of words worthy of a more enlightened statist than herself. "The union with Scotland," she said, "is the happiness of my reign."[4] On the same day, April 24th, 1707, her majesty

[1] Continuation of Mackintosh's History of England, vol. ix. p. 228.

[2] The London Gazette, of April 1689, more than once mentions, with the coolness of customary occurrence, that the murderer of sir George Lockhart had been repeatedly tortured by order of the Scottish council, to force him to disclose his accomplices, without effect. Brit. Museum. [3] See vignette.

[4] Vie de la reine Anne Stuart, printed at Amsterdam, 1715; and Edmund Calamy's Diary, vol. ii.

dissolved the last English house of commons, and finally summoned the first united parliament of Great Britain, to meet on the ensuing October 23rd. The queen celebrated the Union by a national festival. A few days afterwards she went in solemn procession to St. Paul's cathedral, on May-day 1707, when she returned hearty thanksgivings for the successful completion of an act of legislature, which she rightly foretold would prove the true happiness of her reign. The magnificent routine of ceremonial which attended her majesty's May-day festival was an easy and pleasant part of the affair; but, owing to the corrupt mode in which her ministry brought the Union into practical effect, Scotland, in the course of a few ensuing weeks, was almost in a state of open rebellion.

The queen's attention was, about the same period, diverted from these affairs of vital moment concerning her realms, to a fresh explosion of palace-dissension, arising from a cause which, for three succeeding years, left her little peace in the hours of domestic retirement. The strife originated in the furious jealousy now manifested in the behaviour of the duchess of Marlborough against her kinswoman, Abigail Hill. There is reason to suppose, from the extraordinary part taken by the queen in the secret marriage of this attendant with her page, Samuel Masham, that the suspicions of the duchess of Marlborough against her kinswoman had burst into open fury before that wedlock, which did not occur until the summer of 1707. The poor queen certainly played a strange part in the transaction, forgetting her sovereign dignity so far, as to go into a corner of the palace to become witness of a stolen marriage between two persons of full age, who had the leave of no person to ask concerning their union, excepting perhaps her own, out of deference. And the queen condescended to such arrangement, in order that all parties might keep their ears safe from a furious explosion of wrath from the imperious duchess; the whole forms a palace-incident too ridiculous for belief, were it not verified on all sides. How long the knot, tied in the presence of majesty, between Abigail and Samuel would have remained concealed in romantic mystery there is no knowing, if poor queen Anne, whose hand, like that of her unfortunate an-

cestors, was ever open to give, had not thought proper to dower the bride very handsomely from the privy-purse,—a fund which the Marlborough duchess guarded with angry watchfulness.

"The conduct," says the duchess, "both of the queen and Abigail, convinced me there was some mystery: thereupon I set myself to inquire as particularly as I could into it, and in less than a week's time I discovered that my cousin was become an absolute favourite; that the queen herself was present at her marriage in Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings, at which time her majesty had called for a round sum from the privy-purse."[1] To add to these enormities, the inquiring duchess ascertained "that Mrs. Masham came often to the queen when the prince was asleep, [he was then a declining invalid, and took naps in the middle of the day,] and she was generally two hours every day in private with her. And I likewise then discovered, beyond all dispute, Mr. Harley's correspondence and interest at court by the means of this woman." She adds, "I was struck with astonishment at such an instance of ingratitude, and should not have believed it, if there had been any room for doubting." The duchess wrote a most exaggerated statement of these trivial circumstances to her husband, who replied to her inflated complaints with the same calmness and good sense which had aided him in attaining the top of the ladder of ambition. "The wisest thing," he wrote, "is to have to do with as few people as possible. If you are sure Mrs. Masham speaks of business to the queen, I should think you might, with some caution, tell her of it, which would do good; for she certainly must be grateful, and will mind what you say."[2] The duchess did not heed the temperate advice of her husband, but inflamed her mind with cogitations on the barbarity, ingratitude, and wickedness of the "queen's intrigues" with her cousin,—a homely dresser, or chamber-woman. It is difficult to imagine how the word "intrigues" could apply to her majesty's conversations with her authorized servant during the day-slumbers of her invalid and declining husband, since it was on Abigail Masham all personal assist-

[1] Conduct, p. 184.

[2] Dated Meldest, Germany, June 3, 1707; Conduct, p. 185.

ance that the queen required in attending on him devolved; and at night she slept on a pallet, in the ante-chamber to her majesty's bed-room, within call.[1] The queen often supported prince George when he was labouring under his dreadful attacks of asthma,[2] and she required some help beyond what her own strength could afford.

The time has been noted when the queen's government made use of the Protestants of the Cevennes in France, as a means of annoying Louis XIV.; of course their leader, Cavallier, with his comrades, (being guerillas, called *camisards*,) received a warm welcome in London, when they took shelter under queen Anne's protection from the wrath of their king. Scarcely were they settled as refugees, when the lively spirits of the natives of the South began to effervesce in a style, extraordinary even among the numerous sectarians of Great Britain. Their ministers, after remaining in trances or slumbers, such as would in these days have been called mesmeric, gave vent to such wild prophecies, that the government thought fit to interfere. John Aude and Nicholas Facio, for printing and publishing the writings of Elias Marion, were sentenced to be perched on a scaffold at Charing-cross and the Royal Exchange, with papers in their hats signifying their crime; "and," adds Calamy, "they actually suffered accordingly." Such a proceeding was not a very hospitable transaction. It seems that the dissenters of England were exceedingly angry with their flighty allies, considering, justly, that they brought scandal on them by breaking up the bonds of moral law. A convert of good family, named Lacy, fancied that he imitated the Jewish patriarchs by leaving his wedded wife and taking a second spouse, who was but a candle-snuffer at one of the theatres, and was considered by the Cevennois as "an enlightened person." Edmund Calamy, the learned dissenting-minister, preached vigorously at Salter's-hall against these fanatics, and published his sermons under the collective title of a "Caveat against the New Prophets." Sir Richard Bulkeley, a small and crooked gentleman, who had been promised by the French prophets to be made "tall and

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [2] Ibid.

straight as a poplar tree," put forth an answer in favour of the prophets, and a paper-war ensued.

Whilst the consort of the queen lived, the dissenters always had a friend at court, who made common cause with them. Calamy sent a presentation-copy of his "Caveats" to his royal highness prince George, "who," to use his words, "received it very graciously, and put it in the window-seat of his bedchamber, as if it were among the books under course of perusal. Her sacred majesty queen Anne, one day paying a domiciliary visit in the apartment of her spouse, espied this new book, and asked him 'how he came by it?'—'It was given me by the author,' replied the prince. Upon which the queen observed, 'that she thought she might have expected such a present.'" Perhaps here was some passing shade of jealousy of her royal authority, but her words fell not unheeded. Mr. Justice Chamberlain, gentleman of the bedchamber to the prince, hurried to the author, and reported the words of her majesty. Calamy says, "that he had his book handsomely bound, and offered it to queen Anne by the hands of her rising favourite, Abigail Hill, (who was then privately married to Mr. Masham)." This measure drew down on the unfortunate dissenter's head a raging storm from her imperious grace of Marlborough. The poor man finished his little episode of royalty with mysterious lamentations on the impossibility of knowing how to proceed in "court-matters," and with reproaches to his friend of the prince's bedchamber for having drawn him into "a scrape." This was the wrath of the duchess of Marlborough, not of his sovereign; for her majesty sent Mr. Forster, page of her backstairs, to thank the gentle dissenter "for his present to her, and the service he had done the public by appearing against the new prophets." The terror that the queen's tyrant inspired may be ascertained by this little anecdote, and still more, that Abigail Hill, of full age, and apparent liberty to please herself, (indeed, she must have been what is usually called an old maid,) could not marry a fellow-servant without keeping so unromantic a wedlock profoundly secret to the world in general. The poor woman, although supported by

her royal mistress, actually retained her own name for more than a year, for fear of the tigerish rage into which both she and queen Anne well knew the Marlborough duchess would be pleased to transport herself.

Very much perplexed seems the duchess of Marlborough to have been in her endeavour to make out a case of injury to herself, or to any one else, from the queen's intimacy with Abigail Masham. In the course of her investigation, she says, "My reflection quickly brought to my mind many passages which had seemed odd, but had left no impressions of jealousy. Particularly I remembered that, a long while before this occurred, being with the queen,—to whom I had gone very privately, by a secret passage from my lodging to the royal bedchamber,—on a sudden this woman, Abigail, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible; but upon the sight of me, stopped, and immediately asked, making a most solemn curtsy, 'Did your majesty ring?' and then went out again. This singular behaviour needed no interpreter now to make it understood."[1] All these important reminiscences and investigations were part and parcel of the delights of the summer seclusion at stately Windsor. The queen and her attendant had already been taken to task and duly lectured for the stolen marriage, her majesty's portion of the objurgation being administered in the following manner: "The next opportunity I had of being alone with the queen, I could not forbear putting her in mind 'that she used to say, *when she was desired to keep any thing a secret*, she would tell it however to me, because, according to Montaigne's observation, telling a thing to a friend, is only telling it to oneself;' but yet she had kept the secret of my cousin Hill marrying Mr. Masham a long time from me. But the only thing I was concerned at, that it plainly showed a change in her majesty towards me, as I had once before observed to her, when the queen was pleased to say, 'that it was not *she* that was changed, but me; and that if I was the same to her, she was sure she was to me.' The queen added, with a good deal of earnestness, 'I believe I have

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

spoken to Masham a hundred times to tell you of her marriage, but she would not.' This startled me, and blind as I had been before, I began to open my eyes when I came to reflect upon these words, which plainly implied that Mrs. Masham had often had consultations with the queen, though she would not have been thought to presume to speak to her majesty about this, or any thing else. When I asked her about her secret marriage, she [Mrs. Masham] told me, 'She believed the bedchamber woman had told the queen of it,'"[1] so far was she from owning to her inquisitor that the queen had acted as witness of the same.

It is indeed remarkable, in the course of the fierce scrutiny henceforth instituted by the imperious duchess on the condoling gossiping between the queen and Mrs. Masham in the sick room of the declining prince, how she betrays the system of espionage kept up by her on these important palace secrets. "When the queen went privately to Abigail's wedding in the Scotch doctor's chamber," says the duchess, "the fact was discovered by a boy belonging to one of the under-servants, who saw her [the queen] going alone. After this," continues the duchess, "I went three or four nights together to the queen, hoping to do some good with her; but I generally found Mrs. Masham in the waiting-room, ready to go in as I came out. One of these times, as I passed by her, I told her that I had a desire to have some talk with her; and she answered me with a low curtsy and a great deal of humility, 'that she would wait upon me.'"[2]

The duchess changed her mind in regard to her first intention, of giving "the party suspected" of ill offices with the queen a sound personal rating; instead of which, she wrote to her an angry letter from Woodstock-palace. The superior style of the answer astonished her, and she became convinced that the serving-maid kinswoman had been prompted by her other cousin, the statesman Harley. Here the far-seeing duchess was mistaken, for Mrs. Masham wrote in a better style

[1] Coxe Papers; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson: Brit. Museum, inedited. The same scene is printed in the Conduct, but the MS. has far more matter and circumstance.

[2] Coxe Papers; MS. letter before cited, hitherto inedited.

than secretary Harley, or the duchess, or any of the courtiers of the era, as any one may ascertain who compares their respective compositions. It is likewise undeniable that her letters surpass those of the authors and poets among whose correspondence they are found.[1] Mrs. Masham had a large red nose, was very plain, and had miserable health; but she was a person of talent, and must have educated herself amidst the privations and miseries of her early life. It does not appear that she was guilty of any of the circumventing ingratitude regarding her royal mistress on which the duchess rails in theatrical rant, using the words "barbarous," "horrid," and even "ghastly."[2] Much trouble would have been saved to the queen, if she had authorized Mrs. Masham to say to her cousin, "The confidential intimacy between the queen and me originated with *yourself;* for the queen, by accident, overheard you railing on her to me, and expressing loathing and hatred to her person without provocation, about a mere trifle. Hence the change in her heart and affections towards you." But this was never done, and the duchess continued to search and strike in the dark, like a blind person enraged. Perhaps, if she had known or even believed the cause, her self-sophistry would have explained it away: as, for instance, she knew the abusive and taunting letter she had written to the queen, in her rage at finding her majesty unwilling to appoint her son-in-law, lord Sunderland, secretary of state, and yet she could wonder that the queen loved her no longer. She laid the fault of the change on her cousin, who certainly had no concern with that epistle.

The queen's attention was at last aroused from these grovelling wranglings, by the alarming state into which her favourite measure of the Union had plunged Scotland. Yet, in all justice, it ought to be added, that the discontents arose from the flagrant perversion of a large sum the English parliament had voted, as "equivalent" to Scotland, to the purposes of private interest and peculation, for no tittle of which was the sovereign accountable. The "equivalent money," which was

[1] See the Swift Correspondence. Swift himself speaks very highly of her abilities.

[2] Ibid.

to smooth all impediments to the practical working of the union of Scotland with England, consisted of 398,085*l.* 10*s.* paid to Scotland as indemnity for a certain portion of the national debt, then first saddled on Scotland, which henceforth bore an equality of taxation with England for the purposes of paying the interest. Unfortunately, none of the "equivalent" found its way into the possession of the great body of the people, or even of the middle-class tax-payers, who forthwith had to pay imposts on malt, salt, and all the endless inflictions of the excise. The poor commonalty showed their indignation by pelting the twelve wagons, that carried the "equivalent money" graciously sent by the queen's ministry, through Edinburgh to the gates of the castle. Although a party of Scotch dragoons[1] was the escort, this pitiless pelting could not be averted; indeed the guard, as well as the money-carts, took refuge in the sheltering walls of the fortress, thoroughly encased and encrusted with mud. No sooner was the treasure safely lodged in the castle, than a plot was forthwith hatched to seize it, by force or fraud, and effect a division somewhat different from that intended by the queen's ministry. John Kerr of Kersland, esq., the leader of the Cameronians, was one of those persons who, like Marlborough, Godolphin, and the rest of the aristocracy, intrigued on both sides, and made ready to swim, either as Jacobite or revolutionist, as the tide set the strongest; he obtained information of this scheme, or rather, it is supposed, contrived it himself, and forthwith denounced it to the duke of Queensberry, who was to receive the largest slice of the equivalent. The duke seemed surprised, but requested the informer "to go into the measures of the conspirators;" and that he might do so with security, the duke obtained for him a document, called "a privy seal," from the queen,[2] to this effect:—

"ANNE, R. Whereas we are fully sensible of the fidelity and loyalty of John Kerr of Kersland, esq., and of the services he performed to us and to our government, we therefore grant him this our royal leave and licence *to keep company and associate himself with such as are disaffected to us and to our government,* in such way and manner as he shall judge most for our service.

"Given under our royal hand, at our castle of Windsor, the 7th of July, 1707, of our reign the sixth year. "ANNE, R."

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[1] Life of Edmund Calamy, vol. ii. p. 64. [2] Ibid., p. 65.

Queen Anne's hand is not expected to be found among dark and treacherous schemes which recall to memory the turbulent under-currents of plots that agitated, not only public, but domestic life in the two preceding centuries. There is little doubt that this spy would have tempted many of his countrymen to their ruin, only he was seen coming out of Godolphin's house in St. James's-square by a Scotch Jacobite, who wrote the news to the circle of the duchess of Gordon.[1] Kerr's treachery was then suspected.

In order to regain the confidence of the Jacobite party, Kerr of Kersland contrived to draw the Cameronians into a protestation against queen Anne. He therefore convened a formidable muster of those fierce sectarians, the followers of "preacher Macmillan," who, at the Mercat-cross of Edinburgh, made a public declaration against Anne queen of Scotland, saying, "she had forfeited the crown of Scotland by imposing the Union;" affirming, in conclusion, "that it was unlawful to pay her taxes, or render her obedience."[2] Such was the use that Kerr made of the above-quoted document under queen Anne's hand and privy-seal. He finished by accusing Godolphin and his associates of beingJ acobites, because he could not prevail on them to supply Edinburgh-castle with ammunition and stores. They, it appears, scarcely knew what the attachments of John Kerr of Kersland actually were; in reality, they had much the same tendency with their own devoted affections to self-interest, as soon as the most sure method of securing it was ascertained. The last organized struggle against the union of England and Scotland was dissolved by this intrigue. The celebrated "equivalent" rested safely in the fortress of the good city until it was divided among those who had earned it,[3] and the whole island, content or malcontent, obeyed ostensibly the sceptre of queen Anne as queen of Great Britain, instead of the sovereign of the separate kingdoms of England and Scotland.

While the Cameronians manifested their discontent at the

[1] Calamy, vol. ii. pp. 65–67. [2] Ibid., p. 67.

[3] Lockhart of Carnwath gives the items of its distribution from a document which no one has gainsayed.

proceedings of Anne the First, queen of Scotland, by formally deposing her at the Mercat-cross, the poets of the north exhaled their indignation in a different mode; and many quaint and comical ballads still remain in oral memory, which, as illustrative of the Union, must, by the way, be pretty considerable enigmas to "the spinners and knitters in the sun," if they are chanted by them at the present day. The most spirited of these lays invoked the name of queen Anne, in a strain of any thing but benediction, to the lively air called by the French "*Je suis un petit tambour*," which, if every nation had its right, is, after all, an old Scotch melody:—

"You're right, queen Anne, queen Anne,
You're right, queen Anne, queen Anne;
You've towed us in your hand,
Let them tow us out wha can!

You're right, queen Anne, queen Anne,
You're right, queen Anne, my *dow*;[1]
You've curried the old mare's hide,
She'll fling nae mair at you.

I'll tell you a tale, queen Anne,
A tale of truth ye'll hear,
It's of an auld guid man,
That had a good grey mare.

He'd that mare on the hills,
And twa mair in the sta';[2]
But that untoward jade,
She'd do no good at a'.

For when he grathed[3] that mare,
Or curried her hide fu' clean,
Then she would stamp and wince,
And show twa glancing een.

* * * *

The mare she scaped away
Frae amang the deadly stour,
And scampered haim to him[4]
Wha *ought*[5] her *once before*.

Take heed, queen Anne, queen Anne,
Take heed, queen Anne, my *dow*;
The auld grey mare's oursel,
The wise auld man is you."

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[1] Dove.

[2] The grey mare on the hills, is Scotland; the "twa others in the stall," are England and Ireland. [3] Girthed. [4] The heirs of James II.

[5] Owned. *Ought*, as the past of the verb *own*, is still vernacular among the East Anglians; *he ought her*, is, in the same sense as in the above ballad, "he *owned* her."

The pride of the Scots was deeply hurt at the extinction of their parliament and the monarchical dignity of their separate realm, as they told to the world in the following historical song:—

"Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel e'en to our Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

The extreme mildness and mercy of queen Anne's conduct in return for many provocations, (incited by such lays as these,) was, after all, the best policy, even had she studied its mere statistical effect instead of positively refusing, as she did, to shed blood on the scaffold for insurgency.

Anne's great seal was cancelled on occasion of the Union, and a new one designed: instead of her figure being delineated, as formerly, in equestrian progression, with greyhounds coursing by the side of her steed, her majesty was represented seated on a rock as Britannia, with the Union flag flying near her, and the intersected cross of St. Andrew and St. George on her shield.[1]

The presence of the most influential among the Scottish nobility, when attending parliament in London, afforded some protection to the queen, and aided her in balancing the power of the faction that oppressed her. National jealousy, and party jealousy, forthwith took the alarm, and spoke, in their accustomed organs of lampoons and squibs, against the northern inbreak. The well-known asseveration of the queen, in her first speech after her accession, that "her heart was entirely English," had passed into a sort of motto-proverb, and was inscribed on various of her medals. These words were retorted by English satire, as a taunt on her supposed partiality to the Scotch after the Union:—

"The queen has lately lost a part,
Of her 'entirely English heart;'
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with Scotch."

[1] Engravings of Medals and Seals; Brit. Museum.

The very small number of sixteen, elected as their representatives by the Scottish nobles, had been fixed with reference to the number who sat in the house of lords as English peers; queen Anne's parliament, however, denied such noblemen the privileges of their English peerages,—a wrong which has been rectified at a later period. As a consolatory mark of favour for the injury of depriving the duke of Hamilton of his seat in the house of lords as duke of Brandon, the queen stood godmother in person for his third son; and following the example of the celebrated queen of Louis XII., Anne of Bretagne, her majesty gave the boy her own name of Anne, unsheltered by the addition of any masculine baptismal name. The noble young Hamilton was, perforce, called "lord Anne," from his infancy to his arrival at guardsman's estate; for lord Anne Hamilton, although not quite so much celebrated, was (like his partner in nominal affliction, the great Anne duke de Montmorency) a valiant soldier.

Among the current events of the sixth year of queen Anne, an odd circumstance occurred in regard to the ambassador of Peter the Great, which occasioned important alterations in the laws of this country concerning foreign ministers. Prince Matveof, after attending the queen's levee, and taking formal leave of her when recalled to Russia, was arrested in St. James's-street, on the writ of Mr. Morton, laceman of Covent-garden, July 27, 1707, and hurried, with much indignity, to a spunging-house.[1] The noble Russian, who did not seem to comprehend the cause of the attack, resisted his capture manfully, laid several of the bailiff's posse low in the kennel, and wounded grievously more than one of them. There does not appear to have been the slightest intention to wrong the tradesman, the amount of that and other debts being only 50*l.*, for which satisfaction was instantly given. Of course the Russian ambassador left England in great disgust, and made a very serious complaint to the czar of the insult. All beneficial intercourse of trade was immediately stopped by the czar, who likewise threatened a declaration of war; on which queen Anne entered into an elaborate explanation that the

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet. Toone's Chronology.

insult did not originate from any wrong intended by her or by her ministers, but arose from the rudeness of a tradesman that prince Matveof had incautiously employed. Such explanation, however reasonable it might seem in the eyes of an English queen and her ministry, was by no means satisfactory to czar Peter. It caused him, however, to write a very *naive* and original epistle, requesting "the high and mighty princess Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to return him by bearer the head of Morton, the laceman of Covent-garden, together with the heads and hands of any of his aiders and abettors in the assault on prince Matveof that her majesty might have incarcerated in her dungeons and prisons." The queen, who had very little knowledge regarding the varied customs and manners of the kingdoms of the earth, was at once amazed and vexed at this oriental demand of the heads and hands of Mr. Morton and the bailiff's followers concerned in executing the writ. She desired her secretary "to assure the czar, that she had not the disposal of any heads in her kingdom but those forfeited by the infraction of certain laws, which Mr. Morton and his posse had not infringed." Czar Peter either could not or would not believe such was the case, and yet he had himself been long enough in England, in the preceding reign, studying ship-carpentry at Sayes-court, Deptford, to know that Englishmen did not have their heads and hands chopped off at the caprice of the crown. However, if he knew better, his boyars did not, and the angry correspondence between him and queen Anne or her ministers continued for two years.[1] Luckily the queen or her council thought of sending one of her officials, Mr. Whitworth, who understood Muscovite usages, to explain, that "although nothing had been acted against prince Matveof but what the English laws allowed, yet those laws were very bad and inhospitable ones, and that her majesty had had them repealed; so that his imperial majesty's ambassadors could never be subjected to such an insult and injury again." Such concession was no compliment, but mere matter of fact, which the queen, for the sake of the peace of her capital, was glad to extend to all the ambas-

[1] The State Paper-office contains a voluminous correspondence on this incident.

sadors and resident-ministers who came to England. From the reign of Anne, the persons of ambassadors and individuals of their suites have enjoyed the privilege of freedom from arrest.[1]

According to court regulations, the persons of ambassadors had previously been sacred in England, but not, it seems, beyond the precincts of the royal residences. The regulations of queen Anne[2] prevented the recurrence, not only of discontent, but of more violent or savage scenes. Perhaps the czar was the more exacting, regarding the indignity offered to his envoy, because the duke of Marlborough, that summer, was paying great diplomatic homage to his rival, Charles XII., and treating him as the umpire of the war in Germany. The deference paid to the young warlike Swede lasted not long; the duke of Marlborough bestowed on him no further attention, when he had bowed and complimented him out of his way. It is said that Charles XII. was indignant at the finery of Marlborough's dress; yet even his rugged temper felt the insinuating power of the thorough-paced diplomatist. Marlborough was shocked at the want of French, and bad writing, of the Swedish hero. The following message was sent to queen Anne, written by Marlborough to Godolphin, in the summer of 1707: "I am to make the king of Sweden's (Charles XII.) excuse, that his letter to her majesty queen Anne is not in his own hand. The reason given me was, that the king could not write French; but the truth is, the hand-writing of Charles XII. is so bad, that her majesty could not have read it."[3]

The queen's unwise condescension, in making herself a party

[1] A wise and just law, since no tradesman is compelled to give them credit, or to deal otherwise than for ready money; while, previously, the most infamous impositions were known to have taken place on the inexperience of foreigners.

[2] Instead of giving ambassadors precedence, as at present, according to the date of their several arrivals, they contended for it according to the supposed rank of the sovereigns they represented; and such being a point of fierce contest always at issue between France and Spain on the martial and political arena of Europe, their ambassadors in England debated it at swords' points, fighting, aided by their retinues, at all public processions, and cutting the traces of each other's coaches, lest the line should be broken, and one dash in before the other. The London populace infinitely enjoyed these frays, and even preferred seeing the 'mounseers' fight, to witnessing their own pugilistic encounters.

[3] Coxe MS.; Brit. Museum

at the secret marriage of Abigail Hill and Samuel Masham, had now given to the duchess of Marlborough a tangible object of rivalry in royal favour, which had long caused her the most restless researches. From that moment, every instance of the queen's avoidance of her violence, or manifestation of resentment for her unbearable insolence, was construed into the effects of the artful misrepresentations of a supplanter. Henceforth she loudly rang all possible changes on the words "gratitude" and "ingratitude," as if she herself, and connexions, had not owed their all to the queen she was abusing. An historian, taking notice of her vehement complaints of Mrs. Masham's thanklessness, observes: "It is true she was her near relative, and the defect of base ingratitude seems to run in her family." He declares, withal, "that she should have chosen her watch-dog on the queen, when she became too grand or too indolent to perform the needful office of keeping guard on her from a better breed."[1]

Whilst the duchess was in the mood for reviling, she penned the queen the following choice epistle. In the course of the letter she alludes to the princess Sophia, whose visit to England was so much dreaded by the queen, as to occasion it to be a threat alternately held over her by two, at least, of the contending parties into which her subjects were divided:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[2]

(*Under the usual names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"August 6, 1707.

"Lord Marlborough has written to me to put your majesty in mind of count Wratislaw's picture, and in the same letter desires me to ask for one that he sent lord treasurer, [lord Godolphin,] which came from Hanover, which I have seen, and which I know you would not have me trouble you with; and I have been so often discouraged in things of this nature, that I believe nobody in the world but myself would attempt it. But I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, and to let her run on in so many mistakes, that must of necessity draw her into great misfortunes at last, is just as if one should see a friend's house on fire and let them be burnt in their beds without endeavouring to wake them, only because they had taken laudanum, and did not desire to be disturbed.

"This is the very case of poor dear Mrs. Morley; nothing seems agreeable to her but what comes from the artifices of one, that has always been reported to have a great talent that way."

This clause seems to point at Mrs. Masham, against whom the duchess had now declared open war.

[1] Ralph's Answer to the Conduct. [2] Coxe MS.; Brit. Museum.

"I heartily wish she [the queen] may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge; but as for the business of calling for the princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as, perhaps, she [the queen, to whom the letter is written] may flatter herself it will, though I can't think there can be many, at least that *know how ridiculous a creature she* [the princess Sophia] is, that can be in their hearts for her."

"But we are a divided nation," resumes the self-sufficient censurer of all sorts and conditions of her contemporaries. "Some are Jacobites, that cover themselves with the name of *tory*, and yet are against the crown; others are so ignorant, that they really believe the calling over any of the house of Hanover will secure the succession and the Protestant religion. And some of those gentlemen that *do* know better, and that have for so many years supported the true interest against the malice of all the inventions of the enemies of this government, I suppose will grow easy, and will grow pretty indifferent,—at least in what they may be of no ill consequence, further than in displeasing the court, not only in this of the princess Sophia, but in any thing else that may happen. As Mrs. Morley orders her affairs, she can't expect much strength to oppose any thing where she is most concerned.

"Finding Mrs. Morley has so little time to spare, unless it be to speak to those who are more agreeable, or that say what she likes on these subjects, I have taken *the liberty to write* an answer to this,—which you will say is sincere, and can be no great trouble only to sign it with Morley."

It is an enigma to know what the duchess of Marlborough meant by the last paragraph of this epistle, unless she had finished up the insult by enclosing an answer to her own audacious attack, mimicking the manner of the queen's probable reply. She could not mean an answer to the small matter of business relative to the queen's pictures, which she makes the excuse of venting her evil feelings in this unique performance, because she only asks for the unofficial signature of "Morley." The folly of reviling the princess Sophia, in her low-caste term of "creature," could only have been perpetrated by one who cared for no consequences but the free ebullition of her own spite and spleen. The brow-beating style of the epistle proves the terms on which she lived with the queen in the summer of 1707.

But the duchess of Marlborough was not the only one of queen Anne's subjects that held vexatious controversies with her majesty at the same period. The diary left by the venerable herald-king, sir Peter le Neve, Norroy, contains most amusing minutes of the disputes he had with his liege lady, on account of her persistance in bestowing knighthood on one William Read of Durham-yard, whom she called her oculist. Sir Peter formally placed before her majesty the

following cogent list of professional objections to the said knighthood.[1] Firstly, because the man the queen delighted to honour was a cobbler's son in a certain town called Halesworth, county Suffolk. Secondly, because he had passed his youth travelling in the said pleasant county in the service of a mountebank, officiating as his "Mr. Merriman." Thirdly, notwithstanding his name of Read, the queen's knight and oculist could neither read nor write. And worse than all, he had fraudulently appropriated a certain blue griffin *segriant*, pertaining to a worshipful family of the Reads in county Suffolk, to which animal he had no hereditary right. Sir Peter meant to proceed against good queen Anne's medical merry-andrew, and bring him under all the pains and penalties the court of arms could inflict touching the said wrongful blue griffin. The queen replied, "that she knighted Read because he had saved the eyesight of many thousands of her soldiers and sailors, curing them of blindness." The same year, her majesty likewise knighted her physician, Edward Haines, whose parents, sir Peter informed her, "sold herbs in Bloomsbury-market," wheresoever that might be. There is little doubt but that sir William Read had availed himself of some valuable specific sold by his former master, the mountebank, and that the queen herself had felt permanent benefit from it. The wrath of the Norroy herald was ineffectual, the queen's knights remained sir William and sir Edward, despite of the flaws found in their pedigrees. The dispute was but a droll interlude among the stormy scenes which occurred at cabinet councils, where the queen was often agitated by the attacks of the family junta who now entirely composed it. On one of these occasions her majesty rose up in a flutter, and overthrew the chair on which she had been seated. From this movement, an augury, in jest, was drawn by the triumphant family-faction, that the queen meant it as a type or emblem of their overthrow,—a playful allusion to which circumstance is to be found in the following extract of a letter, preserved among the papers of his grace the duke

[1] MS. diary of sir Peter le Neve, Norroy king-at-arms.

of Devonshire, from Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Marlboroughs, and wife to Godolphin's son:—

LADY RIALTON[1] TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

* * * * * * "Sept. 23, 1707.

"I leave this place, as does the duchess of Marlborough, for St. Albans; lord G——, and lord R——, and your slave, for lord Kerr's (?); from thence to Newmarket, where your lord's expected. *Wee* hear he can't stay for your grace.

"*Wee* are every hour expecting to hear of three or four new ministers in great places, but the manner of the work is, I own, what delights me extremely, though I hear you, madam, have had some meetings with *him*.

"*Wee* are all well here, and like mightily *the queen's throwing back her chair* being a strong argument for the dissolution. All letters, *wee* hear, are opened; this can't be, because it comes by a servant of the duchess of Marlborough's. I am, my lord duke's, and your grace's, with great sincerity and respect, most faithful, obedient, and humble servant, "HTT. RIALTON."[2]

Her majesty passed the heat of the summer at Windsor, pursuing her usual amusement of hunting the stag in her high-wheeled chaise: the queen must have had great skill in driving, or that species of good luck which often attends persons of headlong courage, or she would have met with a series of disasters similar to that which befell her friend the duchess of Somerset, when following the royal hunt on her majesty's track in the same species of vehicle. The duchess gives a lively description of her fall, and her letter[3] at the same time affords a view of life at Windsor-castle one hundred and forty years ago.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.[4]

"Windsor, Sept. y^e^ 30th, 1707.

"I hope, dearest madam, this will find you at London, and well after your journey. I am very glad you think of coming to stay some days here, and I will undertake to keep you in every thing but lodging, and do all I can to incline you to like Windsor, though I must own we have not much diversion. But if sixpenny omber [*ombre*] will be any, you may have plenty of gamesters, and I hope you will find lady Harborough here; for though she has had the goute in

[1] Lord Godolphin and his son, lord Rialton, the husband of the writer. "*Lord* Kerr's" does not seem so intelligible, without we have mistaken the word for lord *Kent*, afterwards duke of Kent, and the head of the powerful Gray family. He was lord high-chamberlain, and a whig.

[2] The letter being signed Htt. Rialton, the first name seeming to be a contraction of Henrietta; but the construction of the epistle is more like that of a lord than a lady, and the indication of the Christian name shows that it *must* be written by *lady* Rialton.

[3] Devonshire Papers (inedited), copied by permission.

[4] The daughter of lady Russell. The duchess of Devonshire had newly come to her title.

her hand, 'tis now so much better, that she thinks she shall be able to come a-Saturday, in order to come into waiting [on her majesty], or a-Munday. I hope she will have better luck than I had; for I was overturned in *the chaise*[1] yesterday, and every body thought I had broken all my bones, but, thank God, I had as little hurt as was possible.

"I am, deare madam, y^r grace's most faithfull, humble servant,

"E. Somerset."

The duchess seems to connect the overturn in the chaise with the duties of the lady in waiting, who was evidently expected to follow her royal mistress in her dangerous pastime, in the same species of dangerous vehicle.

Without fatiguing the reader with the wrangling correspondence addressed, at this period, from Woodstock to Mrs. Masham at Windsor, wherein the queen is not mentioned, although her majesty's favour was the object of dispute, it is enough to say that the queen took away the interesting bride, Abigail, with her Samuel, to attend on her at the Newmarket October meeting, where the royal family remained a whole month. Her majesty returned to town in time to open her first parliament of Great Britain, November 6, 1707, when she made a speech containing her usual entreaties that good-will and friendship might prevail among all ranks and parties of her subjects, especially in regard to cementing the newly-made Union. The Scotch, in an access of discontent, were already getting up petitions for dissolving the Union, and the English were giving themselves a superfluity of arrogant airs on the disgrace and displeasure they felt at being associated in one senate with their northern neighbours, and showed, withal, no slight touches of that jealousy of the queen's Scottish connexions, which formed a remarkable feature of the reign of James I. Turning from these public troubles to the internal warfare in her palace, the queen still strove to soothe the rage of her tyrant-duchess, by letters full of the most submissive expressions. On her majesty's return to Kensington, where she went to reside on account of the prince's asthma during the foggy month of November, she indited the following epistle, as an apology for leaving unanswered the foregoing inimitable missive from the duchess, and a series in the same style which is not forthcoming; the tenour, however, appears

[1] The chaise was the hunting-chair.

from the queen's letter, to consist of threats of Marlborough's resignation as commander-in-chief, and of lord Godolphin as lord treasurer,—threats which they by no means intended to carry into execution. Letters, at once sneering, taunting, and insolent, like the last quoted from the pen of the duchess, were answered by the queen with depression of spirit, almost amounting to sadness. It was the failing health of her husband, that Anne foresaw would, in a few short months, leave her alone in the world, which made her majesty thus lower herself, that there might be peace, in his time at least, among the usually turbulent elements of her household and cabinet council.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"Kensington, Oct. 30th.

"If I have not answered dear Mrs. Freeman's letters, (as indeed I should have done,) I beg she would not impute it to any thing but the apprehensions I was in of saying what might add to the ill impressions she has of me. For though I believe we are both in the same opinion in the main, I have the misfortune that I cannot agree exactly in every thing, and therefore what I say is not thought to have the least colour of reason in it, which makes me really not care to enter into particulars. Though I am unwilling to do it, 'tis impossible to help giving some answer to your last letter, in which I find you think me insensible of every thing. I am very sorry you, who have known me so long, can give way to such a thought as that 'I do not think the parting with my *lord*[2] Marlborough and my lord treasurer [Godolphin] as of much consequence,' because I did not mention any thing of my lord Marlborough's kind letter concerning me. The reason of that was, I really was in a great hurry when I writ to you, and not having time to write on that subject to *both*, I thought it was the most necessary to endeavour to let him see he had no reason to have suspicions of any one's having power with me besides himself and my lord treasurer, [Godolphin,] and I hope they will believe me. Can dear Mrs. Freeman think I can be so stupid as not to be sensible of the great services that my lord Marlborough and lord treasurer have done me? nor of the great misfortune it would be if they should quit my service? No, sure! you cannot believe me so void of sense and gratitude. I never did, nor *never* will, give them any just reason to forsake me. They have too much honour, and too sincere a love for their country, to leave me without a cause, and I beg *you* will not add that to my other misfortunes of *pushing them on to such an unjust and unjustifiable action*. I think I had best say no more, for fear of being thought *troublesome*."

Or rather, the queen felt she was too near the truth, by expressing her consciousness of whose restless spirit it was that agitated her cabinet councillors. She concluded with

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 200, 210.

[2] Both the queen and his wife often, according to long custom, spoke of him thus, instead of as duke of Marlborough.

words sufficiently honeyed to cover the mistake in her last sentence :—

"But whatever becomes of me, I shall always preserve a most sincere and tender passion for my dear Mrs. Freeman to my last moments."

The humiliating passages in this epistle were not deemed sufficiently expiatory by the froward recipient. The queen was not a little alarmed at the expression of visage with which the duchess of Marlborough resumed her duties at St. James's. Her style of countenance elicited a deprecatory epistle from her majesty, in the following strain :—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"MY DEAR MRS. FREEMAN, "Saturday night, St. James.

"I cannot go to bed without renewing the request which I have often made, that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley. I saw, by the glimpse I had of you yesterday, that you were full of 'em. Indeed I do not deserve 'em; and if you could see my heart, you would find it as sincere, as tender, and passionately fond of you as ever, and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me.

"Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear, *dear* Mrs. Freeman, who, I do assure, once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express."

The queen's letter coming up to the duchess's ideas of her own deserts, she condescended to speak on the subject which had caused such portentous blackness to lour on her countenance, on her first meeting her royal mistress. It then appeared, that the said louring looks were preparatory to a severe account to which the wrathful dame meant to call her majesty for sundry derelictions on the part of Mrs. Masham, in omissions of answers to written lectures and calls unreturned, being clear avoidance of her irate cousin, who was greatly inconvenienced at not having opportunity of giving vent to her wrath, or, in her own style of self-laudation, frankly speaking her mind. Yet it is surprising that, notwithstanding the violent exaggerations of the duchess of Marlborough on the infamous conduct of the queen and her new favourite, she is unable to produce one tangible instance of injury, or even the least indication of aggression offered to her or hers by either. "I took an opportunity," writes[1] the

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS. Inedited, Brit. Museum.

angry duchess, "of speaking to her majesty about Mrs. Masham's late behaviour," which behaviour was merely keeping out of the way of various ratings in preparation for her, —rather in a slinking and cowardly manner it is true, yet feminine cowardice is no crime. "Nevertheless, I could get from the queen little but this; 'Masham thought you were angry with her, and was afraid to come near you.' Upon which I reasoned a good while with the queen, asking 'Why Masham should be afraid, if she had done me no injury?' All ended in this, that the queen herself approved of what Masham had done;" or rather, of what she had not done, as the sins for which her majesty and Masham were taken to task were those of omission, and not of commission.

Finding that Anne's passiveness gave very imperfect satisfaction to her ebullitions of fiery rage, the duchess went to molest the prime-minister Godolphin, by sending him to lecture her majesty. Lord Godolphin, after an interview with the queen, when making his report, either real or pretended, told her grace "that he had, indeed, convinced the queen that Mrs. Masham was in the wrong, but that it was evident that her majesty would have preferred considering her to be in the right."[1] The result was, that the culprit was brought to express, in writing, a request "that 'the duchess would please appoint a time to be waited on, that she might learn from her wherein she had offended." Accordingly the time was set, the culprit made her appearance, and the duchess opened her list of grievances by saying, "that 'it was very certain that she [Masham] took frequent occasions of going to the queen, and being alone with her; and that as she took great pains to conceal these facts from me, it was a sign that no good was meant to me by it.' On my saying so, Mrs. Masham *appeared* to cry, and made a protestation 'that she had never spoken to the queen about any thing of consequence, only giving her now and then a petition that came from the backstairs, just to save me the trouble of doing it.'[2] Then I observed, 'How extremely changed the queen was in her dis-

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Inedited, Brit. Museum.

[2] Calamy's presentation-copy is a case in point.

position to me, and that it must be necessarily some ill offices that were the occasion.'"[1]

Here Mrs. Masham, who had proceeded thus far with praiseworthy caution, made a mistake, perhaps only a verbal one; indeed, she evidently thought she was saying something very satisfactory. She answered, that "She was sure the queen, who had loved the duchess so extremely, would always be kind to her."—"Thus," exclaims the duchess, interrupting her own detail, "*she*, who pretended just before to live at so humble a distance from the queen, should forget herself, and in the very next breath take upon *herself* to know so much of the queen's mind, as to 'assure *me* that her majesty would be always very kind *to me!*' It was very shocking to me to be assured of the queen's favour by one that I had raised from starving, and to whom I had given the opportunity of getting favour to herself, of which she made so ill use. Her speech produced only silence, without raising that passion and resentment natural,—indeed, I was perfectly stunned. Upon which, Mrs. Masham rose nimbly from her seat, saying, very briskly, "She hoped I would permit her sometimes to inquire after my health, and with the usual civility took her leave,"[2] or more correctly speaking, made her escape.

In whatsoever light the *mal-à-propos* speech of Abigail may appear to impartial persons, it is certain that, small or great, it was the only personal offence ever given by her to her former patroness. It is very evident that the poor woman merely meant to say, "the queen has loved you so long and tenderly, that it is not likely such love can ever suffer any diminution." However, the speech, such as it was, remained broiling and fermenting in the fiery mind of the duchess, ready for an outrageous explosion. The outbreak took place early as the Christmas holidays of 1707, when the belligerent party went ostensibly to compliment and congratulate queen Anne, but really to quarrel with her. "Before I went in," says the duchess of Marlborough,[3] "I learnt from the page that Mrs. Masham was just sent for. The moment I saw the queen, I

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., inedited, Brit. Museum. [2] Conduct. [3] Ibid.

plainly perceived she was very uneasy. She stood all the while I was with her, and looked so coldly upon me, as if I should no longer doubt of the loss of her affections. Upon observing what reception I had, I said to her, 'I was sorry I had happened to come so unseasonably.' I then made my curtsy to go away, when the queen, with a great deal of disorder in her face, and without speaking one word, took me by the hand. And when thereupon I stooped to kiss hers, she took me up with a very cold embrace, and then, without one kind word, let me go."

A written lecture to the queen was the inevitable consequence of an unsatisfactory reception, which, according to the above description, might have been occasioned by trouble of mind, or even by personal pain:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"December 27, 1707.

"If Mrs. Morley will be so just as to reflect and examine impartially her last reception of Mrs. Freeman, how very different from what it has been formerly, when *you* were glad to see *her* come in, and sorry when she went away, certainly *you* can't wonder at her reproaches upon an embrace, that seemed to have no satisfaction in it but that of getting rid of her, in order to enjoy the conversation of one that has the good fortune to please *you* better. . . . .

"So much by way of apology for what happened on Wednesday last."

The last clause raises the idea, that some scene took place of more positive demonstration of rage than what is described in the narrative she called her "Conduct." A tradition of the last century, quoted from a periodical called the "London Chronicle," says that the duchess slammed the door of the queen's closet after her, so that the noise was heard several rooms off.

Over and above the rage and jealousy with which the queen's favour to Masham was viewed by the duchess, there was a matter of private interest pending, on which the queen was not quite so generous and compliant as usual; this was, the grant of that portion of the demesnes of St. James's on which the present Marlborough-house stands. The duchess had a great wish to possess an independent palace of her own, and this was the site she chose; but, according to her own account, "the queen had suffered lord Godolphin to importune

her for the gift of this ground to the duchess of Marlborough *since* a long time." Probably some reminiscences of her youth and departed friends caused the demur in the mind of the queen. It was the private pleasure-garden of her uncle Charles and his consort, Catharine of Braganza; it was the scene of Anne's earliest sports and recollections, for she was born in the adjoining palace. The duchess of Marlborough had fixed her mind on possessing this garden and its appurtenances long before the death of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza. According to her own account, she had extorted from queen Anne a promise of it, deeming herself at the same time an injured person, because she was not suffered to thrust out queen Catharine's lessees. "For my part," says the duchess, "I believe that the queen-dowager [Catharine] had no good right to any thing after she lived in Portugal. Yet my lord Godolphin was so *nice*, that he would not displace the meanest person that had the pretence to plead of right from long service to her."[1] Why should he? Godolphin had sometimes the decency to remember those from whom he had received benefits in early life.

The wished-for death of the queen-dowager had taken place in the preceding year; nevertheless, queen Anne continued to resist the importunities of Godolphin and the angry duchess to deface her royal aunt's pleasaunce at St. James's. At length, the unappeasable fury of the duchess, and an approaching political crisis, caused her majesty to give way, and the grant was made over to the Marlborough family for fifty years about this period. The duchess says, "Queen Catharine had given her interest in the ground to the sisters of lord Feversham, her chamberlain. For full twenty years, these two French women lived in it."[2] Not *in* the ground, it may be supposed, but in some fragment of the old conventual remains of St. James's, called 'the Friary.' "I had," pursues the duchess, "the house of the countess du Roy, and where queen Catharine's priests lived, having obtained the promise of the queen *before* the death of the queen-dowager, Catharine of

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson, written in 1713, while on the continent; Coxe MSS. vol. xv., Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

Braganza, of the site in St. James's-park,[1] upon which my house now stands. The grant was at first but for fifty years, and the building cost between forty and fifty thousand pounds, of which queen Anne paid not one shilling, although many angry people believed otherwise."[2] The rage of the people was, to do them justice, not at the outlay, or supposed outlay, by the queen of the public money in favour of the duchess, but they were peculiarly aggravated because, in laying the foundations of the palace, called to this day "Marlborough-house," she had caused to be rooted up a fine young oak-tree, sprung from an acorn which king Charles II. had set with his own hand. The king had plucked the acorn from his friendly oak,[3] that screened him so well at Boscobel. He had planted it in the pleasure-garden that belonged to his queen, Catharine of Braganza, which once occupied the site of Marlborough-house and joined the park, extending nearly down the south side of Pall-Mall.

The English people have always been passionately fond of the historical circumstance of their king's preservation in their national tree. To this hour, there is not a town in England, and scarcely a village, but bears some memorial of "the royal oak" in the only pictorial indication that pertains to the people, which is, alas! but in the signs of their drinking-houses. It was in vain that, for wearing oak-leaves in their hats, English peasants were doomed, in the reigns of William and Mary, and at this period of that of their sister Anne, to incarceration in the village stocks.[4] In vain did "singing of the blithesome song of the 29th of May," subject the songster to the pains and

[1] In another MS. paper, Brit. Museum, addressed to Hutchinson in 1711 or 1713, the duchess says, "This ground, which was enjoyed for twenty years at least by a Frenchwoman *without envy*, was valued to me by the Examiner [a periodical of that day] at 10,000*l*. But let this be as it will, I pay a certain rent for it to the queen's exchequer, and as it is her ground, the green-cloth have taxed me for that house at the rate of 300*l*. a-year. It has cost the duke of Marlborough between 40,000*l*. and 50,000*l*., and the lease of it was but for fifty years, five or six of which are run out since the grant." This last remark dates the queen's grant of this demesne of the crown in the year 1707, a period when, in all probability, queen Anne did not covet the very near neighbourhood of the duchess.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 292, 293.

[3] Charles II. paid a visit to the scene of his peril after his accession, when he must have brought away this acorn. See Pepys' Letters.

[4] Swift's Memoirs of a Parish Clerk.

penalties of clownish treason, the crime being expiated in the stocks and at the whipping-post. The song had got possession of the English heart, nor could the above pains and penalties hinder this refrain from being shouted, even in the stocks, of—

"Old Pendrill, the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

When such popular predilections are remembered, it will not excite surprise, that all the wealth, the influence, and the enormous military power vested in the hands of her husband could not prevent the favourite of queen Anne from being made aware of the indignation of the people, from amongst whom she was sent three epigrams on the destruction of Charles II.'s sapling-oak, each bitterer than the other. The first is endorsed,—

"Upon rooting up the royal oak in St. James's-park, raised from an acorn set by the hands of Charles II., who brought the same from the oak of Boscobel, his old hiding-place."

"THE ROYAL SAPLING OAK.

"Whilst Sarah from the royal ground,
Roots up the royal oak,
The sapling, groaning from the wound,
Thus to the syren spoke:
'Ah! may the omen kindly fail,
For poor Britannia's good;
Or else not only me you fell,
But *her*[1] who owns the wood.'"[2]

The conduct of the duchess was by no means considered as expiated by this literary castigation, for the epigram was succeeded by one more stern:—

"THE SEASONABLE CAUTION.

"Be cautious, madam, how you thus provoke
This sturdy plant, the second royal oak;
For should you fell it, or remove it hence,
When dead it may revenge the vile offence,
And build a scaffold in another place,
That may ere long prove fatal to 'your Grace!'
Nay, furnish out a useful gallows too,
Sufficient for your friends, though not for you.
Then let it stand a monument of fame,
To that forgiving prince who set the same;
For should it fall by you the world may say,
The fate may be your own another day."

[1] Queen Anne.

[2] The author of these lines signed himself "H. G." in the manuscripts of popular poems and songs collected by Robert earl of Oxford.—Harleian MSS., Brit. Museum.

A third severer monition appeared from the public:—

"THE MURMURS OF THE OAK.

"Why dost thou root me up, ungrateful hand?
My father saved the king who saved the land,
That king to whom thy mother owed her fame.[1]
* * * * *
But since the malice of her spawn, your grace,
Presumes to rend me from my resting-place,
Where by the royal hand I first was set,
And from an acorn thrived to be thus great,
May I be hewed, now rooted up by thee,
Into some lofty famous triple tree,
Where none may swing but such as have betrayed
Those generous powers by which themselves were made.
Then may I hope to gain as much renown,
By hanging up my foes that cut me down,
As my tall parent, when he bravely stood
The monarch's safeguard in the trembling wood.
I know not which would prove the next good thing,
To hang up traitors, or preserve a king."

Terrible disputes and divisions rent the queen's cabinet council from the hour that the jealousy of the family junta was excited against Robert Harley, the ex-speaker of the house of commons: some individuals among them suspected that the queen's consort favoured this rival. Prince George, hitherto their systematic supporter, had been at this period greatly enraged at the second censure parliament had cast on his administration of the navy, although he had clearly proved that the sums voted for its support were directed to other channels, to swell the armies which Marlborough yearly led to the fruitless fields of Flemish victories.

An ever-recurring incident in the life of queen Anne was, the necessity of witnessing daily contentions of angry men in those furious debates they called the queen's cabinet councils. The persons composing them had little respect for her past conduct, and not the least confidence in her earnest desire to atone, by her blameless conduct as queen, for the questionable course which had brought her to that high station; consequently, they put slight restraint on their evil passions if irritated, and forgetting the deference due to a lady, as well as that which they owed to their sovereign, scrupled not to rage around her with all the coarseness and fury of brutal natures.

[1] This is an allusion to the scandals which pursued the memory of the duchess of Marlborough's mother.

A remarkable scene of this kind took place early in the year 1708, when the queen made her first endeavour to free herself from the chains of the Marlboroughs, and to displace Godolphin as lord treasurer. Her majesty told Mr. St. John her resolution, and sent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, having first read it to her messenger. A still more extraordinary step was, that the queen at the same time bade St. John "tell what she had done about town," which he did without reserve. The first week in February, 1708, was the period of this struggle, which produced an extraordinary excitation in a council, where her majesty presided personally, on the evening of the second Sunday in that month. When Harley, who was the minister intended by the queen to succeed Godolphin, delivered a memorial to her relating to the war, the duke of Marlborough and lord-treasurer Godolphin left the room abruptly. The duke of Somerset then rose, and pointing to Harley, said rudely to the queen, that "If she suffered that fellow to treat of affairs of the war without the advice of the general, he could not serve her."[1] The queen succumbed to the storm, and Harley was for a time dismissed and driven from her. His secretary, Gregg, was arrested and thrown into Newgate, on a charge of correspondence with France. Harley was in nearly as much danger from the ministers, who thought they had proof strong enough of his correspondence with St. Germains; but he probably received intelligence from his royal mistress, which enabled him successfully to recriminate on the Jacobite letters of Marlborough and Godolphin to keep them in check. The imprisoned secretary of Harley was hanged; his petty dealings with French bribes came out in that inquiry, which was to have implicated his master. It was likewise discovered, that the queen extended her private charity by sending comforts and necessaries to the wretched Gregg in prison, by her physician Arbuthnot. A political outcry followed, but it was proved that such was the constant custom of her majesty in every case. Anne was most unwilling to sentence any one to death, and when forced so to do, tried to alleviate the miseries of the condemned by her secret beneficence.

[1] Scott's Swift Correspondence, vol. xv. p. 297.

The great magnates in the triumphant faction were not ashamed to combine for the purpose of agitating the house of commons to petition the queen to dismiss Mrs. Masham.[1] Yet some heads there are, whose level is too lowly to afford suitable marks for the launch of such mighty bolts. The woman was, after all, but a common chamber-maid, a mere knitter of knots and tier of strings. The English parliament would have denounced a *lady* of the bedchamber, but feared the ridicule that would have attended the solemn displacement of a dresser. So the queen's Abigail escaped, but many ominous notes exist regarding the vengeance the Marlborough duchess longed to take on her humble rival while the threatened petition was in agitation; as "Abigail is alarmed; she knows not which way to turn."[2] As this redoubtable enemy had been a servant-maid, and in rank was, even in 1708, (notwithstanding the favour of her royal mistress,) too low for political vengeance, the combination against her seems sufficiently contemptible. The queen, whose personal attentions to her dying husband made the assistance of Abigail Masham, as a handmaid in the sick chamber, more than ever needful to her, constantly protested, "that to make her a great lady, or a political power, was perfectly against her will and wish."[3]

Marlborough's threat of throwing up the command of the army every time the queen resisted any innovation by his family junta, was, in the present instance, fully successful; although at last the rod, which was never intended to fall, was shaken so often, that it lost the desired effect. As Harley had been driven off by this means, the duchess was determined to try what a similar proceeding would do in her case towards dislodging the mutual kinswoman of Harley and herself. In utter ignorance of how she had, unawares, broken the charm she had in early life thrown round the queen by inducing her to believe that, howsoever rough and rude she might be in speech and writing, yet Sarah, at the bottom of her heart, loved Anne better than all the riches, power, titles, and other good things that she had received from the said Anne, she went with the full intention of playing on those feelings, totally uncon-

[1] Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum; vol. xv. [2] Ibid.
[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

scious that, by a mere accident, her own loud tongue and insolence of heart had exploded such belief in the queen's mind beyond any possibility of self-deception. "The day before the duke of Marlborough writ his letter to take leave of the queen, in February 1707-8, I waited upon her majesty, and told her 'that she was not pleased to tell me of her affairs as formerly, yet I had an account of every thing from my lord Marlborough and lord Godolphin, who, I perceived, would be forced to leave her service very soon, and upon that account I should be obliged to do so too; but that I had one favour to beg of her majesty, and that was, that she would please to give me leave to resign my employments to my children, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing that her majesty would permit them to enjoy these, as *legacies* from me in my lifetime,'"[1]—a reasonable request! to render hereditary a few of the greatest places about the royal person in one family interest, to the amount of 6000*l.* per annum according to the calculation of the duchess, and upwards of 9000*l.* per annum by the calculation of the opposite party. And while the queen was, at every turn, surrounded by the holders of these modest "legacies," the mother would take the maternal right of raising as many furious quarrels in the royal family and household, as had been her wonted custom since the accession of James II. The queen was silent. The duchess, after a pause for assent, went on with her oration on the propriety of sanction being instantly given to such an admirable arrangement. "I observed," continued she, "that this was no injury to any one, as I thought none of the ladies of the bedchamber could be disobliged by it; because nobody could wonder that her majesty should have so much consideration for me as to do this on my account, whom she had honoured so long with her favour and friendship, and especially since my daughters were married into some of the first families of the nation, and were of a quality very suitable to those places, according to all the precedents that had gone before them. For as to the place of groom of the stole, which was the most considerable, her

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., inedited, Brit. Museum.

majesty might remember that lord Bath was groom of the stole to king Charles II., lady Arlington to the queen-dowager, [Catharine of Braganza,] lord and lady Peterborough to king James II. and his queen, lord Romney [Henry Sidney] to king William III., [being a peer of his own making,] and the countess of Derby to queen Mary, her majesty's sister. I added, 'that though I had always used the best endeavours to serve her, yet she would not be worse served, when she had three to do it instead of one.'"

"All this," continues the duchess,[1] "the queen heard 'very patiently,' and at length told me 'that she could not grant my request, not because she was not satisfied that my children could not serve her without giving just offence to any one, but because she should never part from me as long as she lived.' I answered in the most grateful manner I could, and many kind things passed on both sides; but I still continued to press the queen to grant me the favour I desired of her, and the queen denied it in the same kind way. At last, the whole ended with this, that if the duke of Marlborough *could* continue in her service, *I* should not desire to leave her; but if that proved to be impossible, I hoped she would be pleased to grant my request of resigning my places to my children. The queen promised me she would do it, and I kissed her hand on that account.'"[2] The duchess pursues her narrative with the assertion, "that the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin were continued in their places by the interposition of the prince George of Denmark." Her testimony is in direct opposition to historians in general, who pronounce him to have been more inimical to that party than the queen; yet that the duchess of Marlborough ever deemed him the fast friend of herself and her party, can be ascertained by symptoms more certain than her words, even by her abstinence from abusing or reviling him. The persons who were the most intimate in the palace, or with the ministry of queen Anne, give totally diverse statements on this head. The duchess of Marlborough's positive declaration was, that the prince was the friend of the re-

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Inedited, Brit. Museum.
[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

volutionary party, and kept the queen steady to its interests whilst he lived; and the result of events, which we see from the vantage-ground of nearly a century and a half, bears out her assertion. The change of the queen was too sudden after the loss of her spouse to be a mere coincidence.[1] Others declare that prince George, in the last year of his life, was thoroughly disgusted with the government of the family junta, and would have cleared the administration of them, leaving, perforce, the duke of Marlborough at the head of the army; but he found a ramification of the endless chain all-powerful in his own domestic *régime*. George Churchill, who had been his favourite since the age of fourteen, and was now his factotum and dispenser of every species of business, soon showed, although he was himself an especial *bête noir* of his sister-in-law, that his family interests were paramount to any party by which he chose to designate himself, albeit George Churchill termed himself tory, and even Jacobite, in his carouses.

About a month before the duke of Marlborough departed for the Flemish campaign, his brother George informed the prince "that Marlborough was determined to throw up the command of the army, if Mr. Harley and his colleagues displaced lord Godolphin, or, indeed, if Mr. Harley was suffered to continue in place."—"Prince George of Denmark, thus intimidated by George Churchill," adds Swift, who is the historical memorialist of Harley himself, "reported the matter to the queen, and time failing, and the service pressing, her majesty was forced to yield." And, as the duke of Marlborough said carelessly at his levee next morning, "Harley was turned out."[2] The head and front of Harley's offending appear to be confined to the fact, that he had been speaker to the economical tory parliament which had resisted the profuse grant that queen Anne proposed for the duke of Marlborough at the commencement of her reign. As for his Jacobitism, regarding which a loud outcry is made by the Marlboroughs, it does not appear from the view of events that he was more

[1] Life of Edmund Calamy exactly coincides with this statement, vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

[2] Swift's Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry.—Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 172

sincere in that interest than themselves, his aim, like theirs, being but to cajole the exiled prince. The queen was suffering at this time from her constitutional disease of ophthalmia. Prince George, who often took his place in the house of lords as duke of Cumberland, and now and then made a speech in his broken English, complained "that it was not likely the queen's eyes would be better, since she was detained to sit up so late at council." His own increasing infirmities made early rest very desirable to him.

An alarming crisis was at hand, which drew the queen's attention,—Scotland and the northern counties of England were ready to burst into rebellion. The attempted invasion of Scotland, in the spring of 1708, was observed to occasion great alarm in her majesty's mind, and an utter change in the style of her speeches from the throne. Hitherto, the word "revolution" had never passed the lips of her majesty; neither had she ever mentioned the cause of it, nor any of the individuals by whom it was promoted.[1] The persons who composed her speeches had tacitly implied that she succeeded her father by hereditary right, and was not an elective queen. As the danger of invasion became more manifest, the queen's speech found a new appellation for her brother; formerly he was 'the pretended prince of Wales,' but since the year 1708 he was called 'the Pretender,' for by this epithet his sister branded him, in her dismissal of the parliament in the autumn of 1708. It may be observed, that this epoch formed the third change of the feelings of queen Anne towards him since the Revolution.

One of those singular scenes took place at this crisis, which told, rather touchingly, the divided state of the queen's heart between the safety of her country and the danger in which the last near relative that remained to her was involved. Sir George Byng, when he sailed to intercept his invasion, had no instructions as to the person of the Pretender. Some in council had proposed "measures of dispatch," (that is, the proscription of his life,) but the moving appearance of the queen's flowing tears prevented all further deliberation. The council

[1] Tindal's Continuation, vol. ii. pp. 58-60.

broke up in confusion.[1] It has been said, that the queen's brother was actually taken on board the Salisbury, an English ship that had formerly become a prize to the French, which was now recaptured by sir George Byng near the mouth of the Forth at the time of the attempted invasion; and that sir George treated the young prince, according to the queen's orders, with the utmost respect, and landed him on the French coast. There were several Jacobites captured on board the Salisbury, who stood their trials for high treason. The queen was actually prevailed upon to sign the death-warrant of one of them, old lord Griffin, who was condemned to be beheaded, June 16, 1708. Swift speaks of this projected execution in terms of levity: "The boys of the town are mighty happy; for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy." In fact, Anne never would consent to the execution of the old Jacobite, but regularly respited him every month, till he pined away and died in the Tower, in 1710. His death, it is affirmed, was occasioned by old age, and not by the weight of the queen's death-warrant hanging over him.[2] The queen must have known lord Griffin from her earliest infancy, for he had followed her father in all his wanderings, and attended him when she was with him at Brussels and Scotland. He was, at the Revolution, remarkable for his personal fidelity to his unfortunate master, and was lieutenant-colonel of James II.'s regiment of guards, which bore the name of the Coldstream.[3]

Notwithstanding the pacification effected in the spring, disputes between queen Anne and her prime-minister Godolphin soon became frequent, and at last almost interminable, during the summer of 1708. The conduct of lord Sunderland, of whom the queen complained often that he treated her with personal insult, was usually the subject of these differences.[4] The duchess of Marlborough was unwise enough, after she had failed in driving the queen to any distasteful measure, to send lord Godolphin to lecture her majesty into

[1] Birch MS., 4221, art. 6; Brit. Museum.

[2] History of Conspiracies against William, Anne, &c., p. 208.

[3] Burke's Extinct Peerage. [4] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

compliance. She had, withal, no judgment in regard to the importance of the matter on which she summoned this aid. The whig premier was as often called upon to settle an old-clothes insurrection, as to coerce the sovereign in her appointment of a dignitary of the church. Once the queen would not submit to the appointment of sir James Montague, the brother of lord Halifax, to some post thought good for the family interest, the Montagues having become connexions of the junta that governed England since the marriage of the duchess's daughter with the heir of the duke of Montague; therefore the dispute was carried on vivaciously by lord Godolphin, and was met with unyielding obstinacy by the queen. "The battle," wrote lord Godolphin, "might have lasted till midnight if the clock had not struck three, when the prince of Denmark thought fit to come in, and look as if it were dinner-time."[1] One of the matters in dispute, when the prince thus broke the discussion by "looking anxiously for his dinner," appears to be the same mentioned in the Walpole State-Papers, where it is noted that, in June 1708, a struggle ensued between queen Anne and the duke of Marlborough, relative to the appointment of colonels in the army. Marlborough declared, and certainly with justice, that, as general, he must best know what officers were the most deserving of promotion. Yet the offensive exercise of the queen's personal will in this matter arose, not from her own pleasure, but to gratify her husband, prince George; who, in his turn, had been solicited by his favourite, the brother of the duke of Marlborough, George Churchill. A violent dispute ensued; colonel Lillingston's regiment was given to colonel Jones, the *protégé* of prince George. Marlborough, although his own brother was at the bottom of the intrigue, was exceedingly enraged, and wrote a letter of reproof to him, while the whole of his party took the queen to task. There was, moreover, a report that it was effected through the agency of Mr. Harley; and Robert Walpole, then secretary at war, was accused of circulating that rumour. George Churchill ran with the duke

[1] Marlborough Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 242; Godolphin to the duke of Marlborough, June 13, 1708.

of Marlborough's letter to the queen and the prince, who were both exceedingly displeased at the tenour of it.[1]

Daily threats of impeachment, notwithstanding her humble station, continued to be thundered by the junta against the queen's Abigail, although great difficulties certainly existed to make out a case, either public or private, of any injury done to the duchess of Marlborough, or to any other person, by her cautious and quiet kinswoman. At last, the duchess found out something that looked like an invasion of one of her rights, and posted off to Kensington-palace to make a thorough investigation of the same. Kensington was the place where the queen withdrew, as often as possible, to nurse her declining husband in the quiet and good air. Sickness and silence have no charms for the gay world, even if they are the lot of the royal occupants of a palace. The queen and Abigail Masham, as may be gathered from the subsequent narrative, were permitted to remain almost in solitude with the dying prince, when the enraged dame broke upon the invalid seclusion of Kensington with furious representations of the injuries they were committing against her vested rights. It seems, some court-spy or gossiping mischief-maker had been commenting to the haughty duchess "on the grand apartments in which her cousin Masham received company, whenever her friends visited her at Kensington-palace." After due cogitation on the length, breadth, and other geographical particulars of the designated apartments, the duchess came to the conclusion "that they must be the same which had been fitted up by king William for his favourite Keppel, adjacent to his royal suite, and that they had been subsequently allotted by queen Anne to *her*;"[2] and though she had never used them, and scarcely knew their situation, she flew off to Kensington, with the strong determination that they should be appropriated by no other person.

It must be borne in mind, that the excessive corpulence of prince George, joined to his sufferings both from gout and asthma, made the ascension of flights of stairs almost im-

[1] The duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

[2] Ibid.

practicable to him; he was therefore lodged on the groundfloor at Kensington-palace, from whence he could make short excursions for air and exercise amid his trees and plants, of which he was excessively fond. Among his favourite tastes and pursuits, he was one of the greatest promoters of arboriculture and horticulture in England,—tastes which, fortunately for the country, have appertained to the throne for the preceding three hundred years, giving to the face of the country that paradisaical aspect which is always surprising to the eyes of foreigners; for the English, whilst sturdily limiting as much as possible the positive power of their monarchs, are the most sedulous mimics of all their personal tastes and habits, even when they have happened to be not so well deserving of imitation.

The queen, in the utmost anxiety for the existence of the husband whom she had devotedly loved from her youth upwards, arranged to their mutual convenience the rooms at Kensington-palace, sharing with him a suite on the groundfloor, for they always inhabited the same apartment. Of course it was a mere matter of necessity, and no studied disrespect to her grace of Marlborough, that her majesty's attendants inhabited the adjacent apartments on the same floor, that they might be at hand to give assistance to the queen in the night; for prince George had been in danger of death several times that spring and summer, and must have expired in the suffocating spasms of coughing, if the queen had not raised him in her arms, and supported him until aid could be summoned. It was impossible for the duchess of Marlborough to be in ignorance of these circumstances when she posted to Kensington as the disturber of the queen's arrangements relative to the comforts of her dying consort, for the only knowledge concerning them is actually gleaned from her own manuscript.[1] The angry inquisitor, moreover, marks the period full well, by observing "that these occurrences took place *after* Mr. Harley had been turned out, and Godolphin and Marlborough continued in their places by the interposition of the prince." Now this was in the spring of 1708, and the prince was defunct

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited; Coxe MSS.

before six months had passed away. "Having heard accidentally," says the duchess,[1] "in conversation with my friends, in how great state Mrs. Masham received her company at Kensington, by the description that was made of her chambers I had a great suspicion upon me that she had made use of part of my lodgings, which were what the queen had given me, and *furnished* for me, soon after her coming to the crown, and had particularly expressed to me 'that they were the same suite that my lord Albemarle, king William's Dutch favourite, had in his reign.' They were sufficiently known to the housekeeper and all the servants at Kensington-palace. I thought it was strange that Mrs. Masham should do this without my consent; but, on the other hand, she had opportunities enough of doing it, because I seldom made any use of these lodgings. For when I had occasion to wait on the queen at Kensington, I chose to return in the evening to my family, which at so small a distance it was very easy to do, rather than stay there." Thus the apartments, concerning which, in the true spirit of the dog in the manger, she was hastening to snarl and wrangle, although furnished for her at the queen's expense, she had never occupied, and would evidently, by her last words, have made it a grievance if obliged so to do. "However, to know the truth of the matter, I went to Kensington, and ordered the housemaid to let me into my own lodgings; and as I was going to the *lower* rooms, (for my lodgings consisted of two floors, one under the other,) the maid told me I could not go into any part of *that* floor, which was divided between Mrs. Masham and the bedchamber woman in waiting. Upon this I went to the queen, and complained to her 'of meeting with *such* usage as was wholly new at court, in Mrs. Masham's taking from me part of the lodgings which she herself long ago had been pleased to give me; and the bedchamber woman in waiting had been put into another part of them.' The queen only answered, 'Masham has none of your rooms.' She repeated this so often, and was so positive in it, that I began to believe that there was some mistake in

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

what the maid had told me, and went away, begging the queen's pardon for having troubled her about the matter."[1]

But the matter was not destined to remain thus in abeyance. Instigated by her suspicions that, by some means or other, a portion of her own deserted suite was made available by somebody, the restless dame soon made another incursion on the queen's peace at Kensington. "When I went next to Kensington," pursues the duchess, "I inquired more fully about it, and found, not only that Mrs. Masham had done all I suspected, but that she had used a great many little arts in the management of her design. She got the bedchamber woman in waiting to be removed into one end of my suite, and thus had the chambers wholly to herself that had belonged to the bedchamber woman in waiting, and were just beyond my lodgings on the same floor. Any one, in the common way of thinking, would have imagined this to be the same thing as if she had gone herself directly into my lodgings, since the bedchamber woman was removed into them purely on her account, and to make room for her in another place. I supposed she thought she could give the whole the turn, (if any noise should be made about it,) that it was done for the convenience of the queen's women." Thus the whole affair resolved itself into the fact, that the queen had put her chamber-attendant in a vacant apartment of the duchess's deserted suite, and Mrs. Masham had got the use of those rooms this attendant had vacated; thus the queen was borne out in her remark, "Masham has none of your rooms." She was, however, suspected of occasionally passing through them, or having her visitors ushered through them, and that was enough to incite another attack on the queen. "When I had discovered all this, I went again to the queen, and told her 'that I could now satisfy her how wrong an account had been given her of Mrs. Masham not having taken away any part of my lodgings; for I had just found, by all the evidence possible, that she certainly had done it. for I had just then been in the upper floor for the housemaid to describe to me what part it was she had taken under-

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

neath.'[1] But the queen still persisted in saying, 'I am sure Masham has taken none of your rooms;' and 'that to say to the contrary, is false and a lie!' which was a way of speaking I had never heard her make use of to any one, till she came under the practices of Abigail. I desired then that she [the queen] would send for Mr. Lowman, the housekeeper, who was the proper person to determine in this matter, and knew best 'what my lord Albemarle's lodgings were which her majesty had been pleased to give me, and what Mrs. Masham made use of at present.' But the queen said, 'I will not do that, for I know that Masham has none of your lodgings.' I called upon Mr. Lowman, as I went away, to talk to him about the matter; and I told him 'that though Mrs. Masham had taken a part of my lodgings and joined it to her own, yet as the queen had assured me that she had not done it, she must be imposed upon in this matter; and that I wondered how a bedchamber woman that I had raised from nothing, should think of taking my rooms from me, who would not have taken hers without her leave.' As I expected, the report of what I said was carried immediately to Abigail, and next morning she sent Mr. Lowman to tell me 'that she did not know that the lodgings she had made use of were mine; but she had begun to take down her furniture, and would immediately clear them;' and this she did accordingly."[2]

As the summer advanced, the symptoms of prince George became more alarming. The queen found he did not recover his health at Kensington, and was anxious to remove him to Bath, the place where all physicians at that period sent their patients for restoration of health. Before, however, the royal household removed, the angry dame of Marlborough paid another visitation to Kensington, on her suspicion being roused that her suite of rooms had again been invaded by Mrs. Masham. "Afterwards," says the duchess,[3] "upon my not using my lodgings, (which you will easily imagine I had no great inclination to do, though I did not care to be so far insulted as to have them taken from me against my consent,)

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

I discovered that Mrs. Masham had made use of them again. I complained of that also to the queen, telling her, 'Mrs. Masham cannot now pretend to be ignorant whose lodgings they were.' Her majesty was again angry and positive, saying, 'It was a lie; Masham had not made use of them.' Then I told her majesty, 'that I could bring forward before her several people that had seen her goods and servants in my rooms.' To which, almost in the same breath in which she had given me the lie, the queen asked, 'How could she help using them?'—meaning, I suppose, that her own were too little for her grandeur!" There is something here left untold by the self-partial narrator. The poor harassed queen, no doubt, asked her the question in reference to the neighbourhood of the suite to her husband's sick room. The consequence was, that Mrs. Masham was given another suite of apartments, "suitable enough for her grandeur," observes the taunting duchess; "and it is very remarkable, notwithstanding all this rudeness and impertinence to me upon this occasion, she had the whole house, Kensington-palace being in a manner empty, to choose her lodgings in."[1]

It may be remembered, that the first quarrel between Anne and her sister, queen Mary, began with these contemptible wranglings about lodgings. As the Marlborough duchess commenced her court-career, so she finished it. In fact, it is impossible justly to accord this person the meed of greatness of mind or character, for the causes of her contentions were despicable for their pettiness. Great characters never contend for trifles, seek for affronts, or make stormy tumults to gain small results. Greatness is inseparable from magnanimity: there was nothing great about the duchess of Marlborough, excepting the enormity of the sums of money she amassed. Her soul dwelt in the atmosphere most congenial to a chamber-maid, or a lodging-keeper, and seemed most in its element contending for perquisites of old gowns, or stoutly defending encroachments on the localities of dwelling-rooms.

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. The deserted state of Kensington-palace, at this period, is thus gathered from the duchess's own letter.

The last inbreak of the duchess of Marlborough on the invalid quiet of Kensington, was immediately followed by the removal of the queen from that palace. Her majesty retired to Windsor as early as July, not to the royal establishment of her stately castle, but to the small house or cottage in Windsor forest, purchased by her in the days when the wrath of her sister, queen Mary, rendered her an alien from all English palaces. Thither queen Anne brought her sick consort, and there, unencumbered by the trammels of royalty, she watched over him, and sympathized with his sufferings. The reason the prince passed the summer at the small house, was evidently because the site of Windsor-castle being high, the air was too bleak for his cough. The duchess of Marlborough was peculiarly incensed at this proceeding, attributing it to all kinds of furtive intrigues, in these words:[1] "Through the whole summer after Mr. Harley's dismission, the queen continued to have secret correspondence with him. And that this might be better managed, she stayed all the sultry season, even when the prince was panting for breath, in that small house she had formerly purchased at Windsor, which, though as hot as an oven, was said to be *cool*, because, from the park, such persons as Mrs. Masham had a mind to bring to her majesty could be let in privately by the garden."

The queen was at this cottage at Windsor when the news of the victory at Oudenarde reached her. Oudenarde was gained at more than its worth on the Flemish chess-board of war: it cost 2000 men on the victor's side. "Oh, Lord! when will all this dreadful bloodshed cease?"[2] were the words of queen Anne when she received the news, together with the lists of the killed and wounded. Notwithstanding the grief of heart with which she heard the tidings of these useless slaughters, it was indispensable etiquette for her to return thanks to her general, and public thanksgivings to God for them. The first she performed from her cottage at Windsor, in the following letter:—

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 222.

[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. iv. p. 104.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. Anno 1708.

(*After the victory of Oudenarde.*)

"Windsor, July 6, 1708.

"I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And, indeed, I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me; but be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you, nor think, because I differ from you in some things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again. And be assured I shall ever be, sincerely,

"*Your humble servant*,

"ANNE, R."[1]

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[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. iv. p. 104.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Queen Anne's quarrel in St. Paul's cathedral—Silence imposed on her by the duchess of Marlborough—Queen's angry correspondence with the duchess—Queen's progress to Bath with her invalid consort—Pasquinade on the queen's statue at St. Paul's—Letters of a magician to queen Anne—Death-bed of the prince-consort, George of Denmark—Queen's grief by her husband's corpse—She leaves Kensington for St. James's—Her anxiety regarding her consort's funeral—Her sorrow and seclusion—Conduct in widowhood—Queen importuned by parliament to marry again—Her answer—Her alarm at Marlborough's conduct—Her conference with lord Cowper—Queen's secret councils with the duke of Argyle—Queen's charity to her sick servant—Her letter of reproof to the duchess of Marlborough—Queen receives a taunting letter from her—Godolphin appeals to the queen against Dr. Sacheverel—Queen consents to his imprisonment—Verses left on the queen's toilet—Fac-simile letter of the queen—Queen's estrangement from the duchess of Marlborough—Queen's mysterious proceedings—Her secret councils—Her dissension with Godolphin; with the duke of Marlborough—Her stern reception of his duchess—Her impracticability in council.

The victory of Oudenarde obliged the queen to make her usual state procession to St. Paul's, for the purpose of returning thanks for the success of her arms, which thanksgiving was appointed for August 19, 1708. The duchess of Marlborough, who deemed herself the heroine of the day, was remarkably full of bustle and business on such occasions. Among other important affairs connected with her office as mistress of the robes, she arranged the queen's jewels in the mode she chose them to be worn. But when the royal *cortège* was in progress half way up Ludgate-hill, the duchess happening to cast her eyes on the queen's dress, made the notable discovery that all her majesty's jewels were absent,—a great disrespect to the occasion, and especially to her. Her rage broke out instantly, but what she said or did to induce an overflowing torrent of words from the lips of the usually taciturn queen, has not been recorded. It is certain, however, that they entered St. Paul's cathedral quarrelling, the queen

retorting the taunts of her companion so loudly, that the intrepid dame experienced some alarm, not at the anger of the queen, but lest the people, who detested the duchess, should overhear, and take an undesirable part in the contest. The queen continued to speak loudly and angrily after they had both taken their places in the cathedral, on which the duchess insolently told her royal mistress "not to answer her!" or, as other accounts say, bade the queen "to hold her tongue!"

The queen had endured much, but this insult, which she never forgot, brought all heart-burnings to open and angry discussions. The duchess of Marlborough never committed an outrage against her much-enduring mistress without instantly flying to her bitter pen, and stamping the "airy nothingness" of uttered words with the visible and permanent injuries of written documents. No sooner had she obtained a letter from her husband, which she thought reflected on the queen, than she enclosed it to her majesty in the following meek epistle:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

[August, 1708.]

"I cannot help sending your majesty this letter, to show how exactly lord Marlborough agrees with me in opinion that he has now no interest with you, though, when I said so in the church *a Thursday*, you were pleased to say it was untrue. And yet I think he will be surprised to hear, that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way that I thought you would like, Mrs. Masham could make you refuse to wear them in so unkind a manner, because *that* was a power she had not thought fit to exercise before.

"I will make no reflections on it, only that I must needs observe that your majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by my lord Marlborough."

In answer to this tirade on petty affronts, the queen replied with more dignity than usual:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[Sunday.]

"After the *commands* you gave me on the thanksgiving-day of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines but to return the duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands; and for the same reason, I do not say any thing to that, or to yours which enclosed it."

Had the queen always assumed the tone perceptible in this answer, she would have been spared many an insult from her ungrateful servant, who returned to the charge, it is true, in reply, but struck her sails in the conclusion of her despatch:—

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 219.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

"I should not trouble your majesty with any answer to your last short letter but to explain what you seem to mistake in what I said at church. I desired *you* not to answer *me*, for fear of being overheard; and this you interpret as if *I* had desired *you* not to answer *me* at all! which was far from my intention, for the whole end of my writing to you so often was, to get your answer to several things in which we differed,—if I was in the wrong, that you might convince me, and I should very readily have owned my mistakes. But since you have not been pleased to show them to me, I flatter myself that I have said several things that are *unanswerable*. . . . .

"The word *command*, which you use at the beginning of your letter, is very unfitly supposed to come from *me*. For though I have always writ to you as a friend, and lived with you as such for so many years, with all the truth, and honesty, and zeal for your service that was possible, yet I shall never forget that I am your subject, nor cease to be a faithful one."

Many years had passed away since the grand duchess had concluded a letter to her royal mistress in a style so well befitting their respective stations.

Other griefs than those occasioned by the arrogance of her palace-dictator pressed on the queen's heart. The symptoms of the prince required change of air, and in a few days after her stormy procession to St. Paul's, she commenced an easy progress with him to the west of England. "The prince of Denmark, being very much indisposed with asthma this summer, was advised by his physicians to go to *the* Bath, and her majesty, who was ever eminent for her conjugal affection, as another proof of it, resolved to attend him thither; and accordingly her majesty and the prince set out the 26th of August at Windsor, designing to sleep at Oxford that night. At their entrance into Oxfordshire they were met by the earl of Abingdon, lord-lieutenant of that county, the high sheriff and most of the gentlemen of that county, and at some distance from Oxford by the vice-chancellor, doctors, and masters in their robes, on horseback; and thus they were attended to Christ-church, where they supped. The next day, the queen was pleased to honour the university with her presence in convocation, where the university-orator congratulated her arrival among them, and many of the courtiers were admitted to the degree of LL.D. From the convocation-house the queen went to the theatre, where she was entertained with a vocal and instrumental concert, and several poesies were exhibited in honour of her visit. She was afterwards entertained by the

university at dinner, and then set out with the prince for Cirencester, where she rested that night, and the next day reached *the* Bath. They were previously met on the borders of the county of Somerset by the high-sheriff and gentlemen of the shire, and within half a mile of the city of *the* Bath by two hundred maids, richly dressed in the costume of Amazons, and at the west gate by the mayor and corporation in their formalities, who attended them to the Abbey-house, which was prepared for their reception. The night closed with illuminations, and other popular manifestations of joy."[1]

The same autumn the queen's statue was completed, which is still in the area before the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. Bird, the sculptor, received, by a very odd computation, 250*l.* for this statue, for each of the four allegorical figures round the base the sum of 220*l.*, and 50*l.* for the arms and shield.[2] As a work of art, the statue of the queen has been furiously abused; it has, however, the merit of personal resemblance. Just as the figure was placed in its present situation, public rumour was universal that the queen meant to free herself from the domestic tyranny of the duchess of Marlborough, and all the whigs foresaw their ensuing banishment from the public wealth which they were actively and greedily imbibing. An outcry was raised against the poor statue, of the most malignant description; pasquinades issued daily, in which the original was not spared. Indeed, all sorts of vices were attributed to Anne with unsparing calumny, in order to degrade her in the eyes of her loving people against the day when parties should try their strength. A malignant epigram, which was found one night appended to the statue, is attributed to the pen of the politician-physician, Dr. Garth. In positive terms it accuses the queen of the habit of intoxication, when, at the most, over-indulgence in eating and drinking more rich food and strong wine than was wholesome for a person who had no great personal fatigue to endure, is all that can be justly laid to the charge of queen Anne. Had it been more, her domestic foe, the duchess of Marlborough, in the malicious

[1] Life of her late majesty Queen Anne; in two vols.

[2] Life of Sir Christopher Wren, by Elmes, p. 491.

character she afterwards drew of the queen, would have been delighted to mention any time when she had actually seen her royal mistress in a state of inebriety; but she only notices that calumny to deny it.[1] The documentary assertions which fasten on queen Anne this disgraceful imputation, are contained in the correspondence of baron de Schutz (envoy from Hanover to England) to the baron de Bothmar (Hanoverian minister at the Hague); the former says that Cadogan[2] had told him, "that he considered the greatest advantage to the whigs was, the continuation of the war of the emperor against France. He likewise thought that the deaths of Louis XIV., the Pretender, and queen Anne would be advantageous to them, and very likely to happen; for the first was old, the second consumptive, and as for queen Anne, that she got drunk every day, as a remedy to keep the gout from her stomach."[3] Garth's epigram is as follows:—

"VERSES ON QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.[4]

"Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind,—
A brandy-shop before, a church behind.
But why thy back turn'd to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was to grace?
Why here, like Tantalus in torments placed,
To view those waters which thou canst not taste?
Though by thy proffer'd globe we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world wouldst give."

Whilst the decline and illness of the queen's consort became matter of conversation and speculation throughout Europe, an Italian magician wrote several letters to her majesty, which now remain in the State Paper-office. They are indited in rather elegant Italian, and written in the true Italian hand of the seventeenth century. The writer professes to be a nobleman in distress,—an Italian philosopher of anti-catholic principles; but his domain pertained to the state of Asti, near the seat of war, on the Italian side of Piedmont, where he was surrounded by persecuting papists, who neither relished his liberal principles, nor his profession of art-magic. In conse-

[1] Character of Queen Anne, by the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe MSS.
[2] Cadogan was a tool of the Marlborough faction.
[3] Hanover Papers, Macpherson, 1703, vol. ii. p. 503.
[4] Add. MSS. 5832, fol. 144.

quence the French armies had totally ruined him, and devastated his estate; they had done him mischief to the amount of 30,000 English pounds sterling. He would, however, be contented if her high and mightiest majesty of Great Britain would, out of her beneficence and good grace, accord him 10,000*l.* sterling English money. Principe Eugenio, (prince Eugene,) he adds, knew him right well, and could inform queen Anne that he was a true sufferer in the Protestant cause. He moreover insinuates, that *principe* Eugenio was a customer of his in some of his magical quackeries, an assertion which irresistibly recalls the memory of the prosecution of that prince's mother in the *chambre ardente,* as a customer of La Voisin.

The first letters, although too long for direct translation, seem to be appeals deserving of the queen's attention, being evidently penned by a man of erudition and refinement. It is not possible to tell whether any notice was taken of them by the queen or prince George, who is apparently the object of the application, as he is repeatedly named in the course of the correspondence, with allusions to his failing health. The last letters contain the gist of the writer's mind; he there very frankly offers, in consideration of the ten thousand guineas, (which he trusts queen Anne will award him in compensation of all he has suffered in her cause,) to send her his famous elixir of life, which will restore her to her former beautiful youth, and will entirely heal and restore the serene Danish prince, her spouse, and make him as handsome and young as ever. Likewise, if she will give him a place in her Tower of London, he will there work for her in his wonderful art of alchymy, turning all her old copper, pewter, tin, brass, and lead into the purest gold and silver. Thus, another Raymond Lully volunteered to be master of the Mint. It happened that queen Anne had put her affairs of that department in very different hands,—even in those of sir Isaac Newton, who was then master of her Mint. No indication appears that queen Anne gave any encouragement to this earlier Cagliostro of the seventeenth century. It is said that there are no archives of any sovereign in the world but what contain similar temp-

tations and proposals. Queen Elizabeth was beset with them all her life, and, in some instances, gave heed to their wretched delusions; queen Mary II. consulted vulgar fortune-tellers, but there is no weakness of the kind at present discovered of queen Anne, whose name is in no way connected with occult practices, or with any encouragement given to the writer of these curious letters preserved in the State Paper-office. But her majesty was much molested with mysterious missives from Italy, which are extant in the same collection,—witness the letters written by order of the pope, very affectionately claiming her as a dear daughter of his church. How queen Anne deserved these tender greetings cannot be guessed, excepting, as before remarked, the pope considered "the healing-office" a sign of her compliance; but Henry VIII., queen Elizabeth, and all the sovereigns of the Reformation, practised the same. The solution must therefore be left unexplained,—only remarking, that if the Roman-catholic religion had been cherished by no other person more than by queen Anne, it must have long ago disappeared from Europe.

The queen thought her husband perfectly recovered on her return from Bath. Her people felicitated her on her hopes, and poured in congratulatory addresses on his convalescence. Prince George himself knew better; and when the queen prepared to take her usual excursion to the October sports at Newmarket, he entreated her not to leave him. Bishop White Kennet, then attending the court, and officiating at divine service, makes the following remarks, in a letter,[1] dated October 2, 1708:—

"On Thursday night I was pressed away, by command, into service here the next morning, for want of ordinary chaplains, which I wish it were in my power to rectify, that you might see the duties of waiting. I was under the sad apprehension of being hurried away to Newmarket; but her majesty resisting the advice of her physicians, was pleased, yesterday, to comply with a *motion* [wish] of the prince, and declared her resolution of *not* going this season to Newmarket, which is a great joy to most of the good courtiers, and gave the ladies a new lesson,—that she who governs the nation so well, can govern herself so well as always to oblige her husband."

The comment of the literary bishop is certainly true; the queen enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which had not then

[1] Inedited Lansdowne MSS., 825, fol. 79.

been witnessed in the life of a queen-regnant. There are some panegyrical lines to be seen in the print-room at the British Museum, representing queen Anne and her consort in the same engraving, in profile. The poetry is fulsome, like most of that stamp, yet the conjugal happiness of Anne is well expressed in the first lines:—

"The only married queen that ne'er knew strife,
Controlling monarchs, but submissive wife;
Like angels' sighs her downy passions move,
Tenderly loving and attracting love.
Of every grace and virtue she's possest,—
Was mother, wife, and queen, and all the best."

Among the struggles in the political world, much agitation existed to carry the point of inducing the queen to receive the whig republican, lord Somers, as her lord president of council. On that head lord Godolphin observes, "that the duke of Somerset had told him, with the air of a great minister, 'that the queen had no aversion to Somers; but he had once disobliged the prince, and it was vain to suppose he would ever suffer his appointment.'"[1] A few days afterwards, Godolphin wrote these words to the duchess of Marlborough: "The prince seems in no good way at all, in my opinion, as to health; and I think the queen herself seems now much more apprehensive of his condition, than I have formerly known her on the same occasion."[2] The intimation thus conveyed gave rise to a proceeding, on the part of the duchess of Marlborough, which must have wofully increased the anguish that rent the heart of the queen; for it is no slight aggravation to sorrow, when hard fate obliges any one to suffer the extremity of grief in the presence of a sneering enemy, who has a right to intrude as an evil observer, watching and commenting on every emotion that takes place round the bed of death. And such (as will be speedily shown from her *own* narrative) was the fiendish conduct of the cruel woman who played the part,—firstly, of Anne's temptress to all the evil she did commit; and lastly, of her reviler and calumniator.

The unhappy queen was assiduously attending on her dying

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 156.
[2] Ibid.; letters of Godolphin to the duchess, p. 170.

husband, performing all the offices for him of a tender and patient nurse, when one of the hateful missives of the duchess of Marlborough was put into her hands. It was in her usual style of insult; no mercy of common decency or respect to the poor queen's grief was shown, but her intimation of taking advantage of her high court-offices, and intruding her detestable presence at the bed of death, was prefaced by these words, justly termed offensive by her late biographer:[1] "Though the last time I had the honour to wait upon your majesty, your usage of me was such as was scarce possible for me to imagine, or any one to believe . . . . ." The queen had scarcely read these lines, when the insolent writer entered her presence; for, craftily expecting exclusion from the sick-room of the prince, she had brought her letter herself, and taking advantage of her privilege as mistress of the robes, she boldly followed its delivery, and thrust herself into the presence, before Anne could order her to be excluded. The queen received her coolly, and as a stranger. The duchess was, in consequence, as much exasperated as if she had deserved a different reception. According to the testimony of an eye-witness, "the deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince was actually dying, was of such a nature, that the queen, then in the height of her grief, was not able to bear it." Agony conquered the timidity with which this overbearing spirit had always inspired Anne; and assuming the mien and tone of sovereign majesty, she said to the duchess, with marked displeasure in her countenance, "Withdraw!"[2] For once, the queen was obeyed by her. In a few minutes death dealt the blow, and made Anne, queen of Great Britain, a widow, after a happy marriage of twenty years' duration, unruffled by a dispute and uninterrupted by a rival on either side. The prince died at Kensington-palace, October 28, 1708, o. s. He was born at Copenhagen, February 29, 1653; consequently, the birthday of the prince-consort occurred only

[1] Life of the Duchess of Marlborough, by Mrs. Thomson.

[2] Scott's Swift. Memoirs on the Change of the Queen's Ministry, vol. iii. p. 174. Informed by Abigail Masham, who is, as a witness, as much deserving credit as any other contemporary. The fact is confirmed by the extra malignity which the duchess infuses into her narrative of the death of the prince-consort, from which it is evident that she had met with some rebuke of a more decided nature than usual from the queen.

once in four years, when leap-year brought round the 29th of February.[1] On those occasions, his loving queen kept it with fourfold splendour. George of Denmark was very lofty in stature, and when he grew corpulent his appearance was gigantic.

The queen sat by the bed of death, "weeping and clapping her hands together,"[2] or wringing them in the unutterable anguish of her first bereavement. She was a monarch, and etiquette, whose chains are almost as inexorable as the sterner tyrant that had just bereaved her of the husband of her youth, required that the mistress of the robes should lead her from the chamber. The duchess of Marlborough had not departed when the queen bade her withdraw,—she had only retired into the background: she saw the prince die. When it was needful for her to act a decided part, she noticed that the prince's servants were crowding round his body, which prevented her from approaching to perform her official duty; upon which she went up to lady Burlington, and desired her to give her an opportunity of speaking to the queen. Lady Burlington did so readily, and every one went out with her; the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were left alone with the corpse of the prince. The duchess knelt down by the queen, and began to offer consolation. Her majesty heeded her not, "but clapped her hands together, with other marks of passion." When the duchess had exhausted her consolations, she continued kneeling in silence by her royal mistress. After some time the duchess asked the queen, "If her majesty would not please to go to St. James's-palace?"—"I will stay here," replied the queen. "That is impossible," said the duchess; "what can you do in such a dismal place?"[3]

"I made use of all the arguments," pursues the duchess of Marlborough, "*common* on that head, but all in vain; the queen persisted 'she would stay at Kensington.' Upon which *I* fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was, for fear she

[1] Swift's Journal. "This is leap-year and leap-day;" likewise, writes the dean, "prince George's birthday."

[2] Such are the words of the duchess of Marlborough.

[3] [Priv]ate Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. pp. 410–416.

should not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company as she desired, if she removed from thence."[1] Who but this person, at such a time and place, with the dead body of the queen's husband stretched before them, could have had a recurrence of her paltry jealousies, or attributed such reasons to the bereaved widow? The duchess then resumed her strain of consolation, in a manner and phraseology peculiar to herself: "I said, 'Nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband lay; and where could she be but within a room or two of *that dismal body?* but if she were at St. James's, she need not see any body that was uneasy to her, and she might see any person that was a comfort to her as well there as anywhere else.' I could see by her face that she had satisfaction in that, and so I went on saying, she might go away privately in my coach, with the curtains down, and see nobody; and that if she would give me leave, I would tell Mr. Lowman to make the company go away, that she might go to the coach easily. Upon which she consented to go: I led her to her closet in Kensington-palace. When she left *him,* [the prince's corpse,] she expressed some *passion,*"[2] meaning, that the queen gave way to paroxysms of grief.

The queen required to be left in her own closet, to commune with her own spirit on her bereavement. Her majesty, taking off her watch, said to the duchess of Marlborough, "Don't come in to me before the hand of my watch comes to this place." The duchess took the watch, and the queen added, "Send to Masham, to come to me before I go." If the duchess had had previously the slightest feeling for the queen's loss and distress, this order turned it all to gall and bitterness, although the queen's wish to see and give her com-

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. pp. 410–416.

[2] This remark is in the beginning of the dialogue between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough, but, from several traits, it evidently occurred as the writer has arranged it. The duchess, like many persons writing from memory, mentions a fact, and then recurs back to what preceded it. Of course, the prince's servants would not have intruded into the queen's closet, nor could they have crowded round the prince's body *there,* as expressly described; therefore the scene evidently took place in the prince's chamber after it had been cleared, for the duchess appeals to that "dismal body," and to the act of her "leading the queen away from *him.*"

mands to one who had been her chief attendant during her long vigils by her suffering husband was very natural. The duchess of Marlborough from that moment continues her narrative with unsparing malignity; she says, withal, commenting upon the royal order, "I thought it very shocking; but at that time resolved not to say the least wry word to displease her, and therefore answered that 'I would,' and went out of the queen's closet with her watch in my hand." Thus the duchess did not, as usual, both defy and disobey the directions of the queen; but, out of consideration for her majesty's state, was contented with disobedience only. "I gave," she continues, "Mr. Lowman[1] the necessary orders; but as I was sitting at the window, watching the minute when to go to the queen's closet, I thought it so disagreeable for me to send for Mrs. Masham to go to the queen before all that company, that I resolved to avoid *that*. When the time came, I went into the closet and told the queen 'I had not sent for Mrs. Masham, for I thought it would make a disagreeable noise, when there were bishops and ladies of the bedchamber waiting without that her majesty did not care to see; and that she [the queen] might send for Masham herself to her, to come to St. James's at what time she pleased.' To this she [the queen] consented."[2] The royal widow, in the first anguish of her grief, did not trouble herself to question who was most likely to make a "disagreeable noise;" but it was not probable that either the bishops or ladies would have done so because her majesty merely required the personal attendance of her bedchamber woman before she went into the open air to the carriage.

It was the policy of the jealous duchess to take utter possession of the queen in her solitary state. Well she knew it would run through the town that she had carried off the royal widow in her own carriage, without Harley's relatives being apparently thought of by her majesty. For this great end, the duchess had swallowed her present rage at the queen's rebuke just before the prince expired, and clung to all the prices of her places with patience and pertinacity; yet she

[1] Lowman was housekeeper at Kensington. [2] Correspondence.

did not succeed quite so thoroughly as her bold and clever diplomacy deserved.

The queen called "for her hoods,"[1] and Mrs. Mary Hill, the sister of Abigail Masham, fulfilled the duties of her office by putting on the queen's carriage-costume. As she did it, the duchess saw the queen whisper to her, and suspected that it was a kind message to her sister, Mrs. Masham, "who," adds the duchess, "had not appeared before *me* at Kensington; but upon the alarm of the queen being to go with *me* to St. James's-palace, she came into the gallery [at Kensington-palace] with one of her ministers, the Scotch doctor Arbuthnot, to see her majesty pass."[2] The queen was, as of old, leaning on the arm of the duchess of Marlborough, as she took her way through her household in Kensington-palace gallery, her servants lining each side of it. "Notwithstanding the queen's affection for the prince," observes the duchess, her venom warming as her tale proceeded, "at the sight of that charming lady, as her arm was on mine, I found she had strength to bend down towards Mrs. Masham like a sail, for in passing, she went some steps nearer to her than was necessary. And when that cruel touch was over, of going by her with me, she [the queen] turned about in a little passage room, and gave orders about her dogs and a strong box. When we came to my coach, she [the queen] had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me: she desired me 'to send to my lord treasurer, [Godolphin,] and to beg him to take care and examine whether there was room in *some vault*[3] to bury the prince at Westminster, and to leave room for her too.' I suppose it was where her family, kings and queens, had been laid."

What lack of affection was there here? even if the thoughts of the bereaved wife *were* employed in cares, however useless, regarding his remains in death, whose comforts she had just been seduiously watching over while life lasted, not even leaving him in the last struggle, and scarcely prevailed on to quit his

[1] Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 415. [2] Ibid.

[3] The royal vault of the Stuarts, at one side of Henry VII.'s chapel, made by Charles II.; where Mary II., William III., George of Denmark, and queen Anne herself were actually buried.

breathless clay when all was over? Was it any proof of coldness in the queen that, in a moment like that, thoughts should occupy her mind of the time when she should be placed by his side? and, as she must perforce die childless and friendless, that heed might be taken to leave room in the vault to put the coffin by that of her husband? It was natural enough for the poor queen to whisper to herself, "Who is there that will take heed for me, when I am dead, that I am placed by his side?" No crime in this; but it is one of the instances which prove, that however active malice may be, if a contemporary writer will but narrate individual traits in their course of occurrence, the truth of character and feeling must appear to unprejudiced persons, whatsoever may be the coloured veil that adverse party may throw over facts by forced inferences being drawn.

"When we arrived at St. James's," continued the duchess,[1] "I carried her very privately through *my* lodgings to her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth. Afterwards she *eat* a very good dinner. At night, I found her at table again, where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham close by her. Mrs. Masham went out of the room as soon as I came in, not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected as bedchamber woman, but with an air of insolence and anger. I attended the queen upon this affliction with all the care that was possible, to please her, and never named Mrs. Masham to her. She [the queen] would make me sit down, as she had done formerly, and make some little show of kindness at night, when I took my leave; but she would never speak to me freely of any thing, and I found I could *gain no ground.* Not to be wondered at, for I never came to her but I found Mrs. Masham just gone out from her, which at last tired me, and I went to her seldomer."

There is great trouble taken by the duchess of Marlborough, as she pursues her narrative of the royal conduct in the early days of widowhood, to force inferences that the queen regarded the memory of her husband with indifference. Nothing, however, bears out her assertion, excepting the cup of broth and

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 415.

the good dinner; but then she does not tell how long her majesty had been watching and fasting before the prince expired. She again recurs to her grand proof of the queen's hard-heartedness, which was the care her majesty took lest the body of her departed consort should be shook or discomposed in removal. "Before the prince was buried," continues the duchess, "the queen passed a good deal of time looking into precedents, that she might order how it was to be performed, which *I* thought unusual, and not very *decent*. But she [the queen] naturally loved all forms and ceremonies, and remembered more of them than I could ever do; but she had *bits* of great tenderness for the prince."

Anne evidently continued to think that she was doing duty to her lost consort by occupying her thoughts incessantly about him: it is no proof that she did not feel grief, but that she took the natural way of giving it vent. Her known predilection for these little ceremonials of etiquette and precedence gives reason to suppose the account is true, although her continued care to arrange so that she could, when dead, be laid by the side of her husband without any trouble or expense to her successors, is most maliciously dwelt upon. If there was not room for this purpose in the Stuart vault at Westminster-abbey, her majesty meant, according to the inimical duchess's own showing, to have a new vault or mausoleum instantly constructed, which would hold the prince's coffin and her own. Such anxiety can only be construed by the inverted logic of party spite into indifference for the dead. In truth, although funereal rites and ceremonies do seem as nought to many minds under the acute pressure of grief, the necessity of the nearest relatives giving orders concerning them was wisely ordained, even for those who most truly grieve. Many a heart would have burst with sorrow, if the attention had not been forced to these observances. Neither is there any reason to blame matter-of-fact persons, who have by nature no ideality, because they show their love by affectionate solicitude concerning the remains of their lost friends.

Perhaps the muniments of historical biography contain not a more revolting remark than the following sneer at the very na-

tural emotion felt by the queen: "I remember she wrote me a little note, at which *I* could not help *smiling*, 'that I should send to my lord treasurer, [Godolphin,] to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing of the dear prince's body to Westminster, for fear the body of the dear prince should be shook as he was carried out of some room;' though she [the queen] had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the Bath, when he must feel it when he was gasping for breath."[1] There was nothing in the queen's note, as thus quoted, which could irresistibly provoke a grin,—at least on any human countenance. It was likewise natural enough that the royal lady, who had shared these jumbling journeys with her husband, caring for him, and tending him while gasping for breath, should take the fond heed her enemy laughed at, lest the "body of the dear prince should be shook or disturbed." The enemy winds up her climax of malignity by saying, "I did see the tears in the queen's eyes two or three times after his death, and I believe she *fancied* she loved him. She was certainly more concerned for him than she was for Gloucester's death; but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry."[2] The few persons who have seen and read this statement, actually quote it as a proof that queen Anne was indifferent to the loss of her husband. How could they mistrust the assertions of such celebrities as the duchess of Marlborough or Horace Walpole, although the real facts stared them in the face, even in the very fabric of these persons' own narratives! Perhaps queen Anne ought to have comported herself differently, and shown conjugal grief after the model of her censurer, of whom it is said that, in the sick chamber of the duke of Marlborough, her ungracious grace being thrown into one of her furious fits of rage at something the physician, Dr. Mead, had said or done, she flew after him to the grand staircase, not only threatening loudly to pull off his wig, but with the positive intention of performing that feat, if he had not been too nimble in his escape.[3]

The interment of the body of the queen's consort took

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 416.
[2] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 114. [3] Coxe Papers.

place November 18: it had rested in state at Kensington since his demise until November 11, when it was conveyed to the painted-chamber, Westminster, and laid in state one day before burial. The funeral was splendid,[1] being attended by all the ministers and great officers of state, and yet it is quoted as being private,—which means, that it was performed in the evening or night by torch-light.

A general mourning and closing of all theatres followed the death of the prince of Denmark. Among other symbols of public grief, the opening of the opera season was delayed until the 14th of December, when a new opera came out, a transla tion from the "Pirro and Demetrio" of Antonio Morselli The Italian singer and actor, Nicolini Grimaldi, so well known by the praises of Addison in the Spectator, then made his *début*. The other favourite performers in the opera of queen Anne's time were Valentini and Mrs. Tofts.[2] The Italians sang or recited in their native language, while the English singers took up the answers in English.

The queen, absorbed in her grief, could not open her new parliament. The ceremony was performed by commission: addresses of condolence to the queen were voted by both houses of parliament.[3] That portion of the whig leaders which was considered entirely republican, hitherto excluded, now obtained easy possession of places in the government, having formed a coalition with the family junta of Godolphin and Marlborough. The palace-warfare carried on against the queen by the duchess of Marlborough, which just before the death of the prince had arrived at an open outbreak, sustained something like an armistice and pacification whilst the queen was in the first depth of her grief. What, however, the duchess of Marlborough suppressed in outward clamour, she made up in jealous vigilance, of which the following notification in her own words is an instance: "Soon after the prince died, the queen, not caring to have it known how much time she passed with Mrs. Masham, ordered Foyster—I think that was her name, a

[1] Vie de la Reine Anne.
[2] History of the Italian Opera in England, by W. C. Stafford.
[3] Vie de la Reine Anne.

woman that had served her from a child, to make fires in two closets that had been prince George's, which led by a door into the waiting-room that was between the queen's dressing-room and the prince's bedchamber at St. James's; and another door, that opened upon his back-stairs, went down to Mrs. Masham's lodgings. After the prince was dead, nobody having occasion to go that way, Mrs. Masham could go to the queen without being seen, for the queen went to these closets as if she went to prayers, or to read alone. Before I saw the use she made of them, I wondered why she chose to sit in them, which she had never done before, belonging as they did to the prince; besides, these closets looked only into a very ugly little close space, where Mrs. Masham used to dry linen. When the prince was living, the queen used to sit in her dressing-room, or in one of her other closets, which were both pretty,—one looking into the garden and park, and the other into the second court, [of St. James's-palace,] furnished agreeably with pictures and a couch; but the prince's closets were far from agreeable, one being full of his tools which he worked with."[1] Here were the same tastes developed in George of Denmark, that were afterwards remarkable in Louis XVI, and thus does the human mind instinctively seek its level, even if accident has exalted the person above its natural bias. George of Denmark filled a station which suffered him quietly to play the carpenter in his dull little nook at St. James's; yet the times in which the benevolent but hapless Louis were cast, would not permit him with impunity to indulge, among the stately gew-gaws of Versailles, in his predilection for the smithy. I have held in my hand the rude and simple keys which the absolute monarch of France amused himself by fashioning. Alas, alas! the true vocation of an absolute ruler must ever be the high science of unlocking the intricacies of the human mind, and adapting those who can govern best to their fittest stations.

The fierce duchess, after hunting the royal widow into her deceased husband's work-closet, made it out a crime that she should sit surrounded by his tools, declaring that a widow, by

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

whom real grief was felt, could not bear to behold aught that belonged to a lost husband. It was probably in this very apartment that the queen had consulted with her only friend, when trouble or danger menaced her, and she clung to the place where she used to confer with her husband, howsoever unpicturesque it might be. "In about a fortnight after the death of the prince-consort," pursues the duchess of Marlborough, "his closets were ordered to have fires in them; for the queen herself ordered the pages of the backstairs and her women to call her from thence when my lord-treasurer Godolphin came to speak with her, or any body that she was to see. I remember my lord-treasurer Godolphin told me once a thing that happened one night, which became plain enough afterwards. As he was waiting, the page told him that he had *scraped* at the door a good while, but the queen did not hear. I suppose that was occasioned by her being in the further closet, for fear any body in the waiting room might overhear what she and Mrs. Masham said; or that she [the queen] might be gone down to her [Mrs. Masham's] chamber, for all that time she saw every body that Mrs. Masham pleased, professing all the while to have no regard for any body but lord Godolphin and the duke of Marlborough."[1]

Strong suspicions were excited by this active dame, that some contraband interviews with the ex-speaker Harley were effected either in Mrs. Masham's suite, or in the tool-closet of the deceased prince; for the queen, after taking possession of this nook for some weeks, remained enclosed therein several hours every day. Such a line of conduct could not be permitted by her imperious *maire du palais*, who at length called her royal lady to task for her irregular and unlawful proceedings, by telling her "she was amazed."—"When I spoke to her of it," continues the duchess, "she seemed surprised, just like a person who on a sudden becomes sensible of her having done something she would not have done, had she duly considered."[2]

The death of George of Denmark was expected to produce

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, the original being printed from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 223.

a great change in affairs of state very early in the queen's widowhood. Cunningham, who had been the tutor of one of the queen's intimate advisers, the great duke of Argyle, and therefore had the opportunity of knowing the truth, is the only historian who comments on the influence the queen's lost consort had possessed according to the bearing of facts. He says, "the prince of Denmark, who had little favour for the Pretender, and had been secretly acquainted with the queen's thoughts, had formerly very much moderated the aversion she had long conceived against the duchess of Marlborough." The same author likewise bears witness of the deep grief which the queen suffered, in these words: "The queen, being a widow, was so oppressed with fears, and so overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her deceased consort, that she could scarcely endure the light, though the two houses 'begged that she would not indulge her just sorrow so much as to decline the thoughts of a second marriage,' in which they professed 'that all *their* hopes of happiness did consist.'" But the queen continued a mourner for her late husband, and seemed incapable of consolation.

The queen's widowhood had only lasted three months, when her faithful houses of parliament sent formal addresses importuning her to marry again.[1] Her majesty's answer was neither devoid of regal nor feminine dignity. "I have," replied the royal widow, "taken sedulous care for the Protestant succession,—a proof of my hearty concern for the happiness of the nation; but the subject of the addresses is of that nature, that I am persuaded that a more particular answer is not expected."

For some personal reason not yet revealed, lord Somers had been so entirely obnoxious to the queen's late consort, as to prevent his previous appointment as one of the queen's ministers. He likewise remained under the parliamentary ban of impeachment for corruption.[2] He was president of the council, the ill-living lord Wharton was viceroy of Ireland,

[1] Parliamentary Journals, January 28, 1708-9; likewise Toone's Chronological History, &c.

[2] Sir Rowland Guin's letter to the Elector of Hanover, Macpherson's Stuart and Hanover Papers, vol. ii. p. 137.

lord Pembroke succeeded prince George in the mismanagement of the navy. Godolphin, the lord treasurer, who did not wholly approve of the doings of his new colleagues, was scared into silence by a letter concerning his correspondence with St. Germains, held *in terrorem* over him by this clique.[1] A very strange proclamation, emanating from the remnant of prerogative left to queen Anne; namely, that of mercy, is supposed to have been issued by her to save her old servant from this terrible dilemma. This was her general pardon, in which forgiveness for correspondence with St. Germains was particularly dwelt upon; it surprised the world, but was confirmed by the legislature.[2] It was brought before parliament by a wile of Godolphin, and received the royal assent by commission, with fifty other acts, May 1709.[3]

The shelter the queen gave her lord treasurer for correspondence with the court at St. Germains, was a mere act of self-defence. She too well remembered how deeply she had been compromised by the same correspondence during her quarrel with queen Mary, and that if revelations were commenced, her share would be soon proclaimed; and when the consequences of her favourite Marlborough's betrayal of his countrymen at Camaret-bay were blazoned abroad, there would be some difficulty to induce the country at large to believe the queen herself had no share in the iniquity. In order to develope entirely the situation of queen Anne at this juncture, outraged and goaded as she was by the Marlboroughs and their family junta, due remembrance must always be had of her terrors, lest her share in all the evil-doings perpetrated by the various agents of the Revolution should be proclaimed to the world in one of the mad fits, into which rage occasionally threw the duchess of Marlborough. Anne dared not exasperate her, she dared not remove her, until sufficient wealth had been gathered by the duke of Marlborough to render their stake in the country such, as to ensure their interest in keeping affairs

[1] Carte's Memorandum-Book, vol. xi., 4to. p. 27, as quoted in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 104. [2] Ibid.

[3] Vie de la Reine Anne, &c., for the fact of her seclusion at this time; Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii., for the rest. Likewise Hamilton's "Transactions," where the whole is digested into a clear historical narrative.

in general in stability. The duchess of Marlborough well knew the uneasy state of the queen's mind regarding the past, she therefore boldly gratified her arrogance by subjecting her sovereign to the most galling insults.

The people of England, who believed in the principles of Christianity, were greatly alarmed at the now frequent publication of works, under the patronage of the new ministers, which, wholly leaving the common path of polemics to the numerous dissenters who raged at each other and the church of England, flew on the Christian religion itself, and boldly attacked the very existence of divine revelation. The known infidelity, and the immoral lives of Somers, Wharton, and Pembroke, joined to these proceedings, gave determination to the great body of the people to oppose the first flagrant injuries to the church or clergy that the new powers meditated. The queen, absorbed in her grief, seemed disposed to let the world go on its own way during the first winter of her widowhood. Her people remained in moody quiet, waiting respectfully till the queen should be roused from her torpor to make some response to their feelings; but they watched with jealousy the rise of such clergymen as the "facetious Hoadley,"[1] who were nominated to vacant benefices at the caprice of the minister of state.

The poor queen was not permitted to rest in peace during the twelvemonth which she had devoted to bewail in retirement the loss of her beloved consort. The cannons of the dearly bought victory of Malplaquet, won by the duke of Marlborough, broke her repose, and forced her again to enter public life. She was obliged to make another procession of thanksgiving to St. Paul's cathedral, but with her eyes red with weeping, and her heart appalled at the carnage of twenty thousand of her subjects, who laid stiff and stark in the trenches of that fatal Flemish town. The queen's broken

[1] Biog. Britannica. After this *bon vivant* of theatrical tastes (such as the theatre was in *those* days) had been forced, to the lasting injury of the Church of England in Wales, upon the see of Bangor, he never beheld his diocese, remaining obstinately an absentee. He was finally endowed with the "golden Winchester," as a warning to uncompromising church-of-England clergymen of self denying habits and clerical pursuits.

spirit certainly emboldened the duke of Marlborough to make a proposition, little consistent with the English constitution. On his return from the campaign of Malplaquet, he very coolly demanded of the queen, "her patent to make him captain-general for life, intimating that the war would last not only the duration of their lives, but probably for ever." Some preliminaries of peace had, for the first time, been discussed that summer; the queen had thus been encouraged to hope a little in the possibility of seeing, in the course of a few months, an end of that murderous war, the details of which filled her with horror. To her, every list of the killed and wounded was a personal reproach; her desire had become ardent to put an end to such slaughter, and here was a man, who, in his drawling condoling voice, was very quietly proposing war for ever, and himself at the head of it! The queen dismissed the question, by telling him, "that she would take time to consider of it."

Those who deny queen Anne all talent, have never examined the personal proceedings of her regnal life. Instead of going with an outcry and complaint to the rest of the Marlborough clique, blaming the wickedness and selfishness of such a proposal, she very naïvely propounded a question to the keeper of her conscience, lord-chancellor Cowper, being one of her ministry who was not a member of the family junta. "In what words," asked queen Anne, "would you draw a commission, which is to render the duke of Marlborough captain-general of my armies for his life?" Lord Cowper started with astonishment. No doubt, visions of the turbulence of Prætorian guards, and the tyranny of the military dictators of Rome, flitted before his classic memory: he believed that the queen, in perfect ignorance of what she had promised, was about to yield the constitution of England into the hands of a military dictator. He expressed his opinion forthwith most warmly against drawing any such commission. The queen, with no little tact, bade him "talk to the duke of Marlborough about it." Lord Cowper accordingly went to the great man, and after relating the proposal of the queen, told him, honestly, "he would never put the great seal of England to any such

commission."[1] The division in their own party caused Marlborough to withdraw this extraordinary manifestation of ambition; he had gone too far even for his own colleagues, and, in consequence, many pious aspirations for a good peace afterwards adorn the epistles of the godly general, and even those of his ungodly spouse.

The queen, roused by a demand, the tendency of which was so unmistakable, apprehended an attempt by Marlborough on the crown. The duke of Argyle,[2] and several lords in whom she thought she could confide, were secretly brought to confer with her majesty on this subject. They were consulted as to what course should be taken by the queen, if, on her refusal of the duke of Marlborough's demand to be made generalissimo for life, any danger should be apprehended from him? when the duke of Argyle suddenly answered, "Her majesty need not be in pain; for he would undertake, if ever she commanded him, to seize the duke of Marlborough at the head of his troops, and bring him before her, dead or alive." A proceeding of this kind might be satisfactory for the gratification of private revenge, but queen Anne must have felt that, even if successfully performed, such an exploit would only cast her from the power of one military despot into that of another. It was Harley who had brought the secret council together for the protection of the queen, after she had learnt, from the lips of Marlborough himself, the point to which his ambition was tending.[3] The continuance of the deadly hatred of the duchess for Harley, the origin of which is carefully veiled under generalizing assertions of his worthlessness, needs no further elucidation.

The resistance of the queen to rendering the duke of Marlborough military ruler of England for life, was, in a very short time, traced to the agency of Harley; and it was discovered,

[1] Swift's Memoirs on Change of the Queen's Ministry.—Scott's Swift, p. 179. Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, fully confirms the facts of this incident. The MS. diary of lord Cowper presents a long hiatus at this important juncture, but in its continuation he alludes to these circumstances.

[2] The confidence which Anne always reposed in Argyle invests his tutor Cunningham's History of Great Britain, at this period, with more authenticity than those of his contemporaries.

[3] Swift's Mems., on Change of the Queen's Ministry.—Scott's Swift, p. 180.

withal, that his cousin, Mrs. Masham, introduced the secret council to the royal presence. It may be supposed that the duchess of Marlborough, when she discovered the proceedings of the adverse party, gave way to torrents of loquacious rage, of which Abigail was the theme. Among other sayings, she reported that the new favourite had been heard to boast, "that she could make the queen stand on her head, if she chose to require it;"[1]—a trope and figure more in unison with the duchess's own style of audacity, it must be owned, than with the sayings of her cautious kinswoman.

Before the queen signified to the duchess of Marlborough, as mistress of the robes, that she should lay aside her mourning for her deceased consort at the ensuing Christmas festival, her majesty had worn black-and-white as mourning for prince George, with a mixture of purple. Her precedent was taken from the mourning Mary queen of Scots wore for Darnley, which was exactly in point.[2] Of course, the preparations for the renewal of royal splendour occasioned personal intercourse between the queen and her officials of the stole and the robes. That intercourse was soon marked by decided hostility. The battle began with skirmishing concerning vacant lodgings and chambermaids' situations, but soon soared to the usual high political controversy. The belligerent parties appear to have resided, while the paper-war raged, the queen at Windsor-castle, and the angry duchess at the ranger's lodge, and occasionally at St. Albans. The following is the severest letter the queen ever ventured to address to her tyrant. It was an answer to a fierce epistle written by the duchess, in anticipation that Mrs. Masham meant to give away some menial situation in the palace which was in her gift:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Windsor, Thursday noon, October,[3] 1709.

"I had written so long a letter to you yesterday (which I desired lord trea-

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. fol. 83; Brit. Mus.

[2] Pegge's Anecdotes of Olden Time, p. 316. He quotes the Secret History of England, vol. ii. p. 299, which receives some value from the sanction of a learned antiquary.

[3] MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. The date of the month is absent, but the duchess has endorsed it as in answer to one of hers, of October 26, 1709.

surer [Godolphin] to send) when I received yours, that I could not then write more, or I should not have been so long answering it. You need not have been in such haste, for Rainsford[1] is pretty well again, and I hope will live a great while. If she should die, I will then turn my thoughts to consider who I know that I could like in that place, being a post that, next to my bedchamber woman, is the nearest to my person of any of my servants; and I believe nobody,—nay, even yourself, if you would judge impartially, could think it unreasonable that I should take one in a place so near my person that were agreeable to me.

"I know this place is reckoned under your office, but there is no *office* whatsoever that has the entire disposal of any thing under them, but I may put in any one I please when I have a mind to it. And now you mention the duke of Somerset again, I cannot help on this occasion saying, that whenever he recommends any body to me, he *never* says 'it is his right,' but he submits to my determination."

This submission was from a prince of the blood,—the "proud duke of Somerset," and very dexterously is the arrogant *parvenue* reminded by the queen, that she had lately interfered with some appointments pertaining to the office of this very duke, that of master of the horse:—

"He has done so upon occasions in which *you* have recommended people to me in posts under *him*. But I do not say this that you should think I hearken to every body's recommendation, which, indeed, I do not, and will not. As for the person[2] you are so mightily afraid should put any one into Rainsford's place, I dare say she will not go about recommending any body. If this poor creature should die, (which, as I said before, I hope she will not,) I shall then hearken to no one's recommendation but my own, which I am sure you ought not to think any wrong or injustice to *you*.

"I have not yet so perfect an account of Somerset-house as I would have, which is the reason I have not said any thing concerning poor Mrs. Howe; but I shall be able, in a few days, to let you know what lodgings she can have. I am ashamed to send you such a blottish scrawl; but it is so late, that I cannot stay to write it over again."

The bellicose duchess annexed a paper to the above letter, on which was written, "The queen's letters, when Mrs. Masham designed to give her favourite a place in my office, who had been my nursery-maid; but she was useful to Mrs. Masham, and often went on messages, and was in private with the queen." She likewise endorsed the royal epistle with these words: 'This is a very odd letter, and a very extraordinary thing to make *her* excuse to me for writing a very fine hand. It would have been much more *excusable* to have been ashamed of the change in her style." There certainly was a change in the style, which is clear, terse, and temperate; the

[1] The person in the menial office, whose expected demise had caused the duchess to make an attack on the queen, lest the place, which was about the royal bed or sleeping-room, should not be of her own appointing.

[2] Mrs. Masham.

construction bears powerfully on the sense which it is the writer's intention to convey: in all these points, it is the direct reverse of Anne's usual correspondence, both before and after this period. Mrs. Masham had doubtless assisted the queen in the composition: the duchess, when she had recovered her first consternation at the tone of command conveyed by the royal missive, evidently thought the same. After due cogitation, her grace's state of wrath became of the requisite height of temperature to impel an inbreak on the royal seclusion at Windsor-castle. When there, she made a general survey of the proceedings in every department of "her office," in order to furnish herself with a sufficient case of grievances: this done, she swooped down on offending majesty, breathing vengeance for a very small infraction on "her rights!"—"All the storm was raised," according to Mrs. Danvers, (when describing[1] the furious scene which she witnessed, being that day lady in waiting,) "merely because the queen allowed a bottle of wine every day to a sick servant in her laundry, without having previously asked leave of the duchess." Mrs. Abrahal was the person, according to the duchess of Marlborough's own assertion, when giving her version of the quarrel; indeed, the name of this poor woman haunts the duchess of Marlborough's letters, without her offences being intelligibly defined. She is the same person previously named as one "that had washed the queen's Brussels-lace heads for twenty years."

On the very slight ground of ostensible dispute that her majesty's charity to Mrs. Abrahal afforded, the queen received a more than usual share of the duchess's vituperation, the tone of which was so loud and shrill, that the footmen at the bottom of the back-stairs could hear the whole of her harangue. The queen rose to quit the room, but the duchess intercepted her, and, rushing between majesty and the only means of egress, set her back to the door, and informed her royal mistress "that she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her *for having set the crown on her*

[1] To lord Dartmouth, the queen's lord privy-seal after the dismissal of lord Sunderland. Dartmouth Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 445.

head, and kept it there." Her grace was then pleased to rage for one hour, before any symptoms were apparent to the queen of the hurricane being lulled. At last Sarah finished, with the information that "she did not care if she never saw her majesty again." The queen replied calmly, "that she thought, indeed, the seldomer the better." Upon which, the duchess flounced out of the royal presence.[1] "There is one thing more," says the duchess's version of the fray, "that I had occasion to speak of to the queen, and that is in relation to Mrs. Abrahal, who, by means of Mrs. Masham, had an order from the queen to have the allowance of her place raised, (which there was no apparent reason for,) without any mention being made to *me*, though she had been a servant of mine, and *I* had given her the place. The secret of the matter was, that this woman had served Mrs. Masham when she lay-in, and could not attend the queen herself, to carry messages to her majesty. This was no reason with *me* to pass over so crude and irregular a thing, which I remember my lord Godolphin was so shocked at, that he delayed executing it till he had represented to her majesty the unfitness of such a proceeding; and though the queen could allege nothing for it, she positively commanded him to sign the order." Majesty was at a low ebb in England in 1709, when a queen-regnant could not order a small benefaction to a superannuated and sick laundress, who had served her for thirty years, without receiving lectures from a prime-minister.

The duchess then proceeds to give her own account of the scene, which has been related from the evidence of the lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers. "I took an occasion to speak to the queen of Mrs. Abrahal's matter. I told her majesty that this was a thing contrary to her own rules, and the practice of all the courts she ever knew, and that it was a maxim with all gentlemen not to interfere in one another's business; and that Mrs. Masham might have better intermeddled in the archbishop of Canterbury's affairs, or the lord chancellor's office, than in mine."[2] This was undoubted truth, but the

[1] Dartmouth Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 445.

[2] Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit. Museum.

queen denied "that Mrs. Masham had any thing to do with it, for it was her own wish to reward and comfort her sick servant." Having fairly tried her powers of utterance, the duchess again flew to her pen. The epistle that succeeded this notable interview has not been preserved, but the queen, in her reply, used the words, that "she prayed God to open her eyes." There exist several varied editions among the Marlborough papers of the answer to her majesty, being compositions which the angry dame had tried before she pleased herself. The queen seems finally to have received the following letter, which varies from the printed copy in many respects; among others, the old familiar term, "Mrs. Morley," is changed to "majesty."

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

"I am very thankful to your majesty for your letter, and for the profession at the end of it, which deserves more acknowledgments than I am capable of paying; and if you shall dislike any thing that I am going to say in answer to it, I hope you will continue to forgive me, for since I write to you only as a friend, it is impossible for me to say the least word that I don't think. You are pleased to say, 'you doubt not I wondered very much that you were so long without taking notice of my last letter;' indeed, I was in hopes either to have heard from you sooner, or that, since you took so much time about it, you would have given a more particular answer to several things that I mentioned, and especially that you would have convinced me that I was in the wrong as to what I said of Abigail's power; but since you passed that quite over, I cannot help renewing my request, that you will explain this matter a little more at large, and, without troubling yourself to write a very long answer to this, will please only to tell me what it is that can prevail with you to oppose the advice of your ministers and council, if it be not this pernicious woman, and those that apply to you by her? What is all this *strangling* [struggling] about, to form an insignificant party, but only to support her? And who are those that you told me you had somewhere but a few inconsiderable men, that have undertaken to carry her up to a pitch of greatness, from which she would be thrown down with infamy in a fortnight? What did some people in your service ride lately about from her to Mr. Harley at London, and thence to Mr. St. John's in the country, and then back again to her, and so again to London, as if they *rid* post all the while, but about some notable scheme, which I dare swear would make the world very merry if it were known? And I can't help taking notice, that it was much about the time that lord Haversham was introduced to you; so that, perhaps, he is an undertaker in this fine work, whom you yourself have so often heard revile your government in the house of lords. But it looks as if nobody were too infamous to be countenanced, that would but apply to the great new favourite, to whom his lordship would have gone directly from you, but that he unfortunately mistook the room.[2] I can't imagine what your majesty means *by your six years' experience of my ill*

[1] Coxe's Papers, vol. xlv. fol. 201 ad finem.

[2] "And went to Mrs. Cowper," according to the printed copies, which differ essentially from the MSS.

opinion of you,[1] unless it be that I have had the misfortune to differ in opinion; which I must own I have very much, for I did always think just as I do now,—that those who persecuted you when princess, were very unfit to serve you when you were queen, and that you might much more safely rely on men that were really for the church and present government, than on others who only pretend to be for one, and are certainly against the other. And this was all we differed about for a great while, that I remember; though *now*, indeed, we differ about another thing, which is, that I certainly think you are influenced by Abigail to do things that are directly against your interest, quiet, and safety. And you seem to think there is nothing of all this; therefore I will tell you, very plainly, why I think so at present, and what it is that would make me think otherwise. I think the first, because I find every day that you do not follow the advice of lord Marlborough and lord treasurer as you used to do, and I do not think, even now, that any men have more credit with you than they have; therefore who can it be but that woman?[2] for you see nobody else. And to show you that I am not alone of this opinion, if I should ask the first ordinary man that I met what had caused so great a change in you, he would answer me, ''twas because you were grown fond of Mrs. Masham, and were governed by her, and by those that govern her;' and, because you 'pray to God to open my eyes,' I will tell you how you may do that yourself, which is, by living with your old friends, as you used to do, and hearken to the advice of your faithful ministers and council, for this will open *my* eyes and every body's else. And, indeed, I can't help advising you either to change your ministers quite, or to get another general and treasurer; and so to let her and her creatures govern all as long as they can, or else to be directed by those in your chief employments, and convince the world that Abigail has no more to do than another bedchamber woman. And this I cannot but think would be a wiser resolution than the pursuing any project she can put you upon, especially that of dividing the whigs, which you may easily apprehend would be very dangerous, since *lord M.*[3] (who was never violent that way) is so absolutely against it; but Mr. Harley likes it, as the best means of giving him another opportunity to do mischief, and your majesty a happy occasion of owning his handmaid, Abigail, and of bringing all the worthless men of the kingdom into your service. And I can't but take notice upon this occasion, what opposition was made by those people to the getting a flag for this very man who has done so much service in the West Indies, for no other reason, that I could ever learn, but that he was then known to be the most deserving man of his time in the navy.

"I had almost forgot to tell you of a new book that is come out. The subject is ridiculous, and the book not well wrote at all; but I think that looks so much the worse, for it shows that the notion is universally spread among all sorts of people. It is a dialogue between madame Maintenon and *madame Masham*, in which she thanks her for her good endeavours to serve the king of France here, and seems to have great hopes of her, from her promising beginnings and her friendship for Mr. Harley; and there is stuff not fit to be mentioned, and a long account of that lady's famous amour with Mr. Chudd, managed by lady Newport. Some part of that I knew to be true; but I will not trouble you longer upon so

[1] Not in any other printed copy. The passage is of the more importance, since it is a dark hint, confirmatory of the story already related, that, in 1700 or 1701, after the death of the duke of Gloucester, Anne accidentally overheard lady Marlborough mentioning her with loathing contempt. It is at the same time evidently inexplicable to the Marlborough duchess, who dreamed not of the gloves, but referred all to political differences.

[2] Abigail Masham. [3] The duke of Marlborough; she often so calls him.

disagreeable a subject. The woman that has been put upon writing it, and the printer, have been in custody, and are now under prosecution.[1] It has appeared that she kept correspondence with two of the favourite persons in the book,—my lord Peterborough and Mr. Harley; and I think it is to be suspected that she may have had some dealings with Mrs. Masham, who is called Hillaria.[2] She says, '*that she* [Abigail] *loved and understood letters, introduced,—nay, applauded the ingenious, and did ever endeavour to make them taste the royal bounty.*' This is in the book. The favourite characters are your majesty, Mrs. Masham, my lord Peterborough, and Mr. Harley. Speaking of her, it begins thus: '*She had a soul fitted for grandeur, a capacious repository for royal favour, happy in a mistress deserving such a favourite, her mistress in a favourite deserving to be such.*' I think in this part she is made to take the place of your majesty, and then it goes on, '*That don something* (*who is Mr. Harley*) *made his applications with assiduity to Mrs. Masham, arising from the awful esteem he had of her thousand virtues. She could not be ungrateful* (*no, poor soul, not she!*); *her fine sense did the don* (*who is Mr. Harley*) *justice; from mutual admiration they grew to mutual esteem and confidence,*'—and your majesty, who is called the royal Olympia, '*permitted them to have a share in the sweets of her appropriated hours!*'

"Now, since the people who desire to support your government find, by woful experience, that delays every day happen in things of the greatest consequence, that this lady is your favourite, and that the tories, in such simple books as they get written and published, proclaim this great favourite to all the world, I hope you will no longer think it a crime in me what you have formerly imputed for one,—that I believed your majesty allowed her great liberties, or think that *I* was the only person that discerned the private way of conversing with Mrs. Masham, since all that matter is now in print, and, notwithstanding *our prosecution*, I suppose sold in every shop."

To this extraordinary epistle and gratuitous review on a new novel, which the royal Anne had never read, is appended an endorsement by the duchess: "On a strange book, wrote to compliment Abigail, in 1708 or 1709;" to which is added, "I wrote this to the queen, hoping it would do good, when she would not own that she had any commerce with Mrs. Masham but as a bedchamber woman." An interview succeeded this letter: the queen's manner was greatly changed. According to the duchess of Marlborough's description to Maynwaring,[3] her majesty told her "with such an air, that she had friends."—"Then," adds the duchess's satellite, without perceiving the natural inference of his words, "*they* can be none

[1] Her name was Manley. The jury refused to punish her, the defence being a wonder how the great general and his duchess could insist that the detail of such fictitious adventures of mere romance pertained, in any way, to their own illustrious and virtuous career."

[2] From her name of Hill, as Abigail would not have suited the nomenclature of romance.

[3] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 263.

but the duke of Marlborough's sworn enemies. I should think the expression ought to alarm him and the lord treasurer; therefore, for God's sake, madam, when you go to Windsor, pay that most necessary duty of disturbing her quiet possession of Abigail." In the mocking comments of Maynwaring, it appears that the poor queen, in reply to the tauntings of the duchess, had exclaimed, "Sure, I may love whoever I please!" —a permission the duchess was far from suffering to be taken as granted. Anne's imprudent boast of her friends, whom she named not, alluded to the secret council for her defence, which Harley had convened about the same time.[1] Taciturn as the queen was, the taunts of the irate duchess extracted this vaunt from her usually sealed lips, and well was it remembered that the same expression had been used by her in one of the last angry interviews she had with her sister, queen Mary; the consequences of which interview were, that she did her best, by the aid of the unnamed friends, (then the Marlboroughs and their clique,) to overturn the throne of her sister and her spouse. Therefore, when queen Anne, "with such an air," spoke of "having friends," the Marlboroughs could construe her words by the results of former facts.

The duchess, meantime, among her partisans freely boasted of the hatred she felt for her majesty; Maynwaring, in his letters, alludes to it repeatedly, not only in regard to present anger, but that she had, by her own showing, always detested her.[2] He says: "Since you have lost nothing but her *passion*, which it is plain you never cared for, and since the cause of your falling out is removed, she being entirely in the hands you would have put her in from the first, I think whenever *she* [the queen] shall have owned herself to be in the wrong in her late actions, (which she ought to do,) you should then for the future live with her like a friend and good acquaintance, always remembering to give yourself high and just airs on the subject of politics. And then, for that noble treasure, her heart, I would tell her, 'that since she has given it

[1] A passage which identifies the truth of Swift's tract of secret history before quoted.

[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 264.

to so worthy an object as fair-faced Abigail, I would never think of regaining it;' and if you would see her pretty often in this jocose manner, (which you could perform rarely if you pleased,) it would give your friends infinite satisfaction; and I should not at all despair, when the whig party is well settled and *reunited*, to see what you mentioned performed, of sending the sweet soul [Abigail Masham] and her husband to a government, quite to discourage the tories, and keep them down for ever. You say the queen would so hate all those that contributed to this, and particularly the Freemans, that there would be no living with her after it with any satisfaction. I have heard others, and even yourself, say, that she would forget her dear charms in a month." This code of directions concludes with the proposal "to write books, as himself and the duchess had done before the last election, to prove that all tories were Frenchmen, and must never rise again. The right bottom of almost every body," pursues this most righteous statist, "is *their interest*; and there was never such a bottom as these ministers have to stand on,—a strong, industrious, able, and well-intentioned party,[1] that no one can ever get between them and the queen. And if you do not like to be at the head of this party, as you naturally should be, what do you think of resigning your place to my lady Orkney? Do you think she could be prevailed upon to take it?" Thus, there were divisions among the ministry, who were split into parties among themselves. Godolphin was probably the cause of the disunion, and if Dr. Sacheverel had not made the grand mistake of attacking him instead of the more bitter opponents of the church, that disunion might have led to remarkable results.

It was the duchess of Somerset who succeeded the duchess of Marlborough in the queen's favour, and subsequently in her office of mistress of the robes. She had, in the preceding reign, been the friend of Anne, and, in the midst of her disgrace with queen Mary II., had even assumed the character of her protectress. Mrs. Danvers, who had been one of the ladies

[1] Evidently Somers, Wharton, and Mohun, with whom the duchess's son-in-law, Sunderland, an avowed enemy to revealed religion, was closely allied.

of the queen's mother, and had served her majesty from her infancy, told lord Dartmouth, "that she could not wonder at the favour of the duchess of Somerset, who, like the queen, was one of the best-bred ladies in the world; but she had always been surprised at the queen's attachment to the duchess of Marlborough, who was the very reverse of the queen in manners and disposition."[1] In consequence of this intimacy, the duchess of Somerset, in one of her letters of 1709, thus mentions the state of the queen:—

DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,[2] 1709.

"I can so little forgive myself the not acknowledging the favour of your letter from Chatsworth, that I can hardly hope for your pardon, though I can with great truth say, that you have not a more faithful servant than I am, or one that values your friendship more than I do. I told the queen when I received your first letter, and she then commanded me to give you thanks for inquiring after her; and as soon as I had yours this morning, I told her 'you would have come yourself, if you had been able.' The queen then *bid* me tell you 'she was glad to hear you were come safe to London; and that, after so great a journey, 'twas soe necessary for you to rest, that she would not have you think of coming hither, [probably to Windsor,] but thanks you for inquiring after her.' She is still very lame, but is well in health, and went yesterday to take the air in her coach, and will do so every day when the weather is good."

In the second year of the whig government, the queen had been forced by her ministers into the precedent established by her predecessors, William and Mary, of silencing the convocation.[3] The grievances connected with this measure burst into the popular flame which attended the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, one of the orators of the *lower* house of convocation. Dr. Sacheverel sprang from an old Norman family, whose name occurs on the Battle-abbey roll. He had inherited the courage and grandeur of person that generally distinguish the lines of the *nobiles minores* in England. His name, like most of those of old county families, was found among the partisans of both roundhead and cavalier. He has been reproached for the misdeeds of both, but it seems that his father was a stanch loyalist. All historians who wrote in the last century concur in representing Sacheverel as a person of the meanest capacity, and their

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, p. 32, vol. vi.
[2] Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.
[3] Somerville, Reign of Anne, p. 124, for the fact. Somerville has not gone into the causes of the animosity between the two houses of convocation [...]e surface presented.

universal chorus has been echoed by their fraternity since. It is not a common case to find paucity of ability in any individual who has started from the conventionalities of private life to become the leader of a people. Question principles and motives, if it so please the objector, abilities speak for themselves. One case is a clear one; Sacheverel was no pen-orator, or author, but he possessed the mightier gift of eloquence, and he did with his hearers whatsoever he chose. He chose, or it fell in the course of his duty, to preach a sermon at St. Paul's cathedral, of all days in the calendar on the far-famed fifth of November, *anno* 1709. It was considered the bounden duty of the preacher of St. Paul's to celebrate the two deliverances from popery,—one from "gunpowder treason and plot;" the other, the landing of William of Orange, which had occurred on that anniversary, 1688. Likewise, a progressive glance was expected to be thrown on "queen Bess's day," as the 17th of November, queen Elizabeth's accession-day, was called by apprentices, who usually burnt in effigy, near her statue on St. Dunstan's church, Temple-bar, all the political bugbears indicated to them by the dominant whigs, who put themselves to considerable expense at Monmouth-street to provide toilets for the obnoxious effigies, not only of the pope, pretender, and their Satanic colleagues, but nearly forty well-dressed opponents of low church.

Sacheverel celebrated all these events so as to make the very walls of the new cathedral ring. When he mentioned "queen Bess's day," he told all the evil he knew of Elizabeth, and none of the good, which was not fair. He said little of the first deliverance from popery, but a great deal regarding the last; and, without knowing a quarter of their treachery and corruption, he told some alarming truths of the leaders of the Revolution: lord Godolphin he especially castigated under the name of Volpone. His sermon lasted three hours,—a moderate share of "spiritual provender," as "douce Davy Deans" would have said; yet no one among his crowded audience was tired, and, what was more singular, this oration of the polemic-politic class, although it unsaid and contradicted what all other polemic politicians had said, was received by the people

with intense satisfaction. Lord Godolphin, against whom it was particularly aimed, flew to the queen, and, in an agony of rage and passion, claimed the character of Volpone as his own, in which he behaved far more like a goose than a fox. He called down the vengeance of the crown on the daring churchman, and told the queen, that in the contempt with which the revolutionists were mentioned her majesty shared: then her angry treasurer recalled to the royal memory some passages which, perhaps, Anne was doing her best to forget. The queen had, however, been mentioned in the orator's most florid terms of affectionate admiration, which had their due effect with all his hearers who could not draw inferences.

The result was, that Dr. Sacheverel was imprisoned, and had to prepare for impeachment at the ensuing session of parliament. The consequences, in case of his condemnation, were those to which death seems a trifle,—the lash, the pillory, loss of ears, imprisonment for life: such had been dealt out to several Englishmen, even in the "golden days of our queen Anne,"[1]—not for reviling queen, or church, but for libelling any of the members of parliament. A clergyman had been condemned to this horrid fate the first year of Anne's reign, for having published a pamphlet on some of the duke of Marlborough's deeds; but the queen, on due consideration, pardoned him,—the duchess says "at her intercession;" if so, the duchess took the wisest part, considering the temper of the times. Directly the queen consented to the incarceration of the champion of high church, all London rose *en masse* against the Godolphin administration. Vast mobs paraded the streets,—intimations having been given them that the heart of the queen yearned towards the church of England, as she had received it in her youth. The streets and courts round St. James's rang with the cries of "God save the queen and Dr. Sacheverel!"—"Queen and high church!" The queen, and every one inclined to peace, blamed lord Godolphin for his hasty petulance in taking upon himself the

[1] The author of Robinson Crusoe (Defoe) lost his ears, and stood thrice in the pillory, in this reign. Edmund Curl likewise lost, first one ear, then the other; and thirdly, the remnants of them. In short, it was not fashionable for political authors or their booksellers to possess any ears; but wigs were mighty convenient.

cognomen of Volpone. Dr. Sacheverel's sermon was published —certainly not as it was spoken, for the printed copy is an involved, double-minded composition, remarkable for nothing but dulness. People began to look at one another, and wonder what lord Godolphin could mean. The *literati* greatly despised the style and want of power: but those who had heard the words of fire which still tingled in their ears, did not abate one jot of their enthusiasm for the orator.

The following verses were left on the queen's toilet. They are the only readable compositions out of many on the subject, and probably had considerable influence on the queen:—

"O Anna! see the prelude is begun;
Again they play the game of forty-one,
And he's the traitor that defends the throne.
Thus Laud, and thus thy royal grandsire died,
Impeached by clamours, and by faction tried.
Hoadley's cried up, who dares thy right oppose,
Because he crowns the whigs and arms thy foes.
O stop the dire proceedings ere too late,
And see thy own in poor Sacheverel's fate.
Fatal experience bids thee now be wise;
At him they strike, but thou'rt the sacrifice,—
Let *one* blest martyr of thy race suffice![1]

In the midst of these stormy preludes for political contest, queen Anne returned from the seclusion of her widowhood to the public exercise of her regal functions by opening her parliament in person, which she did in great state, November 15, 1709. Maynwaring, the satellite of the duchess of Marlborough, thus describes the royal manner on this occasion: "The queen's speech was very well *cited*, but it was observed that she spoke in a much fainter voice than she used to have, and her manner was more careless and less moving than it has been on other occasions." Perhaps the queen's heart fainted within her at the necessity of obeying the orders of her ministry, by announcing the utter failure of the negotiations for the pacification of Europe, on which her wishes were ever fixed.

As a strong counter-party to the united Marlborough and Somers' branches of the whig ministry was now organized in

[1] Popular MS. State Poems, originally collected for Robert earl of Oxford; Brit. Museum, Lansdowne Papers, 852, p. 54.

the queen's behalf, her majesty did not fail to pay court to those powerful nobles whose private inclinations she thought might lead them to support the remnant of the regal power. The ducal magnates of Somerset and Devonshire were among these. Her majesty addressed a holograph note to the young duke of Devonshire,[1] as a mark of her confidence and private friendship; it is endorsed as being received in 1709, and, in the absence of all other date excepting the word "*teusday*," it may probably be referred to this epoch, when all England was watching the result of the impending trial of Sacheverel. There is the more likelihood in this surmise, as the name of Nelson, (since so glorious in war,) when mentioned in the course of this erudite royal billet, was illustrious as pertaining to a celebrated divine and author, one of the leaders of the reformed catholic church of England. Dr. Nelson was, like Sancroft and Ken, a nonjuror. The queen, perhaps, refers to some provision for him. The duchess of Devonshire, mother to the young duke, was a lady of the cavalier house of Ormonde, and held communion with the clergy of Nelson's principles.

LETTER OF QUEEN ANNE. (Holograph.)

[*See fac-simile.*]

"teusday.

"I wish you could *deffer* saying any thing to my l^{d} Gallway[2] *this post conserning* M^{r} Nelson, *becaus* I forgot to speake to l^{d} *treasure*[3] on y^{t} [that] subject last night, and have not now time to *writt* to him. I desire when you have copy^{d} y^{e} [the] enclosed wth your own hand, you would burn it.

"I am, your very affectio*nett freind*,

"ANNE, R."

Whatsoever became of "the enclosed," the royal letter, although somewhat scorched, has been very carefully preserved, but without any enclosure, until the present hour, when it was copied, by special permission, from the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire. It is endorsed, in a hand of the same era, "*From the queen, Aug.* 9, 1709." The fac-simile of this

[1] William, second duke of Devonshire, who had succeeded to his father little more than a year, August 1707. His mother was lady Mary Butler, daughter to the great duke of Ormonde.

[2] Lord Galway, one of William III.'s foreign officers, lived in retirement since the loss of the unsuccessful battle of Almanza, where he lost his right hand. Large packets of his letters, written with his left hand, are among the Devonshire Papers.

[3] By l^{d} *treasure*, the queen means her lord treasurer, Godolphin.

Teusday

I wish you could deffer saying any thing to my Ld Gallway this post conserning Mr. Nelson, because I forgot to speake to Ld Treasure on ye subject last night, & have not now time to writ to him, I desire when you ~~[illegible]~~ Copy'd enclosed wth your own hand, you would burn it

I am your very affectionett freind

(Endorsed on the back)

From the Queen Aug: 9 1709

note presents a specimen of queen Anne's genuine mode of writing, before her epistles were corrected and copied out fair by her confidante and favourite for the time being.

The queen and the duchess of Marlborough had scarcely spoken since the series of stormy quarrels which had raged so loudly at Windsor-castle in the autumn, and the irate dame felt all the uncomfortable sensations of one who has gone too far for her purposes. She seemed to have raised an insurmountable barrier against further colloquies of any description taking place between her royal mistress and herself, excepting on formal official occasions. With this conviction, the loud-scoffing freethinker laid a scheme to efface the impression her violence and arrogance had made on Anne's mind, by an appeal to religious feeling, and the necessity of dismissing all resentment from memory before partaking of the holy sacrament at the Christmas festival. Accordingly she wrote the queen a long letter, in some passages extremely insolent, but finishing with a schooling lecture on the necessity of forgiveness of injuries before communication, according to the service in the Common Prayer. She likewise obliged the queen with a Prayer-book, interlined, and a copy of Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, with the leaves marked and turned down of the passages by which her majesty's soul was to profit before partaking of the sacred rite. Her presumption in schooling her sovereign in the duties requisite for a worthy participation in the most solemn rite of the church, of which that sovereign was the ostensible head, is only less startling than the cool effrontery of a professed freethinker addressing exhortations on Christianity and Christian observances to any one. The whole movement is a striking instance that hypocrisy is by no means confined to those who profess belief in religion. All the fruit gained by the duchess of Marlborough's theological studies was, that, as the queen passed to the altar of St. James's chapel to communicate, she gave her a gracious smile and nod; but as no friendly interview succeeded, the duchess observed "that the smile and nod were only meant for bishop Taylor and the Common Prayer-book."

The queen spent the month of January at Hampton-Court,

in deep consideration of the best means of breaking the chains in which the dominant faction held her. Some warm indications of popular sympathy encouraged her project. The death of her lieutenant of the Tower, lord Essex,[1] which occurred January 10, 1709-10, brought her determinations to a climax, yet her task was difficult: "hemmed in, and as it were imprisoned, by the Marlborough[2] family junta, she was at a loss how to proceed in her first steps towards emancipation." The lowliness of the messenger she made use of at this crisis, proves how closely she was locked round from communication with any fitting agent. One evening a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty: the superscription, however, he saw was in the queen's own hand-writing. In astonishment at the begrimed complexion of the royal missive, he sent for its bearer, who said "he knew not whence it came, but it was delivered to him by one of the under-labourers in Hampton-Court gardens." The letter had assumed its soiled appearance while it remained in the paw of this uncouth but faithful bearer of a queen-regnant's despatches.

The contents of the communication were details of the difficulties with which the royal writer was surrounded; there was blame on her friend's timidity of speech and action, and, withal, direct demand of assistance. This remarkable epistle brought Harley again as the courtier of the back-stairs. He told her majesty of the danger to the church, and monarchy itself, from the conduct of some of her ministry; that it did not become her to be a slave to one family, but to dispose of vacancies in church or state as she deemed best. Her majesty, in pursuance of Harley's advice, made the first step towards breaking her bonds, by disposing of the lieutenancy of the Tower (vacant then by the decease of the earl of Essex) according to her own good pleasure. The earl of Rivers was the person

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Swift's Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry.—Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 182. The fire with which this paper is written, contrasted with the vacuum and vapidity of Swift's ostensible history, "The Four Years of Queen Anne," is remarkable. In fact, he noted down, with all the free confidence of a pen detailing individual incidents, the events Harley told him. The foolish pedantry called "the dignity of history," prevented him from embodying these facts in his historical narrative. The real dignity of history is *truth*, whensoever attainable.

whom the queen meant to invest with this great office. If the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the nobleman on whom fell her majesty's choice bore, in common parlance, the appellation of "Tyburn Dick,"[1] having, among the numerous transgressions of his youth, unrighteously escaped conviction at the criminal bar for robbing his own father on the highway. Various are the duchess's exclamations of rage and despair at the exaltation of Richard Savage, lord Rivers, in a manner so inconsistent with his youthful cognomen of "Tyburn Dick." The method pursued by queen Anne for inducting the said "Dick" into the Tower government, is not the least curious passage in the annals of her times, and proves that either her majesty or her advisers were able to turn to account the duke of Marlborough's habitual suavity, in making promises which meant nothing. Lord Rivers went to the duke of Marlborough, in his retirement at Windsor-lodge, with the news "of the demise of lord Essex, the lieutenant of the Tower," adding "a request for his interest with the queen to bestow the vacant post on him." When "Tyburn Dick" preferred his request concerning the lieutenancy of the Tower, the duke of Marlborough loaded him with offers of kindness and affectionate protestations, but assured him "that the lieutenancy of the Tower was a place infinitely beneath his merit, and entreated him to think of something better." He of Tyburn, however, stuck to his first proposal with true English tenacity; he said, "he was going to ask the queen to appoint him to the Tower, and as the duke was so very obliging to him, he wanted to know whether he might tell the queen that his grace had no objection?" Marlborough, who had as much idea of the queen's giving away one of the crowns out of the jewel-house as the custody of the Tower without consulting him, told lord Rivers, "he might say so, if he pleased." On which his petitioner departed in a great hurry to the queen, with this permission.

The duke of Marlborough, in the course of the morning, went leisurely to the queen's closet, to notify his pleasure to her majesty, "That the lieutenancy of the Tower falling void

[1] Both in print and MS.

by the death of lord Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it on the duke of Northumberland," (son to Charles II.) He had encountered "Tyburn Dick" bolting out of the royal presence with infinite glee, who, on seeing the duke, overwhelmed him with a torrent of very incomprehensible acknowledgments. The mystery was soon explained, when Marlborough entered on his code of instructions as to the Tower appointment. The queen was surprised at his change of intention, since she had just given the same to lord Rivers, according to his own wish; for that nobleman informed her, "on his honour, that the duke of Marlborough had no objection." The duke of Marlborough was at first mute with astonishment; he then broke into complaints, when the queen asked, seriously, "Whether earl Rivers had asserted what was not true?" The duke could not say that he had, for the words Rivers had extracted so dexterously from him had been too recently uttered, and the matter remained without redress.[1]

Not only the lieutenancy of the Tower, but the colonelcy of the regiment lord Essex had commanded, was destined to become matter of contest between the queen and the Marlboroughs. A most violent paper-war ensued between the queen and the Marlboroughs, duke and duchess, on her majesty's determination of giving the regiment to Abigail's once-ragged brother, Jack Hill. This attempt produced the first serious rupture with her majesty and lord Godolphin. He left the palace in anger, and retreated to the Lodge at Windsor, the seat of the Marlboroughs, January 15. It was council-day, but the queen neither asked where her lord treasurer was, nor took the least notice of his absence.[2] Such was the sure indication of a previous contention between Anne and her prime-minister, the particulars of which have not come to light. Great agitation ensued, and many remonstrances were made to the queen by the nobility of his party on the value of Godolphin's services: her majesty acknowledged them in many gracious words. Finally Anne became intimidated, for

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. iii. pp. 183, 184.—Memoirs of Queen's Ministry.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 250.

in the course of five days she sent for Godolphin, and requested him to write to the duke of Marlborough "that he might give the regiment to whomsoever he pleased." Although her majesty yielded the point in dispute, she only bided her time for retaliation, as Godolphin felt a few weeks afterwards.

The approaching trial of Dr. Sacheverel brought the contentions into which the queen's household and ministry were divided to a determined crisis; the queen, who had until then striven to balance the inimical factions, openly took part with high church and Sacheverel. After the clerical champion had been committed to prison on the impeachment of the commons, the whig lords held daily cabinet consultations on the best mode of crushing him under the weight of the oligarchical power. At the same time her majesty every day gave audience to her peers in her closet at St. James's; one by one they were admitted to conferences with her, the tenour of which is preserved by the historian, Alexander Cunningham, tutor to the great duke of Argyle, one of the partisans for her support. Her majesty understood, "that the victorious army commanded by the duke of Marlborough were getting up a petition, in order to place him in a life-long command."[1] Alarmed at this resemblance to the proceedings of Oliver Cromwell, the queen made it a personal request to her peers, "That they would be mindful of their duty to her, and neither agree to any petition from the army which the duke of Marlborough should present to parliament, nor suffer Mrs. Masham to be taken from her." And as the peers severally departed out of the royal cabinet, queen Anne thus earnestly addressed each of them: "If ever any recommendation of mine was of weight with you, as I know many of them have been, I desire this may be especially regarded." Many of the peers, in answer to her majesty, replied, "That they knew not of any such matter [regarding the army] as her majesty had intimated; but they were prepared to behave themselves in parliament as became their duty."[2] Such reply proceeded from those of

[1] Hist. of Great Britain, book xii. p. 279; by Cunningham.

[2] Ibid. This scene illustrates an obsolete custom of royalty, which was greatly objected to when practised by the Stuart sovereigns before the Revolution, under the epithet of *closeting*.

her nobles who were either neutral or belonged to the whig faction, for the queen was supported and urged on by a large body of the nobility, among whom might be reckoned the most influential of the Scottish peerage. The inimical houses of Hamilton, Argyle, Marr, and Gordon, enraged at being excluded from the privileges of their English peerages, united together (whatsoever were their differences of creed with each other and with the church of England) to defend the queen against the encroaching family faction. The Jacobite and tory nobility of England, many of whom—as the semi-royal houses of Rutland, Beaufort, and Aylesbury—had kept themselves aloof from the revolutionary court, now threw their influences into the popular scale.

Marlborough positively denied the matter charged against him; namely, endeavouring to render himself perpetual military dictator by means of the army's petition to parliament; yet the queen well knew the startling proposal of making him general for life had been demanded of her by his own lips.[1] At an audience that the duke of Marlborough had with queen Anne, before he betook himself to his campaign in the commencement of the year 1710, he asked as a favour "that her majesty would permit his wife to remain in the country as much as possible; and that she would be pleased to accept of her resignation in favour of her daughters, when the peace was made."[2] The queen granted the first request, which relieved her of the presence of her tyrant, with such willingness, that the second was taken for granted. The queen soon after received a visit from the duchess, who endeavoured to clinch this extorted admission by returning florid thanks for the advancement of her family. According to her custom when aught was proposed contrary to her inclination, queen Anne observed a dogged silence, with a drooping mouth and a sullen brow. The fiery duchess demanded whether the duke of Marlborough had misunderstood her majesty's meaning? "I

[1] Among the collections of Hume, the historian, is a very important one relative to the intended deposition of the queen by the whigs, by means of Marlborough's army.—Hume's Life, vol. xi.

[2] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 296; Feb. 10, 1710.

desire that I may never more be troubled on the subject," was the reply of her majesty, in a peremptory tone.

The confusion and divisions which prevailed at the queen's cabinet councils, owing to the distrust of her ministers at this crisis, are thus sketched from the description of Godolphin. "The queen gives no answer to her lord treasurer's representations. She says 'she will send for Somers; she wonders the lords should persuade the duke of Marlborough to return.' The duchess sent a copy of the duke's letter to Godolphin, which she desires him to show to lord Sunderland. Godolphin answered that he had spoken her majesty on the places of the duchess's daughters, but "that the queen only made him a bow, but gave him not one word of answer." He further wrote, "that the queen told Somers, 'that she would send for him, and let him know her mind;' but that would not be until she had talked with Abigail. . . . . . After such a description," he adds, "you will wonder with me why these should think it reasonable for lord Marlborough to come. If he does, I shall wish he had never proceeded in this manner,—never to the queen alone, but had gone to council in a cold, formal way, and declared 'to the world' how he was used; 'that he served only till the war was ended, because he did not think it reasonable to let a chambermaid disappoint all he had done.'"[1]

All parties now made themselves ready for the approaching struggle, in which the question of triumph or defeat was to be decided by the fate of Sacheverel, whose trial was to take place in Westminster-hall, after the duke of Marlborough had departed for Flanders.

[1] Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

archbishop Grindal in particular, and had opposed toleration to dissenters, and had wrested various passages of holy writ to suit his purposes." But why this proceeding was more criminal in him than in the numerous sects of tolerated dissenters, who could not *all* be scripturally right, is an enigma. Surely, no great regard for the "liberty" of any kind of conscience could be found in the persons who framed these very strange articles. As to the offence given to archbishop Grindal, who was one of queen Elizabeth's prelates, the man had been dead more than a hundred years, and was therefore fair subject for historical disquisition. The above article of impeachment is the only instance since the days of queen Elizabeth[1] in which any person had been put in danger of prison, torture, and disgrace by public trial, for historical comment on characters long deceased. The third article stated "That he had seditiously suggested that the church of England was in peril under her majesty's administration." How the great assembly there convened could suppress risibility when the last article of accusation was recited, seems difficult to imagine: "That the said Dr. Sacheverel had plainly called the lord high-treasurer [Godolphin] of this kingdom 'Volpone;' that he had applied opprobrious names to the rest of the state-ministers.. He had, withal, termed many of those whom her majesty had advanced to high stations in the church false brethren."[2] In the last clause, the great preponderance that then existed of bishops and archbishops bred dissenters, who had forsaken their sects to receive preferment and emolument in the church, was indicated; but such were the facts, as the biographies of these dignitaries testify to this hour.

One truth is undeniable, which is, notwithstanding the torrent of abusive words with which Sacheverel is overwhelmed in history, if his character had not been stainless, his prosecutors would never have exhibited articles thus replete with folly. Could they have proved against the champion of church and poor one clerical dereliction from the code of morality,

[1] The curious dialogue between queen Elizabeth and Bacon on Dr. Hayward's Life of Richard II. will be remembered. The queen imprisoned the author, and proposed torture, but he was not brought to trial.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 1, et seq.

they would have crushed him beneath it, and spurned him out of their political path. Perhaps the driest and most intolerable passage in all political domestic history is that called the "affair of Dr. Sacheverel." All old libraries in country halls are provided, among other literary nuisances pertaining to the last century, with two or three duplicate copies of duskily bound tomes bearing the above title,—the paper, the vilest yellow-stained wire-wove; the print and orthographical arrangement ugly enough to be in unison with the dulness of the inexplicable contents. No person can open the book without perpetrating a succession of yawns; no person, excepting for the necessity of professional information, ever endured the reading of two pages of the narrative. It is the perversion and suppression of facts which render that, and all history of the same era, dismally fatiguing. Yet this overpowering *ennui* pertains to the narrative of an event so stirring that it convulsed the whole island, and rendered every man in England, particularly of the poorer class, an interested and almost agonized watcher over the fate of the victim whom the depressors of the church of England were haling to the parliamentary bar, for the purposes of condemnation to the pillory, to the lash, if not to death, in the most horrid form of personal degradation.[1]

Sacheverel defended himself with spirit, fire, and a flow of magnificent eloquence. Although his orations undeniably proceeded from his lips, the composition was, nevertheless, attributed to Simon Harcourt, his legal counsellor, or to any person but himself. There is only this small impediment to such appropriation, which is, that Harcourt did not at any

[1] The fate of Sacheverel, had he fallen into the power of the whigs, may be guessed by the following notation in the Life of Edmund Calamy, vol. ii. p. 391, of the inflictions to which a high churchman, the rev. Mr. Bisse, was sentenced, for seditious sermons and seditious words, November 27, 1718:—"He was sentenced by the King's-bench to stand *twice* in the pillory, to be imprisoned *four* years, to find sureties for good behaviour during life, and fined 600*l*." Those persons who wish to trace the reasons of the final submission of the reformed catholic church to the will and pleasure of a man like sir Robert Walpole, will be able to collect from chronological records a sufficient number of frightful examples of this kind to account for the same. There were many clergymen who would have faced the scaffold and the stake unmoved, who shrank from the pillory.

subsequent time produce speeches in the same style. The truth is, Sacheverel was a mighty orator, but, like Wesley and Whitfield, had not equal powers of authorship; and the excellence of his discourses, whether speeches or sermons, solely depended on the skill of his reporter.

While these scenes were proceeding on the public arena of Westminster-hall, another species of performance was in progress behind the curtained recess that contained the royal auditress and her attendants. The jealousies and policies that were fermenting in that little world of courtly intrigue are described by the pen of the duchess of Marlborough. The queen, as before observed, went *incognita* to the trial of Sacheverel. Her desire was to pass unknown, but her people recognised her in the manner which has been shown. "Her majesty," says the duchess of Marlborough, "when she arrived in the hall, entered the curtained box which had been prepared for her near the throne: she was accompanied by all her ladies who were on duty. Those in waiting the first day were, her near relative lady Hyde, lady Burlington, and lady Scarborough, with the duchess of Marlborough. The etiquette of court was for these ladies to stand, unless the queen gave them an express invitation to be seated."[1]

The duchess of Marlborough was in some perplexity to account for the circumstance why the queen, with her usual urbanity, did not ask her ladies to sit. The queen had scarcely spoken to her since her last violent outbreak about the allowance to the sick laundress, and had just then closed a furious paper-war, regarding the resignation of the places held by the duchess to her daughters, by reiterating her former request "not to be further troubled."[2] The queen firmly denied any promise to make such places hereditary in the Marlborough family; the duchess strenuously insisted that such a promise had been given her. Tormenting suspicions that she had gone too far visited the mind of the duchess, and she began to be jealous that the very ladies present, her colleagues in waiting, were eager expectants of the preferment

[1] Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; British Museum.

[2] Ibid.

which she meant to surrender only to her own daughters. She saw symptoms, or fancied them, that they paid unusual homage to her majesty, in hopes of gaining the spoils she had repeatedly threatened to resign. "After standing for two hours, I said to the vice-chamberlain," observes the duchess, "that when the queen went to any place *incognita*, as she came to this trial, and only looked behind a curtain, it was always the custom for the ladies to sit down before her; but her majesty had forgotten to speak to me now, and that as the trial was likely to continue very long every day, I wished he would put the queen in mind of it." The vice-chamberlain was certainly not aware that her majesty and the grand duchess were not on speaking terms, for he replied, "Why, madam, should you not speak to the queen yourself, who are always in waiting?"—"This," continues the duchess, "I knew was right; and therefore I went up to the queen, and stooping down to her, as she was sitting, to whisper to her, said, 'I believed her majesty had forgot to order us to sit, as was customary in such cases.' The queen looked as if she had indeed forgot, and was sorry for it; she answered in a very kind, easy manner, 'By all means; pray sit.' Before I could get a step from her chair, the queen called to Mr. Mordaunt, her page of honour, 'to give stools, and desire her ladies to sit down.'" Lady Hyde, assuming a manner as if the queen needed personal protection, advanced quite close to her royal mistress, with the evident determination of hearing what the duchess of Marlborough had to say to her. When Mr. Mordaunt had brought the stools, the duchess, as mistress of the robes, sat nearest to the queen; but as she was, from the stern manifestations of the populace against her party, on her very best behaviour that day, she describes "that she sat at a respectful distance, and drew a curtain between majesty and herself," which she seemed to consider a most reverential device, "as it appeared as if queen Anne was sitting in a different room from her ladies."[1] Such might be the case, but it likewise appeared as if her majesty was alone, and

[1] Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit Museum.

bereft of all attendance. Lady Hyde, when she found how the duchess proceeded, went and stood behind the royal chair, and there remained the whole time the queen stayed. Lady Hyde's conduct the duchess pronounced to be "an unwarrantable attempt to court favour with the queen, having the reversion of her places in view."

The queen came the next morning to witness the trial, and the duchess of Somerset entered the royal box for the same purpose, just before the duchess of Marlborough and the rest of the ladies established themselves comfortably on the tabourets, or pliants, that the queen had graciously ordered the preceding day. The duchess of Somerset had been recognised at the English court as a great lady of semi-royal rank, as heiress of the mighty name of Percy, one of the representatives of Charlemagne, at the time when Sarah of Marlborough occupied a station by no means commensurate with her present lofty assumption. The duchess of Somerset, although hated by her with no common share of jealous rage, had, besides her high rank, a degree of personal dignity which commanded deference from the spoiled favourite, who treated her royal benefactress with so much contumely. "Before I sat down," resumes the manuscript narrative,[1] "I turned to the duchess of Somerset, having always used to show her a great deal of respect. I asked 'If her grace would not please to sit?' At which the duchess of Somerset gave a sort of start back, with the appearance of surprise, as if some very strange thing had been proposed, and refused sitting."[2] Upon this, duchess Sarah, without a word of remonstrance being added, commenced her defence, telling the duchess of Somerset "that it was always the custom to sit before the queen in such cases; that her majesty had ordered us to do so the day before, but that *her* refusing it now, looked as if *she* thought we had done something that was not proper."[3] Here was as promising a commencement of a quarrel as might be, if the duchess of Somerset had responded to the uncalled for explanation. Her grace knew better what was due to her own

[1] Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

high station and the royal presence; she merely said, "I do not care to sit," passed onwards, and took a station behind her majesty's chair, where she remained standing, as lady Hyde had done the preceding day, during the whole time the queen stayed in Westminster-hall.[1]

While this marked personal deference was thus paid to queen Anne by the greatest lady among her subjects, the belligerent power, duchess Sarah, whose violent instincts for a wrangle had been thus coolly suppressed by the Percy heiress, retired to her joint-stool by the side of the gentle co-heiress of the Cliffords, lady Burlington. Here her cogitations were of that species which, at any subsequent period, would have boded infraction of her majesty's peace, besides great damage to the auricular nerves of her ladies in waiting. As the duchess of Marlborough has favoured us with the narrative of the thoughts which were fermenting while she there sat swelling, the detail of them cannot be justly attributed to any flight of fancy in queen Anne's dutiful biographer. "I took no further notice *then*, but sat down by lady Burlington as we did before. As I reflected on what these two ladies[2] had done, I plainly perceived that, in the duchess of Somerset especially, this could not be the effect of humility, but that it must be a stratagem they had formed, in their cabal, to flatter the queen by paying her *vast* respect, and to make some public noise of this matter that might be to my disadvantage, or disagreeable to me. And this I was the more confirmed in, because it had been known before that the duchess of Somerset (who, with her lord, was to act a cunning part between the whigs and tories) did not intend to come to the trial. As, therefore, it was my business to keep all things as quiet as possible till the campaign was over, and preserve myself in the mean while, if I could, from any public affront, I resolved to do what I could to disappoint these ladies in their little design." The queen had scarcely leisure to attend to the heart-burnings and affront-taking of the mighty duchess

[1] Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit. Museum.

[2] The ladies were lady Hyde and the duchess of Somerset.

that evening; other events of vital consequence claimed her attention.

The proceedings of the people, on that second afternoon of the Sacheverel trial, had, in fact, scared even those who were the most desirous of frightening his persecutors. At four o'clock in the afternoon of February 28, the mob attacked Dr. Burgess's meeting-house, near Lincoln's Inn-fields, and made a bonfire of the "sacred cushions and vessels," as Cunningham rather oddly calls some part of the paraphernalia, besides "pulpit, pews, benches, and sconces; and would have murdered the venerable old man himself, if some friend had not received him, and hid him, at past midnight." Other detachments of the populace demolished Earl's meeting-house in Long-acre, Bradbury's in Shoe-lane, Wright's in Blackfriars, and a meeting-house in Clerkenwell. When the rioters were busy in Clerkenwell, they tore down St. John's parochial chapel, out of detestation to bishop Burnet, who lived in that district: they made a desperate sally against his residence, with the full intention of putting him to death if they could have caught him.[1] While the meeting-houses were blazing, in a similar way to the Roman-catholic chapels in 1688 and 1780, the government took little heed of the riots; but when the populace began to bend their fury against "low church as by law established," and another mob beset the Bank of England, the earl of Sunderland rushed into the queen's presence with such an account of the proceedings of her loving lieges in behalf of "her majesty's high church and Dr. Sacheverel," that the royal widow was seen to turn deadly pale, and was seized with a fit of visible tremour.

It was but for a short period that Anne suffered from fear: she recovered her courage, and bade her hated secretary of state

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xiii. p. 294. Burnet was, it seems, obnoxious to large masses of the poor: they considered that the new practices in the church of England, which they felt severely, were owing to him. Long after the death of queen Anne, (consequently when his party was finally triumphant,) he died an aged man. He was buried in the church nearest to his residence in Clerkenwell; yet, short as was its progress to the grave, his coffin went to its resting-place strewn, not with flowers, but with mud, from the hands of the populace.—Bio. Britannica.

"send her foot and horse guards forthwith, and disperse the rioters." Accordingly, captain Horsey, who was then on duty at St. James's, was summoned into the presence of her majesty, and her statesman, lord Sunderland, repeated the queen's order to captain Horsey, with the injunction that he was to use discretion, and not to proceed to extremities. The captain was malcontent, and would evidently have preferred a skirmish to disperse lord Sunderland himself, her grace his mother-in-law, and the rest of the family junta and their faction, who kept the queen in check. "Am I to preach to the mob?" asked captain Horsey, "or am I to fight them? If you want preaching, please to send with me some one who is a better hand at holding forth than I am; if you want fighting, it is my trade, and I will do my best."[1]

The queen's guards captured some of their comrades of her royal guards, and some of her majesty's watermen, leading the mob, and in the very act of rioting, burning, and destroying. "So," adds Cunningham, "the very court itself was not free from suspicion. When the queen was informed of the species of prisoners made, her majesty declared 'that she herself would be at the cost of the damage they had done; and as for those who were her servants, they should have a fair trial, without favour on her part.'"[2] Here Cunningham (the only historian who enters into the particulars of the incidents connected with this singular period of Anne's reign) indulges in a furious tirade against queens-regnant and female government in general, affirming that "the English people were perfectly disgusted with the authority of women." But if they were, the people had a remarkable way of showing it, since all the facts of the case prove that the popularity of the queen was just then unbounded. As wide from historical truth is his sarcasm, levelled at queen Anne and all other female sovereigns, when he commends the French for having excluded females from "the administration of government." The historian ought to have known that the reins of empire

[1] "Colonel Horsey," says Edmund Calamy, "told me that he ventured his neck by going upon verbal orders; the hurry being so great to secure the Bank, that the queen gave him no warrant until his return."—*Life of Calamy*, vol. ii. p. 228.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xiii. p. 294.

in France had been placed by preference, not only in the hands of queens, who were mothers to their minor kings, as regents, but in those of the sisters of their infant sovereigns, and very gloriously had some of the French female regents reigned. In short, there had been more female sovereigns in France under the title of regents, than in England as regnant-queens. To three royal ladies France was indebted for her preservation in very dangerous times. These were, Blanche of Castile, queen-regent; the lady of Beaujeu, regent-governess; likewise Louise of Savoy, who, in the dire distress after the battle of Pavia, governed France with sagacity and courage of high degree. The French refused their crown to the princesses of their royal line, and forbad the succession to pass through female descent, lest France should either be made a province to another nation, or a prince should claim the throne who was a foreigner, and spoke their beloved language imperfectly, or not at all. Such was the origin of their Salic law, according to their most ancient authorities.

All the alarms and conflagrations of the tumultuous night of February 28th, which scared sleep from the royal pillow, did not prevent queen Anne from visiting the focus of agitation, Westminster-hall, as on the two preceding mornings. Notwithstanding the restless throngs which pervaded the streets of her metropolis, she went *incognita*, and therefore without guards. Before her majesty entered her chair, she was destined to a severer trial of her courage; for the duchess of Marlborough came to carry on one of her discussions, on the usual theme of offences, either given or taken. "I waited on the queen the next morning," writes the duchess, "half an hour before she went to the trial, and told her 'that I had observed the day before that the duchess of Somerset had refused to sit at the trial, which I did not know the meaning of, since her majesty was pleased to order it, and that was nothing more than what was agreeable to the constant practice of the court on such occasions; but, however, if it would be in any respect more pleasing to her majesty that we should stand in future,' I begged 'she would let me know her mind about it, because I should be very sorry to do any thing that

should give her the least dissatisfaction.'[1] To this the queen answered, with more peevishness than was natural to her, 'If I had not liked you to sit, why should I have ordered it?' This plainly showed that the cabal had been "blowing her up."[2] Few persons are aware of the antiquity of this phrase of the commonalty, and still fewer would expect to find it among the flowers of feminine rhetoric used by a duchess and a court beauty, and applied, withal, to the majesty of Great Britain. It stands among the manuscripts of the haughty mistress of the robes, in full proof of the truth of the saying, "that queen Anne might make Sarah Churchill a duchess, but that it was beyond her power to make her a gentlewoman." That day the duchess of Ormonde and lady Fretcheville came into the queen's box to witness the Sacheverel trial; they were, however, contented to avail themselves of the queen's gracious permission for the ladies to sit while she remained *incognita*.

By the exertions of captain Horsey and the queen's guards, the populace were restrained from molesting the persons deemed most inimical to the church of England; nevertheless, the people continued to escort the queen and the prisoner home to their several abiding-places with formidable threats against the foes of the church. Vast masses of the people remained blocked and wedged in St. James's-square and the environs of the palace all night, and every night in the first fortnight of March. Cries of entreaty on the queen, "not to desert the church and Sacheverel," were distinctly heard by her majesty and the household. It was dangerous for any person, of whatever party they might be, to pass without wearing the oak-leaf, which was just then the popular badge, being considered the symbol of "monarchy restored."[3] Artificial bouquets must have been prepared and sold for the purpose, since oak-leaves are not to be found in February, or even in March. At the end of a contest, lasting for three weeks, Sacheverel received the sentence of "suspension from preaching for three years." As so much worse had been expected, this mild sentence was

[1] Coxe MSS.; duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson. [2] Ibid.
[3] Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

greeted by the people as a triumphant acquittal, and symptoms of the greatest delight were manifested throughout London.[1]

The popular indications so thoroughly apparent at the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel, encouraged queen Anne to act on her determination to expel the junta that had for years enslaved her. Her subjects of the lower classes had risen, shook their rugged strength, growled defiance on the whig ministry, protected the church and the person of Dr. Sacheverel, and then laid down again, perfectly satisfied that the queen was on the side of that beloved church. The people showed unmistakable inclination to rise again to the rescue, if further danger threatened either. The attachment which the English people manifested to the established church at this period, and for the preceding fifty years, has been treated by historians either with utter superciliousness, or with tirades of abuse, which give not the slightest information to the very natural question of wherefore the populace rose to protect, when the usual movement of that class is to destroy? It is with simplicity of conviction, from every bearing of evidence, we assert, that the causes of the insurrectionary movement of the English populace for the protection of the church and Dr. Sacheverel, proceeded from gratitude for the manner in which the poor were relieved and governed by the church of England; and likewise from impulses of fear, lest the mighty charity of the daily offertory should be extinguished with the vital functions of their church, —apprehensions which were realized in a few years.

Supported by the recent manifestation of popular sympathy, the queen slowly but surely took measures to free herself from the insupportable yoke of the family junta; and as the spring advanced, most of its members came to the conviction that their places at court and in her majesty's government were

[1] The popularity of Dr. Sacheverel has been mentioned by historians as extremely evanescent, and that circumstance is alleged in proof of his utter worthlessness of character. But it appears, in the course of lady Sundon's Correspondence, (lately edited by Mrs. Thomson, author of the Court and Times of Henry VIII.) that, even in the reign of George II., Sacheverel, whenever he was recognised in public, was greeted with the same manifestations of affection from the populace, which, in the depressed state of the church of England, he endeavoured to avoid, as likely to draw on him the malice of the Walpole ministry.

untenable, a conviction likewise strengthened by their intimate knowledge of the exhaustion of the treasury, and their heavy involvement in national debt. As soon as the disunion between queen Anne and the duchess of Marlborough became matter of public notoriety, the court ladies divided themselves into violent factions. The royal ear was besieged with extraordinary anecdotes, illustrative of the ingratitude and insolence of her whom her majesty had delighted to honour; among others, it was said that the duchesses of Somerset and Marlborough, standing as sponsors for a noble infant, the latter duchess had contradicted the proposal of her grace of Somerset to name their godchild Anne, saying, "there never was any one good for much of that name. I will not stand for the babe, if she is called Anne." The duchess herself, hearing that the queen was much hurt and offended at this tale, wrote an explanation, declaring the whole to be the malicious construction of her grace of Somerset, and thus relating the incident: "At the christening of the child of Mrs. Meredith, I was pressed very much to give the name, which properly it was the place of the duchess of Somerset to do; at last, to end the dispute, it was agreed by all that the child should have the queen's name. After this had been settled, I turned to the duchess of Somerset and said to her, in a smiling way, 'That as the duke of Hamilton had made a boy a girl, and christened it Anne, after the royal godmother, why should we not make this girl a boy, and call her George?' The duchess of Somerset laughed at it, as I dare say the queen herself would have done if she had been present; but this was represented to the queen in as different and false a way as possible, as I heard afterwards from very good *hands*."[1] From very good *tongues*, the duchess possibly meant. There were informers who insinuated to the queen, that the name of George being recommended by her in contradistinction to that of Anne, evidently signified that her discarded favourite wished all possible homage should be offered the rising sun in Hanover, the sole personal interest

[1] Inedited letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

that the queen had felt in the name of George being entombed with her deceased consort.

Queen Anne had mentioned, in the hearing of Mrs. Darcey, one of the palace-ladies, many stories which had been told as illustrative of the disrespect and ill-will that the duchess of Marlborough was perpetually manifesting towards her majesty. Mrs. Darcey repeated the queen's observations to the duchess of Marlborough, and the duchess, impelled by the despairing whigs, determined to force an interview with the queen, for the purpose of explaining away her conduct, and circumventing those "who were watching for their share of her spoils;" which spoils, however, merely meant the reversion of her court-places. The queen, seeing that her former favourite, who still retained all her appointments, meant to have some discussion with her, manifested so much distaste and reluctance, that the duchess contented herself with requesting that her majesty would please to grant her a half-hour's audience before she retired into the country. The queen did not think proper to deny the request, but required that she should put what she had to say into writing. The duchess persisted that her communication was "of a nature that rendered writing it impossible." The queen, whose curiosity was perhaps piqued, finished by appointing six o'clock the next afternoon for the conference: "this was an hour," the duchess of Marlborough observes, "that the queen usually spent in prayer."[1] But before the day and hour came, the queen wrote to the duchess of Marlborough to "send her *commands*," as she expressed herself, "by the bearer;" in other words, to make a memorial of whatsoever she had to say. Instead of writing as desired, the duchess, whilst performing some official duty about her majesty, again seized the opportunity of demanding a private interview. The queen, alarmed lest another scene of violence should take place, once more made an appointment, which she broke the next day by writing to the duchess, telling her "that she had been exceedingly fatigued with business, but that she was going to Kensington to dine that day, and to

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

rest and refresh herself for two or three more; but that she would not detain her from the country, and it would be the same thing if she put in writing what she had to say, as if she talked with her."[1]

It was in vain her majesty strove to escape the dreaded interview; her tormentor followed her up very closely, and immediately answered the royal billet to the following effect:—

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

"I am glad your majesty is going to Kensington to make use of the fresh air, and to take care of your health. I will follow you thither, and wait every day till it is convenient for you to see me, as what I have to say is of such a nature as to require *no answer*."

The queen received this unwelcome missive on Sunday, April 6, 1710, at Kensington-palace; by the time it reached the royal hand, the audacious writer followed it, and, in order that there might be no answer or denial written, stationed herself at once on the window-seat of the back-stair, "where," she says, in her manuscript narrative, "I sat, like a Scotch lady waiting for an answer to a petition." The queen having just dined, there was no bedchamber woman there, only Mrs. Abrahal, and a page of the backstairs. Mrs. Abrahal had been the ostensible cause of the rupture between her majesty and the Marlborough duchess, therefore her agency was not invoked; but the duchess condescended to ask the page in waiting "whether he did not occasionally scratch at the queen's door, when any body came to see her?" The official having acknowledged that such was the case, the duchess desired him to make the usual scratch; and then go to the queen and tell her that she was there, and ask "whether her majesty would please to see her then, or whether she should come some other time?"[2] A long pause ensued; the duchess retreated to her window, and sat in the unwonted attitude she has described as a suppliant for audience, while the page made the signal-scratch, and delivered her message to her royal mistress. The signal-scratch was a court refinement introduced from France; the knock for admittance was considered importunate, startling, and even of boding import. It had

[1] MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

been interwoven in many ghostly tales of that era, while the scratch at the door seemed only like the supplication of some gentle and affectionate animal, some purring pet, or some faithful dog, attached, not to the sovereign-power, but to the sovereign's person.

While waiting there in her window-seat, the duchess affirmed "that she ruminated on her position as one of undue humility, for with queen Anne's gold keys by her side, she had every right to walk in after the page, without either knocks or scratches, or any other announcement."[1] Indeed, her recital of the gradual approaches she made on this occasion, so softly and stealthily, to the presence of her royal mistress, observing the most rigorous formula of etiquette, proves how conscious she was of the outrages she had committed in their last private conference. The queen was alone and writing, when the duchess was admitted by the page of the backstairs. As she opened the door, the queen said, "I was going to write to you."—"Upon what, madam?" asked the duchess, forgetting, the instant she was in the royal presence, her recently conned lessons of humility. "I did not open your letter till just now, and I was going to write to you."—"Was there any thing in it, madam, that you had a mind to answer?"—"I think there is nothing you can have to say but you may write it," was the royal reply. "Won't your majesty give me leave to tell it you?"—"Whatever you have to say, you may write it," reiterated the queen. "I believe your majesty never did so hard a thing to any body, as to refuse to hear them speak,—even the meanest person that ever desired it," said the duchess, after the queen had twice more reiterated the same phrase. "Yes," said her majesty, "I *do* bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it."—"I have nothing to say, madam," replied the duchess, "upon the subject that is so uneasy to you; that person [Mrs. Masham] is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account that I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you."

[1] MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. Likewise another inedited fragment among the Coxe MSS., collated with the "Conduct."

Notwithstanding the once-awful intimation "that the duchess could not be quiet," queen Anne reiterated the same note,—"You may put it into writing." The duchess kept down her wrath, and proceeded to tell the queen the gossip which Mrs. Darcey had communicated to her; adding, "that she was no more capable of making such disrespectful mention of her majesty, than she was of killing her own children." Here the queen must have strongly remembered the insulting expressions regarding herself which she had heard issue from this person's own lips; therefore, turning away, her majesty coolly remarked, "There are many lies told." Then the duchess humbly begged, "that the queen would be pleased to let her know if any body had told her any thing of her of that nature, that she might then take an opportunity of clearing herself, or begging her majesty's pardon."

One whole hour, according to the statement of the duchess herself, passed away in these fruitless protestations; at the end of which time the queen took refuge in the repetition of another sentence, which at the same time applied to the memorable scene in St. Paul's cathedral at the thanksgiving for the victory of Oudenarde, when the duchess, in the height of her imperious humour, had bidden the queen "be silent, and give her no answer." In her late notes she had used the same sentence, saying "that she required no answer," or that "she would not trouble the queen to give her one." Great offence was taken by her majesty, who replied to most of the duchess's deprecatory speeches with a quotation from her own directions, which the queen had thus repeatedly received, both verbally and in writing. "You said you required no answer, and I will give you none." The voice of the duchess then began to rise louder; "she taunted the queen with what had been uttered in her hearing by some of the lords at Westminster-hall during the late trial of Sacheverel.[1] The queen interrupted a torrent of expostulations with the words, "I will leave the room."

In the former stormy interview, the duchess of Marlborough had set her back against the door, and told her sovereign "she

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 304.

should stay and hear all she chose to say." Times had changed, however. With a passionate burst of tears she prevented the queen's retreat by retiring into the long gallery, where she sat for some time, sobbing and wiping her eyes, and cogitating what should be her next movement. At last, having thought of a plan to touch the feelings of her former friend, she scratched at the door of the royal cabinet: the queen herself opened it. The duchess said, "I have been thinking, whilst I sat there, that if your majesty came to the castle at Windsor, where I had heard you are soon expected, it would not be easy to see me in public now, I am afraid. I will therefore take care to avoid being at the Lodge at the same time, to prevent any unreasonable clamour, or stories that might originate in my being so near your majesty without waiting on you."—"Oh," replied queen Anne, very readily, "you may come to me at the castle: it will not make me uneasy." From this, the duchess of Marlborough truly enough concluded, that the queen would have no objection to see her when she was guarded by the rigour of public receptions or state official duties, but that her resolution was immutable never to permit another private conference.[1] The duchess had neither the good sense nor tact to permit the conversation to drop with this rather placable ending. She returned to her passionate recrimination, and denounced judgments on the queen, saying, "she was sure her majesty would suffer for her inhumanity."—"That will be to myself," replied her majesty,[2] closing the colloquy with more dignity than she had sustained it. So ended the last conversation queen Anne ever had with the person who had ruled her for more than thirty years.

Yet it was long before the duchess of Marlborough could convince herself of the fact, that this was the last conference she was ever to hold with her once-loving and familiar friend. She had always built hopes on the circumstance of the queen's speaking to her, with kind condoling inquiries "regarding a bad cold she had when in waiting on the occasion of the

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit Museum.

[2] Ibid.

late trial in Westminster-hall."[1] It is true she had heard that the queen never meant to talk confidentially to her, after her furious conduct at Windsor-castle; but, from this incident she had hoped that the queen's reported resentment would prove merely a false alarm. The duchess immediately wrote an account of the ill-boding scene with royalty, which had occurred on the 6th of April, to Godolphin, who was then at Newmarket attending the Easter meeting.

Queen Anne was employed in other thoughts than the wrangling interview she had just endured with her former favourite. She was certainly cogitating on a measure, which brought conviction to the whole family junta that their fall was resolved upon. The first removal the queen commenced with, was the substitution of the tory duke of Shrewsbury for the whig marquess of Kent, as lord chamberlain of the household. Anne announced this measure to lord Godolphin, in a letter[2] dated a few days after the final interview with the duchess of Marlborough:—

QUEEN ANNE TO LORD GODOLPHIN.

"St. James's, April 13, 1710.

"I am sorry to find by your letter you are so very much in the spleen, as to think you cannot for the future contribute any thing towards my quiet but your wishes; however, I still hope you will use your endeavours. Never was there more occasion than now; for, by all one hears and sees every day, as things are at present, I think one can expect nothing but confusion. I am sure, for my part, I shall be ready to join with all my friends in every thing that is reasonable to allay the heat and ferment that is in this poor nation.

"Since you went to Newmarket, I have received several assurances from the duke of Shrewsbury of his readiness to serve me upon all occasions, and his willingness to come into my service; which offer I was very glad to accept of, having a very good opinion of him, and believing he may be of great use in these troublesome times. For these reasons, I have resolved to part with the *duke* [marquess] of Kent, who I hope will be easy in the matter *by being made a duke;* and I hope that this change will meet with your approbation, which I wish I may ever have in all my actions.

"I have not yet declared my intentions of giving the staff and the key to the duke of Shrewsbury, because I would be the first that should acquaint you with it."

The want of wisdom in the character of queen Anne is apparent in this letter. She commences by addressing a taunt regarding the spleen to a man, whom she tries by flattery to

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[2] No authority but the Universal Magazine, March 1748; but it is fully corroborated by quotations made from it in the duchess's correspondence, Coxe MSS.

propitiate at the conclusion. If she really wished to conciliate him, she should not have mentioned the spleen; on the contrary, if she meant to defy him, it was absurd to beg for his approbation. Whether queen Anne felt as a friend or enemy towards Godolphin, her letter was equally injudicious, especially when she knew well that his temper was exceedingly irritable. As may be supposed, he took fire in his answer at the paragraph touching "the spleen."—"I have the grief to find," he replied, "*that* which you are pleased to call spleen in my former letter, was only a true impulse of mind that your majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own ruin and destruction, as fast as it is possible for them to compass it to whom you seem so much to hearken." It is impossible to follow lord Godolphin throughout this long angry letter, in which he reproaches the queen for having resolved to make peace without mentioning the same to the duke of Marlborough or him. He declares, "that her crown depends on the continuance of the war,"—in which he was mistaken. Lord Godolphin ended by telling her majesty "to keep his letter, and read it about Christmas, and then she would find who gave her the best advice." As for the staff and key, on which his royal mistress demanded his counsel, he was in too great a rage to mention them.

The queen next hastened to remove lord Sunderland from the office of her secretary of state, for the insults with which this young man loaded her were felt by her majesty more severely than even the conduct of her arch enemy, his mother-in-law. It is supposed, that lord Sunderland had usually heard her majesty spoken of in his wife's family-circle with such insolent familiarity, that he found it impossible to treat her with common respect; the queen complained, "that he always chose to reflect on all princes before her in the most injurious manner, as a proper entertainment for *her*."[1] Yet this nobleman, who affected republican bluntness, would have found it difficult to quote any action of a royal personage parallel to that with which his political career closed.[2]

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 7.

[2] The petty fees of 500*l.* &c. with which Barillon purchased the fathers, would have been scorned by the sons. Lord Sunderland the younger, when the South-

It has been seen that a furious paper-war had taken place between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough on the appointment of lord Sunderland, first as lord privy-seal, and afterwards as secretary of state. It is possible that if lord Sunderland had forborne from personal aggravation, queen Anne would have endured patiently, while her life lasted, the heavy bondage with which his imperious mother-in-law oppressed her. The remembrance of the victory formerly gained in her contest with the queen relative to the appointment of lord Sunderland, gave a fresh impetus to the courage of the defeated duchess of Marlborough. She knew she had one card to play, which she thought would cause the queen to succumb; she therefore boldly plunged into a fresh attack by letter. The following is one of the most insolent she ever addressed to Anne: it has been hitherto inedited.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

"There was something very unusual in the manner of the last conversation I had with your majesty, in your declaring you would give no answer to whatsoever I said; and in the disorder that appeared, by your turning from the candle[2] when you thought I was going to mention something that you did not care to hear of, that I can't but think you are ashamed of the company you generally have, and sensible of the ill consequences of having such a favourite, and of the reflections that are made all over the town upon it, since 'tis certain that nothing your majesty ever does can be a secret; if, then, there can be a pleasure in any thing one is ashamed to own, (for which I have no taste,) I am sure you will pay very dear for it. I never yet heard of any prince that kept little company that was not of course unfortunate.[3] . . . . What I now say is for no private interest, nor with any particular regard to myself. I only wish you would choose such people to converse with, as would keep your character from falling in the opinion of your subjects; and besides the interest you would have in it, you would find it much more easy to pass your time in such a way as to have no need of any disguise. I beg you, madam, for your own sake, to think what the world must say, upon your showing that your real confidence and kindness is gone from those that have done you much true service, (and that have so much respect paid them at home and abroad,) to Mrs. Masham, her sister, and a Scotch doctor, and others one is ashamed to name; and, in short, to any body that will make court to *her*, [Mrs. Masham,] who must always be contemptible wretches, since they can condescend to *such lowness* in order to compass their ends with your majesty.

Sea iniquity was unravelled, was found to be the owner of 50,000*l.* of the newly created stock, for which he had not paid one penny of purchase-money.—See lord Mahon's Hist. from Peace of Utrecht.

[1] Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xliv. art. 72, inedited.

[2] Thus the final interview between the queen and the duchess must have lasted from after the queen's three o'clock dinner until candle-light in April.

[3] Here a break and some illegible words occur.

"Your majesty having often said that you were always ready to live with me as you had done, and that it was not your fault if it were otherwise, *I have attempted* several times to come to you in the same easy manner; and when you went to Windsor, I did most humbly desire you to give me one half-hour when you received, and to consider well upon my subject, and to let me hear from you."

Total silence was, however, maintained by the queen. The advancement of Mrs. Masham's brother in the army was once more a cause of contention. Marlborough positively refused it; the queen as positively affirmed that she would not sign one of the numerous commissions, according to Marlborough's appointment, until her will was obeyed in this matter. There is no doubt such determination would soon have had its due effect, for it appears that Marlborough received payment for them; but, after having uttered the threat to Robert Walpole, secretary at war, her majesty recalled her words in a fright, and requested him "never to tell the Marlboroughs what she had said," and at the same time acknowledging "that she had purposely stopped the commissions on this account; yet she desired that they might not know the delay arose from any thing but accident."[1] As may be supposed, her faithful secretary at war instantly communicated the whole conversation to the duke of Marlborough. The duchess of Marlborough protested, with far more vehemence than her lord, against the advancement of her cousin, repeating his words that "Jack Hill was good for nothing as a soldier." Jack had, however, shared in most of the bloody actions in Flanders, with at least the credit of personal courage. It is undeniable, nevertheless, that general Hill had treated the duchess with positive ingratitude, for she had formerly cherished him with something like maternal tenderness. She said, and apparently truly, "that she had given him a home and education when he was a destitute vagabond." She speaks with indignation "of his rising out of a sick-bed, and going in a wrapping-gown and cloak to vote for the ruin of the duke of Marlborough, when she had ever shown him the kindness of a mother." The duchess declares "that his sole talent consisted in mimicry, in which his sister, Mrs. Masham, likewise excelled."

[1] Walpole Correspondence, edited by Coxe, vol. ii. p. 17; letter of sir R. Walpole to Marlborough, May 12, 1710.

Perhaps the threat that the queen had ventured to express, although weakly recalled in her interview with Walpole, had its due weight when it was communicated to the duke of Marlborough; for he hastened to write, "that he begged the commission of colonel Hill might be made out and sent to him directly; but as some accident might happen, to show his wish to make every thing easy to the queen, and to obey her commands, he should directly send for colonel Hill, and *declare* him brigadier."[1] The matter in dispute was thus amicably adjusted between Anne and her general; not so in regard to her former favourite and present tyrant, the duchess, who never abated her maledictions on the head of "Jack Hill," till other offences from the queen crowded this one out of its supremacy and pre-eminence.

So early as the preceding reign, it has been shown that the conquest of Canada was deemed an important measure for the security of British America; likewise that the attempt under the government of queen Mary had been abortive. There is reason to suppose that the determination to persevere in the same measure sprang entirely from queen Anne's own mind, since the general of the expedition to Canada was of her especial appointment, being no other than the redoubtable Jack Hill. For the first time in English history, the allegiance, or rather alliance, of the savage tribes of North American aborigines was demanded by the British monarch, and the atrocious policy of unloosing human fiends on Christian colonists was adopted, to the unspeakable woe of harmless families belonging to either the French or English settlements for more than a century. A deputation from the savage chiefs made a voyage to England, and were introduced at the court of Anne. The circumstance is recorded by the excellent transatlantic historian, in these words:—"Five Sachems from the Iroquois had sailed with Schuyler for England. They appeared, amidst the gaze of crowds, dressed in English small-clothes of black, with scarlet in-grain cloth mantles, edged with gold, for their blankets. They were conducted in state in coaches to an audience with queen Anne; and, giving her

[1] Walpole Correspondence, edited by Coxe, vol. ii. p. 23.

belts of wampum, they avowed their readiness to take up the hatchet, and aid her in the reduction of Canada."[1] Wigs are not enumerated with the rest of the court costume of the queen's savage allies, although long flowing ones might have been considered by the children of the forest as the English warriors' helms of terror. The Tatler and Spectator often allude to the visit of the Sachems to the court of queen Anne. The attempt on Quebec, commanded by general Hill, utterly failed, to the great exultation of the Marlborough opposition.

The struggle relative to the dismissal of lord Sunderland, the son-in-law of the duchess of Marlborough, from his place of secretary of state, continued to be maintained by her angry grace, in a series of violent letters to the queen, long after that measure took place, which occurred June 15, 1710. One of the most intemperate among them was sent abroad, for the duke of Marlborough to copy and send to the queen, as if from himself; it was tossed by that sagacious politician behind the fire, as if by mistake,—a measure which did not prevent the queen from receiving a worse edition of the same composition,[2] but written by the duchess in her own name. In desperation at the apprehended fall of her party, and utterly forbidden all private access to the queen, the duchess had recourse to one of the royal physicians, sir David Hamilton, to insinuate to her majesty, "that in case of continued obduracy, she should publish to the world all the queen's former letters of friendship and fondness for her."[3] It is not exactly clear whether the physician-spy was in the interest of his royal mistress or of her enemy; perhaps he made his advantage out of both. One circumstance is undeniable, which is, that the arrow launched by the duchess had its effect in giving pain to the queen. In order to follow up the effect of sir David's insinuations, the duchess enclosed one of the queen's former fond letters, to remind her majesty how high her opinion of her had been at its date, and to raise suitable ideas of the sensation which would be created in the world if such epistles became matters of public discussion. The queen eagerly detained her own letter; and

[1] Bancroft's United States, vol. iii. p. 219; A.D. 1710.

[2] Coxe MSS., xlv. fol. 42; Brit. Museum.

[3] Ibid.

to her reply, indited by her advisers, she added a postscript, written in her usual style, demanding, in a strain of something like tender reproach, the restoration of *all* her letters, "as she was sure the duchess did not *now* value them." This demand was considered as a proof that the queen felt the alarm the duchess wished to inspire. She exultingly wrote back to her royal mistress,—

"I hasten to the latter part of your letter, in which you desire that all the letters I have of yours may be sent back, and give the reason for it, 'because 'tis impossible they can now be agreeable to me;' but though your majesty takes care to make them less pleasing to me than I once thought they would have been, I cannot yet find it in my heart to part with *one*. And though I cannot dispute your keeping your own letter that I sent you, I can the more easily spare it, because I have drawers full of the same in every place wherever I have lived. Yet I much wondered at your majesty's keeping the duke of Somerset's, which I only sent to show what he once thought of the duke of Marlborough's services: 'tis not, surely, usual to detain *another body's letters*."[1]

The dismissal of Sunderland being at last effected by the queen, was followed by that of her long-trusted lord treasurer, Godolphin, an event which occurred August 6, 1710. The queen endeavoured to ameliorate this measure by the following letter; the offer it contains is magnificent, although the rage with which it inspired Godolphin was too overpowering to permit himself to accept it.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN, LORD TREASURER.[2]

"Kensington, August 7, 1710.

"The uneasiness you have showed for some time has given me very much trouble, though I have borne it; *and* had your behaviour continued the same as it was for a few years after my coming to the crown, I *could have* no dispute with myself what to do. But the many unkind *returns* I have received since, especially *what* you said to me before the lords, *makes* it impossible for me to continue you any longer in my service; but I will give you a pension of four thousand a-year, and I desire, that instead of bringing the staff to me, you will break it, which I believe will be easier to us both."

The duchess of Marlborough's manuscripts give some characteristic particulars of Anne at this momentous period of her history. She says, "After the receipt of this letter, lord Godolphin hastened to the queen. He reasoned with her on her danger in dismissing the whigs, and finished by asking 'whether he should go on?'—meaning as lord treasurer. The queen answered, 'Yes.'[3] Lord Godolphin noticed, however,

[1] Coxe's MSS.; Brit. Museum. [2] Coxe's Marlborough.

[3] Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum. Add. MSS. vol. xlv. folio 99. 1710. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

something strange and gloomy in her looks. He supposed, nevertheless, she meant to abide by the assent he had extorted from her, and had not the least idea of what was to happen the next day, "when he was removed in an unheard-of manner for a man in the high station of lord treasurer, with no more ceremony than a letter written by the queen, and left with his porter. The contents of this letter," continues the duchess, "were so extraordinary, that I am not at liberty to name them." Several of lord Godolphin's friends expressed to the queen their concern at his dismissal from the office of lord treasurer, particularly at her manner of parting with a man "who, like Mentor in Telemachus,[1] had taught her for more than *twenty* years,—her majesty being, in all things, the most ignorant and helpless creature living."—"The queen," pursues the duchess, "made these persons the very same answer that she did to a *valet-de-chambre*, who was turned out of the office of the robes: 'I am sorry for it, but cannot help it.' And to show her sorrow, the next thing her majesty did was, to turn out lord Godolphin's son also, lord Rialton, who was likewise the duchess of Marlborough's son-in-law, with which he was very sensibly affected."

A base intrigue is revealed in the same letter by the duchess of Marlborough. She describes to sir David Hamilton, whom she is in the act of suborning for the same purpose, "that there was a servant in an humble station, but in waiting near the royal person, with whom her majesty often gossiped."[2] The menial had agreed with the duchess, "that nothing succeeded with queen Anne but flattery or fear." The residue shall be told in the ungrateful woman's own base words: "For which reason, he pretended he would fright the queen about the letters I had in my power, and give her to understand 'how unwilling he should be to fall out with one *that could do so much hurt as I might do her majesty;*' adding, 'he feared that her provocations would make me print her letters, for that I had a great spirit, and was justly enraged to be put in

[1] An expression which shows that, as early as 1709, Fenelon's admired romance was familiar enough in England for quotation.

[2] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton, the physician-spy.

print for such lies as I had been.'" Who can avoid feeling indignant at finding the majesty of Great Britain held in awe by a base servant, at the instigation of the favourites she had raised from nothing to insult her! Anne was intimidated, for the duchess observes, "The queen ordered this man to write me a letter to Windsor, and send it by a messenger on purpose, (which shows she knew her letters were opened). He was to desire me 'as a friend not to do any thing that might reflect on her majesty, insinuating that there was still room for reconciliation with her and me.' And," continues this manuscript, "to carry on the matter more successfully, I writ all my letters to him [the menial spy about the queen] with a design he should show them to her majesty, *who*, thinking I knew nothing of her seeing any of my letters, and as her mind loved to manage such a secret with any one in a low station, I so ordered it that I might say what otherwise could not have been told her."[1]

"I am afraid," wrote the duchess at the same time to sir David Hamilton, in illustration of her royal mistress's character, "you will have a very ill opinion of me, that could pass so many hours with one I have just given such a character of; but though it was extremely tedious to pass so many hours where there could be no conversation, I knew she loved me, and I suffered much by fearing I did wrong when I was not with her." That is, the duchess dreaded the consequences of not mounting guard perpetually. "I have gone to the queen a thousand times," she added, "when I had rather been in a dungeon." There is great reason to believe that sir David Hamilton made use of this fine epistle against the duchess, and showed it to the queen,—at least, the writer afterwards suspected as much. If such were the case, the queen might have had still fuller conviction that the companion of her youth never loved her, as the conclusion avers, "that she served the queen as zealously as any persons could do that they *really* loved, and had all the merit in the world."

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. folio 90–92; inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

Lord Godolphin was deeply disappointed at the failure of his endeavour to retain office. In a state of exasperation, on receiving the queen's final order he not only broke his white staff, but flung it contemptuously into the grate. The incident gave rise to a party epigram, written by Swift, who had arrived in London, suborned by the tories to write them up, and to write their opponents down.

> "Dear Sid,[1] then why wert thou so mad,
> To break thy rod, like naughty lad?
> You should have kissed it in distress,
> And then returned it to your mistress."

If queen Anne had a passion, it was that the most scrupulous attention might be paid to all the laws of etiquette, however minute they might be. It was hard that, in her reign, the principal of all her white sticks should treat the insignia of his dignity in a manner totally unprecedented in courtly annals; but knowing the weak side of his royal mistress, it is to be feared he did it purposely, out of malice prepense. The queen placed the office of lord treasurer *in the hands of seven commissioners*,[2] at the head of whom was Mr. Harley, who was created afterwards earl of Oxford and Mortimer, when she made him lord treasurer.

The revival of the old system of the revelation of assassination-plots was next tried, in order to excite fears either for her life, or gratitude for her preservation, in the breast of the queen. The duke of Marlborough wrote to his duchess "that prince Eugene had informed him of an assassin, that was coming to England from Vienna with designs against the queen's life; and that the utmost care should be taken lest the murderer should get access to the royal presence." The duchess went to court very consequentially, and demanded admittance to the queen "on a matter of life and death." The queen refused to see her, and a memorial of her business was coldly required: the duchess sent her husband's letter. Anne was inaccessible to fears for her personal safety. The most dignified action of her life was, returning the warning respecting her assassination

[1] Sidney was lord Godolphin's baptismal name.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain. This expedient of placing great offices in commission was resorted to, in that era, whensoever the government was unsettled, or could not be organized all of one party.

without deigning to notice the circumstance,—merely enclosing the duke of Marlborough's letter, accompanied with these words, addressed to the duchess of Marlborough, dated from Kensington,—

"Just as I was coming down stairs I received yours, so could not return the enclosed back till I came to this place."[1]

This sentence comprised the last epistle ever written by queen Anne, the once "adoring Mrs. Morley, to her Mrs. Freeman."

When it was found that the quarrel between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough was public and irreconcilable, bishop Burnet forced an interview with her majesty, and endeavoured to intimidate her from a change of ministers. "I showed her," he said,[2] "that 'if she suffered the Pretender's party to prepare the nation for his succeeding her, that she must not think, if that matter was thought fixed, they would stay for the natural end of her life, but that they would find ways to shorten it. Nor did I think it was to be doubted but that, in 1708, when the Pretender was on the sea, they had laid some *assassinates* here, who would, on his landing, have tried to dispatch her.' This, with a great deal more to the same purpose, I laid before the queen. She heard me patiently. She was for the most part silent; yet, by what she said, she seemed desirous to make me think she agreed to what I laid before her, but I found afterwards it had no effect upon her." The earl of Dartmouth adds, "that the queen, who gave him a patient hearing because she was the best bred person in her realm, was much amused at the bishop's fears for himself; as, in the course of the harangue he had betrayed his apprehension that, in case of the Pretender's landing, he should himself be the very first person who would be hanged."[3] The bishop did not succeed in raising any personal apprehension in the mind of the queen for her own safety; her fault was indecision, not cowardice.

Lord Dartmouth had, during the gradual changes among

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe's MSS., Brit. Museum. There are three editions of this circumstance, each with some variation, either printed in the Conduct, or inedited among the Coxe manuscripts.

[2] Burnet's Own Times, vol. v. p. 442.

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 21

the ministry in the course of the summer of 1710, accepted office as one of the secretaries of state. There was a degree of friendly intimacy between the queen and himself, which caused them often to gossip over the characters and conduct of such courtiers as they had known from their youth. In the course of these discussions, lord Dartmouth told the queen "that bishop Burnet had a great idea that he himself possessed remarkable faculties for keeping secrets." To give her majesty a specimen of the bishop's self-deception on this head, lord Dartmouth agreed with her, "that he would tell him a story regarding herself personally, and enjoin him to strict secrecy." This was done, and bishop Burnet solemnly promised to mention the incident to no one. Two days afterwards, the bishop posted to Windsor-castle, and began to tell it to the queen in a private audience, which he had previously solemnly requested; her majesty received it, to the bishop's infinite astonishment, with a hearty burst of laughter.[1]

Lord Somers, if the testimony of his coadjutrix, the duchess of Marlborough, may be believed, beset the queen with many flattering arts in order to retain office. The manner in which Somers was forced up as the head of the queen's councils, is acknowledged by that managing dame. What can be thought of the president of the queen's wearing-apparel daring to own, that she *teased* her royal mistress into the appointment of Somers to such an office as lord president of the privy council? When the duchess had praised lord-chancellor Cowper sufficiently for his submissive conduct to her, his patroness, she says of her other client, "My lord Somers had the reverse of that behaviour, for though he courted me a great while, in order to get into employment with the whigs,—visiting me, and if I met him in the streets or roads by chance, he would stand up and bow down as if I had been the queen!" Perhaps history furnishes not an instance of a similar arrogant narrative. Wolsey's slip of the pen, "I and my king," is nothing to it, for the blunder was made in Latin, and written, moreover, by a prince of the church, which placed its members far above all secular authority. After dwelling with

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Hist. of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 443.

emphasis on lord Somers' standing up to let her pass as if she were queen Anne, comes the reason wherefore such reverences were made by Somers,—such standings-up and such bowings-down. "Yet, after I had *teased* the queen to bring Somers into this great post," continues the duchess, "(I think that of lord president,) he never made me one single visit, though I never had one dispute or quarrel with him; nor did he take any more notice of me after I was out of my employments, than if he had never heard of me." Lord Somers was found guilty of courting the queen and Mrs. Masham for some months afterwards, Harley and Bolingbroke having prescribed a course of conduct by which her majesty was to flatter him, "and make him believe she was fond of him," to raise the political jealousy of lord Godolphin and the duke of Marlborough. "The plot," adds the duchess,[1] "made lord Somers extremely pleased with the queen's favour, and he had many interviews with her alone. Her majesty acted her part very well, as she could any part given her by those she liked. I really believe Somers thought, that if he could get rid of Godolphin and Marlborough, that she meant to make him her premier." Lord Somers, in some of these interviews with the royal widow, did his best to persuade her "that he was against the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel;" indeed, the duchess casts a stigma on the whig lord president for absenting himself from the last days of that trial, on such a slight occurrence as—his mother being dead! "After the game was up," meaning the dismissal of the whigs, "a bedchamber woman, who was very honest, told me that lord Somers came very often to wait on the queen at Kensington, even when his party was quite destroyed, which convinced me that he had hopes of the queen's favour."[2] The duchess finishes all these inuendoes, by affirming that the incorruptible lord Somers received a pension from queen Anne, paid by Mrs. Masham.

Cowper, the lord chancellor, notes in his diary his interview to surrender the seals to the queen. She was unwilling, and perhaps sincerely so, to receive them, for he had certainly done

[1] Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

his duty to her and the country, by making a stand against the attempt of Marlborough to be appointed general for life. Lord Cowper mentions the dismissal of lord Wharton, lord Somers, and the duke of Devonshire; and that secretary Boyle had resigned. In the morning of September 22, the queen had an interview with her lord chancellor, who brought with him the great seal, with the intention of surrendering it into her hands. The queen strongly opposed the resignation, and made him take the seal back five times after he had laid down the bag containing it, commanding him still to hold it; adding, "I beg it as a favour, if I may use the expression." Lord Cowper took the bag, merely because he could not let it fall when the queen pressed it on him, but said, "I cannot carry it out of the palace, excepting your majesty will receive it to-morrow."[1] The queen replied "that she would agree to this arrangement, in hopes he would alter his mind." The repeated importunities of her majesty, and arguments on the lord chancellor's side, and the professions of both, extended this scene to the length of three quarters of an hour. Lord Cowper supposes that the tories had not a successor ready for him, as sir Simon Harcourt, who finally took his place, was appointed attorney-general, and the new ministers had entreated queen Anne to delay the surrender of the seals every hour that she could. The next day, her majesty had another interview with her lord chancellor. "I come now," he said, "with an easier heart than yesterday, since your majesty has promised graciously to accept my surrender if I continue this morning of the same mind, which I do."—"I can use no more arguments to-day than I did yesterday," replied queen Anne; "but I hoped you would have changed your mind." The lord chancellor answered by bending his knee and giving the queen the seal, which she then finally accepted.[2] Before the audience finished, lord Cowper gave the queen some advice regarding his successor, and warned her, as he had done the preceding day, of the impropriety of her new ministers having issued writs omitting the tests.[3] This, as he cites the duke of Queensberry for his authority, was probably for Scotland.

[1] Lord Cowper's Diary, (holograph); Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Many of the ancient nobility, who had never approached the English court since the Revolution, came to pay their respects to queen Anne after she had dismissed the Marlborough faction. Among others, the duke of Beaufort, whose grandfather and father had likewise held aloof, congratulated queen Anne as if on her accession, saying, that "He was extremely glad that he could now salute her queen in reality."[1] Since the union with Scotland, the duke of Argyle had prevailed on queen Anne to add to the companies of her English guards the Scottish royal guard; they had new uniforms and appointments, but, to distinguish them from the English guards, their uniforms were trimmed with silver lace. The queen was displeased with this economy, and exclaimed, "I do not know my own guards!"[2] Her majesty evidently preferred them according to their former picturesque appointments. So recently as the year of her accession, these guards, commanded by the earl of Orkney, had not adopted the use of fire-arms; for the Scots Royals wore heavy steel caps, and used bows and arrows, with broad-swords and targets.[3] Thus queen Anne had beheld them in her youth, when she lived in Edinburgh with her father. It is not certain that they had ever guarded the royal person in England until after the Union.

One of the queen's former adherents of the tory party not only seceded from the ranks of her supporters, but attacked her with intentions that seemed almost tantamount to forcing her abdication. This was lord Nottingham, whose speeches against her in the house of lords have been laid on a very different person. It is repeated, frequently, that when the queen was present in her curtained box, listening privately to the debates in the house of peers, the duke of Buckingham, in her hearing, "urged the necessity of inviting over the electress Sophia immediately, to be recognised as the heiress to the crown, because the queen might live long enough to lose the use of her faculties, and not know what she did." Such a speech is utterly against the whole tenour of the duke of Buck-

[1] Grainger, vol. iv. p. 269; likewise Coxe MSS. [2] Cunningham.
[3] Scots Magazine, 1791, quoted in History of Galloway.

ingham's conduct in regard to the queen; from her early youth to her death, their friendly intercourse was never interrupted. Common sense rejects the idea that the queen could ever have heard this brutal and idiotic speech, and retained her friendly intercourse with her former lover. How could any one, in possession of reason, talk of the intellects of a woman of eighty-two surviving those of a queen in the prime of life, whose mental powers, if not much strengthened by education, were, since she had had to struggle with the difficulties of reigning, far superior to what they had ever been? The alleged speech was utterly contrary to the duke of Buckingham's partialities, which tended more and more to the restoration of the exiled line of Stuart every day of his life; nor would the queen have called him, directly after its pretended utterance, to the highest office in her realm, that of lord president of the council. Mistakes were easy to be made as to the peer speaking, when there were no regular reports of the speeches; and as for reporters, the pillory, with loss of ears, would have been the fate of any bold barrister who listened in the house of peers to whatsoever that earl or this duke might say, and disseminated it in print to the whole world.[1] The peer who thus insulted the queen was lord Nottingham. He had been included in her first tory ministry on account of his supposed affection to the principles of the church of England; but he shook that administration to its basis by his sudden retreat, with several others, from its ranks in 1703.[2] The opposition of lord Nottingham to peace, when the miserable state of her people induced the queen to negotiate five years before, was of the most violent kind. Lord Nottingham's intellect, and even his moral conduct, it is hinted by the writers of his day, had strangely altered from the time when he was quoted as—

> "The sober earl of Nottinghame,
> From sober sire descended."

It is possible that he knew not that the queen had entered her curtained box when he made that remarkable speech, which has been nailed on the memory of the right owner by

[1] Since the Revolution, the debates in the houses of parliament had been guarded with jealous care by the members. The journals are remarkable for their mysterious paucity.

[2] Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne.

the hard-clinching satire of Swift, who would never have spared the duke of Buckingham for a moment, had it been his due, since the bitter poet hated him far worse than he did Nottingham, on account of some affront that the Jacobite duke had offered him when he was a whig author. In this poem another historical anecdote is preserved, illustrative of a cautious manœuvre of lord Nottingham at the revolution of 1688, when it was scarcely possible to tell who would ultimately prevail, Stuart or Orange:—

"When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master, king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot.
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,—
So Daniel[1] was got from the den of the lions;
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For rather than hang, I'd be Not-in-the-game.[2]

I swore to queen Anne that the prince of Hanover,
During *her* sacred life should never come over;
I made use of a trope, 'that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument ever in sight.'[3]
But when I thought proper I altered my note,
And, in her *own hearing*, I boldly did vote,
'That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor;'
For I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reason, I'm Not-in-the-game."

It will be allowed, that two accidents could not occur exactly alike in regard to two separate persons; therefore Buckingham must be acquitted of this betrayal of his long friendship for the queen. Coffee-house gossip might deceive Tindal and other contemporaries, as to the person of the peer who made the attack on the queen; but Swift had the incident direct from Mrs. Masham, who heard her majesty discuss what her own eyes had witnessed, and her ears heard. Neither queen Anne nor her ladies could mistake Buckingham for Nottingham.

The staff and key of lord chamberlain the queen bestowed upon that mysterious politician, the duke of Shrewsbury.

[1] *Daniel*, earl of Nottingham.—Scott's Swift, vol. xii. p. 296.
[2] A queer pun on the title of Nottingham, implying that he was not given a part important enough to play in the game of politics.
[3] Borrowed from a speech that was ever on the lips of queen Elizabeth.

This great noble had been entreated for the last quarter of a century to guide the helm of state, for no other reason than because he abhorred the office. The duke of Shrewsbury seemed, in the eyes of Europe, the most indecisive of human characters; he was perpetually waiting to be guided by some popular manifestation, and, by the perversity which usually attends all human affairs, the whole population chose to take him for their leader. He was willing to follow the lead, if a majority of the nation had been inclined to restore the exiled line of Stuart, but he would not become the principal in any such movement. Although he was passive in that matter, he was zealous for peace with France, from the conviction that the majority of the English people were suffering intensely. The queen confided to the duke of Shrewsbury the fact, that the earl of Jersey and count Tallard, her prisoner from the battle of Blenheim, had sent, with her sanction, the abbé Gaultier[1] to France, to sound that court on the subject of peace; and likewise, that they had sent Mr. Prior to follow this *avant courrier*. Mackey, the spy, whose head-quarters were at Dover, discovered these proceedings, and raised an alarm in the ranks of the whig party.

The public prints at this epoch teemed with *exposés* of the impudent manner in which old habitants of the court and palace tricked harmless folks out of cash, by affecting to sell places about the queen's household, and even offices that brought the buyers in immediate contact with her majesty's person. There was an old rapacious courtier, who had had, time immemorial, "an apartment in some odd nook of the vast pile of St. James's-palace,"—for vast it was before that royal residence had twice been reduced by fire. The old courtier had done some business, now and then, by selling small places somewhat after the mode of Gil Blas and his worthy confraternity. At the change of the whig ministry, he fell in the way of a country gentleman with a larger stock of money than wit, who was willing to come down with funds

[1] Gaultier had been a chaplain in the household of count Gallas, minister for the emperor at the British court, but he had been long dismissed before he took this mission.

for the vice-chamberlain's place. The old resident of Saint James's assured him that queen Anne was disgusted with her present vice-chamberlain, Mr. Thomas Coke, and was about to send him adrift after the whiggish train, (already discarded,) as soon as she could meet with a likely-looking pleasant country gentleman in his place; but 7000*l.* was the lowest sum required, whereof 4000*l.* was to be given at once "to the queen's foster-sister," (perhaps a daughter of Mrs. Butt, often mentioned previously as the queen's nurse,) 2000*l.* to the unfortunate discarded 'Mr. vice,' who had given a consideration of greater amount; the remaining 1000*l.* was to be divided between the minor agents, and the worthy negotiator then transacting business. But the gentleman negotiating was informed, "that to be vice-chamberlain he must be able to speak French; and when brought out for view in the gardens of St. James's, and pacing up and down before a particular range of windows, the queen's foster-sister looking out upon the candidate, if she did not think his airs and graces sufficiently distinguished for a place of such personal importance, he must give up all thoughts of it." The rogue who devised the plan had certainly a genius for comedy, and the story goes that the candidate pranced up and down for a considerable time "on view," to the great satisfaction of one of the palace-housemaids, who was placed for the purpose, looking, like Jezebel, out of the window. It must have been a rich scene. One day the court-salesman carried his customer to see the queen pass to St. James's chapel: being a resident in the palace, he was able to obtain good stations. It so happened, that the duke of Shrewsbury, the lord chamberlain, being absent, Mr. vice-chamberlain led her majesty by the hand; at which sight the candidate for the office cried out, in rapture,—"Ah, sir, what happiness! I wish all our friends were here now, to see the vice-chamberlain handing the queen; i'faith, the place is worth t'other thousand!" The queen probably took the speaker for a tame madman, but as places were just then changing very rapidly, Mr. vice-chamberlain Coke's attention was attracted by the words touching the sale of his place. He forthwith made due inquiry, and as the

candidate, meaning honestly, made no concealment, the rogue who had carried on this ingenious negotiation was discovered, and handed up for examination at the secretary of state's office, where all his fine proceedings were taken down in writing. Two or three hampers of wine had been consumed, and more than one *rouleau* of guineas actually pocketed by the court-salesman, before the gentleman-purchaser was enlightened with this evidence. So many droll circumstances came out in the course of the inquiry, that the court was convulsed with laughter for a week; and Mr. vice-chamberlain, finding he was more frightened than hurt,—nay, that he was positively benefited, for the inquiry fully confirmed her majesty in her gracious intention of retaining him in his place, permitted the roguish salesman of his office to rest unscathed, with no punishment beyond the universal ridicule he had incurred.[1]

Queen Anne, at this time of political excitement, received some visitations from mad people, seeking audience in order to bestow on her advice and assistance gratuitously. One of these self-elected counsellors stopped Swift in "the Pall-Mall," being to him a gentleman unknown. He asked his advice, saying, "he had been to see the queen, who was just come to town, but the people in waiting would not let him speak to her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in war; that he knew the queen well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; and that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds. He desired to know whether he should beg again to see her, or, as she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow?" Swift, who wanted to get rid of him, advised him "to try again at St. James's-palace."[2]

All removals, small and great, had been effected by the queen and her advisers before she ventured any attempt to displace from her great court-offices the terrible woman who, either by love or fear, had ruled her for so many years. The

[1] Tract of the times, entitled, A New Way of selling Places at Court.

[2] Journal to Stella, p. 124.

duchess of Marlborough herself exultingly attributes this circumstance to her having kept the queen in check, by the threats she held over her of printing her majesty's letters of fondness and confidence.[1] The queen, she made out, suffered the greatest pain of mind whenever this subject was reiterated, and at last sent the duke of Shrewsbury to negotiate the surrender of her letters. All the satisfaction obtained was, "that whilst the duchess kept her places, the letters should remain unprinted." Every day the untameable duchess mounted her fine coach and drove about the town, spending her mornings in visits to her party, where she employed the time in execrating and calumniating queen Anne, and giving the most horrid insinuations on the contents of her letters. The queen cut her off from all exercise of her functions, and wholly forbade her access. Although the duchess declared "that her majesty wanted new gowns, and she must come to give orders for them,"[2] Anne was, nevertheless, firm in denying her presence. Much her majesty wished to have her gold keys, in order to give them to her new officials; but, the duchess having expressed her intention of not surrendering them, no one dared go to demand them of her, all the new ministry deeming it as safe and pleasant an undertaking, as to ask a milch tigress to give up a pair of her cubs.

The court remained in a laughable position from June to December, fairly kept at bay by one daring woman, who remained in office in defiance of sovereign, prime-minister, and all their satellites. The lords spiritual, the peers and peeresses temporal, the knights of the shire, the burgesses and legal authorities of Great Britain, had all submitted to tory government,—all but the duchess of Marlborough, who held whiggism triumphant over her majesty's robes, gowns, caps, mantuas, furbelows, and fans, and retained in place, withal, all the functionaries therewith connected. At last, the queen and her new household agreed to wait patiently until the lord and master of the virago returned from his Flemish campaign;

[1] It is worth observation, that the duchess ventures not to hint at this proceeding in her printed "Conduct;" it is found in her Hutchinson MSS.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

for, ill as she treated him, and vivaciously as she reviled him in their hours of domestic felicity, Marlborough was the only person who could manage his spouse. With this exception, the queen was entirely free from the family junta and the whig ministry. "I saw her," says Swift, in his journal of October 10, 1710, "pass to chapel, with all her tories about her, and not one whig. There was her uncle Rochester, with Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, and Mr. Harley."[1]

The duke of Marlborough's personal behaviour to her majesty had ever been that of submission, often using such expressions as "that he was the meanest of her instruments,—a poor worm,—her majesty's humblest creature." This the queen told to one of her lords in the household, who told it again to Swift.[2] Lord Dartmouth dreaded the effect of these self-abasing expressions on the mind of the queen after Marlborough returned, when delivered in the plaintive tone of voice peculiar to him, together with the singular power he was known to possess over every person he chose to influence. "Does your majesty think you can resist such persuasion?" asked lord Dartmouth. "Yes," said queen Anne, "from *him* I can;"[3]—a remarkable admission, proving that the queen had no more regard for the sweetly and softly-speaking husband, than for his furious helpmate.

The queen had left Windsor for Hampton-Court earlier than usual that autumn. Swift mentions attending a levee there, and seeing the paintings, and especially the cartoons, in the state-rooms, while she was there in September. Her majesty came to St. James's in October, and passed her time between that palace and Kensington till December. Christmas-day she spent at St. James's; she stayed very late at church, where she received the sacrament, and held a great court in the afternoon. Being a collar-day, the queen having recently installed the celebrated John duke of Argyle, at Windsor, as a knight of the Garter, he attended her in the costume of the order.

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. xv. p. 412.

[2] Swift's letter to archbishop King. [3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

The queen kept the promise she had previously made to lord Dartmouth in regard to the duke of Marlborough, who seems to have tried every way to touch her feelings. He arrived in London from his annual campaign, December 28th, and taking a hackney-coach, drove direct to St. James's, and obtained a private interview for half an hour with her majesty. He lamented his late junction with the whigs, and declared, almost in the language of Wolsey, "that he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes;" assuring the queen, moreover, "that he was neither covetous nor ambitious." Her majesty, when describing the interview to her new ministers and confidants, said, "If she could have conveniently turned about, she must have laughed outright; and as it was, could hardly forbear doing so in his face."[1] Lord Dartmouth need not have anticipated the relenting of the queen's heart at this interview. When the duke of Marlborough had uttered all that his sagacity had suggested as most likely to mollify his royal mistress, the queen requested him to tell his wife, that "She wished to receive back her gold keys as groom of the stole and mistress of the robes." The demand drew from the duke another remonstrance on the causes of such requisition. The queen made no other reply, but that "It was for her honour that the keys should be returned forthwith."[2] The duke earnestly entreated that the queen would delay the displacing of his wife until after the peace, which must take place next summer, and then they would both retire together. The queen would not delay the surrender of the keys for one week. The duke of Marlborough threw himself on his knees,[3] and begged for a respite of ten days, in order to prepare the mind of his wife for a blow she would feel severely. The queen, with the utmost difficulty, consented to wait for three days; "but before two were passed," says the duchess, "the queen sent to insist that her keys should be restored to her." The duke of Marlborough instantly went to St. James's, having some urgent business respecting his command to transact with

[1] Journal to Stella.—Scott's Swift, vol. ii. p. 130, on St. John's information.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. ff. 192, 193; Brit. Museum. [3] Ibid.

the queen. When he entered upon his errand, her majesty positively refused to proceed to the discussion of affairs until she received back her gold keys from the duchess.[1] Thus urged, the duke retired from the royal presence with the desperate intention of obtaining them. He went to his spouse, and told her she must surrender the queen's insignia: the duchess vehemently refused. The duke laid his commands on her to return the gold keys, which she did, after a stormy contest, by throwing them at his head.[2] Marlborough was glad to obtain them on any terms; he caught up the keys, and immediately carried them to the queen, who received them of him, to use the words of a contemporary, "with far greater pleasure than if he had brought her the spoils of an enemy."—"The duchess," continues the same authority,[3] "flew about the town in rage, and, with eyes and words full of vengeance, proclaimed how ill she had been treated by the queen."

The character and abilities of the queen were minutely discussed at the conclaves held at this crisis by the whig opposition; the duke of Marlborough was particularly called upon to declare, from his long and familiar acquaintance, what were the tendencies of the queen's mind and the bias of her genius. Marlborough pronounced her mind to be a blank, "that she had no will of her own, or any tendencies but such as could be directed by other people; as for her abilities, she had a pretty knack of writing affectionate letters, and that was all she could do." Such is the testimony of lord-chancellor Cowper, who was present, and has recorded the conversation in the diary to which we have been indebted for a few pages of inedited history. Lord Cowper, the day after the surrender of the gold keys, went to visit the duke of Marlborough: he found him reclining on his bed, the duchess sitting by his bedside, with a large circle of company in the chamber. The reception seems to have been for condolence; the company were listening to the tirades of the duchess, who was

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. ff. 192, 193; Brit. Museum.
[2] Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 391. [3] Ibid.

railing very extravagantly against her majesty. Lord Cowper stood aghast at this scene, and whispered to the duke of Marlborough, "How surprised he was at all the duchess ventured to say against the queen. Although he had heard much of her temper, this was what he could not have believed." The duke, in his gentle pathetic voice, answered, "That nobody minded what the duchess said against the queen, or any one else, when she happened to be in a passion, which was pretty often the case, and there was no way to help it."[1] Among other vituperations, the duchess said (and there, it appears, she spoke truly for once,) "That she had always hated and despised the queen; but as for that fool," and she pointed to her daughter Henrietta, (lady Rialton,) who stood by, weeping, "she did believe that she had always loved the queen, and that she did so still, for which she would never forgive her."[2] Perhaps there was some of the duchess's blunt, bold style of deceit in this matter, hoping that queen Anne, although dismissing herself for her misdeeds from the places of groom of the stole, mistress of the robes, and privy-purse, might bestow one or more of these rich benefits on her god-daughter,[3] who was then under maternal persecution for loving her royal mistress so truly. Anne had suffered too much from the intolerable tyranny of the mother, to incur the risk of the yoke being re-imposed by any of her family. Yet the daughters of the house of Marlborough were not then obliged to surrender their court-offices about the royal person; they actually held them for a year after their mother was dismissed.

The queen at last secured herself entirely from the duchess of Marlborough, by withdrawing from her every excuse for intrusion and insult, which was effected when the insignia of office were surrendered. The next proceeding of the enemy was to obtain from her majesty a confirmation of the grant of 2000*l.* per annum from the privy-purse, which had been offered her when the commons refused to pension Marlborough. The queen had frequently reiterated the offer, and

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 30. [2] Ibid.
[3] Queen Anne was Henrietta Rialton's sponsor.

always refused to appropriate the money; yet the duchess repelled its confirmation, lest, perchance, some gratitude or acknowledgment of remuneration for past services should be expected in return. It is possible that the royal donor at last meant to take the duchess at her word, and retain the oft-rejected annuity, for when the claim was made by a friend of the duchess's, the queen was observed to blush and appear very uneasy;[1] she, nevertheless, consented that her gift should be valid, because the agent who transacted the affair had laid before her one of her own letters of affection to her former favourite, in which the acceptance was very earnestly pressed. When the duchess sent in her accounts to the queen, she placed the large arrears of this annuity to her own credit, writing at the bottom of the paper a copy of the queen's first letter wherein the grant was made; the words quoted (which must have looked very oddly at the bottom of an account-column) were, "*Pray make no more words about it, and either own or conceal it, as you like best, since I think the richest crown would never repay the services I have received from you.*"[2] The queen kept the accounts of the privy-purse for more than a fortnight, and then returned them to the duchess of Marlborough, with this notation, inscribed in her hand, at the bottom,—

"Feb. 1, 17$\frac{10}{11}$.

"*I have examined these accounts, and allow of them.*

"ANNE, R."

The grand fosterer of every species of war and strife, whether public or in the recesses of the household of queen Anne, was thus for ever separated from her majesty, and barred from her presence. "She preserved a tolerable reputation with respect to gallantry," says Swift, "for three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions; which were, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage. By the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world. This

[1] Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.
[2] Ibid.; likewise printed in the Conduct.

lady is not without some degree of wit, and has affected the character of it, by the usual mode of the times, in arguing against religion, and endeavouring to prove the doctrines of Christianity impossible. Let us imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, was capable of acting or attempting!"[1]

Early in the year 1710-11, queen Anne divided between her friend the duchess of Somerset and her favourite Mrs. Masham the great offices which had been monopolized by the duchess of Marlborough. Her majesty made the duchess of Somerset her mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, and gave Mrs. Masham the care of her privy-purse.

[1] Swift's Four Years of Queen Anne, vol. v. p. 27. This portrait is not drawn with malice, for there is not one trait but may be illustrated by the duchess's own autographs.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Queen's intention of governing without ministers—Anecdotes of her feelings towards her brother—Her dialogue with the duke of Hamilton and Lockhart—Her interviews with the assassin Guiscard—Queen listens to private overtures for peace—Her secret reception of the envoy Mesnager—His character of her—Sudden death of her uncle, Rochester—Receives letters from her brother—Her dialogue with the duke of Buckingham—Conspiracy against her person—Her anxieties and illness—Dr. Swift presented to her—Her life and court at Windsor-castle—Her illness—Her reception of courtiers in her bedchamber—Her public reception of the French envoys at Windsor—She announces her consent to treat for preliminaries of peace—Lyric of "Save the queen"—Queen removes to Hampton-Court—Her letter to lord Oxford—Queen's message to the electress Sophia—Queen's extraordinary speech from the throne—Sends for the duchess of Marlborough—She refuses to come to the queen—Influence of the duchess of Somerset with the queen—Queen's interview with the duke of Marlborough—She dismisses him—Queen creates twelve new peers—Makes her favourite's husband lord Masham—Interviews between the queen, Mesnager, and lady Masham—Queen presents Mesnager with her picture—Queen appoints the bishop of Bristol her plenipotentiary at Utrecht.

STRANGE as the assertion may seem in these times, there were actually some indications, on the fall of the Marlborough faction, that queen Anne meant to be her own prime-minister, —one of the grand points that the Revolution was made in order to subvert. If it were possible to excuse an effort of such gigantic disproportion to queen Anne's paucity of ability and information, it would be by calling to remembrance that the great body of the people still believed that they were practically governed by their sovereign as in the times of old, when every monarch was expected to be at once his own premier and general. Queen Anne painfully felt that the responsibility rested on herself for all the rapacity of which her late corrupt ministry had been guilty, in plundering the food of her miserable unpaid sailors, and both food and cloth-

ing of the soldiers; but how her majesty imagined that she could arrange her affairs personally for the prevention of such evils, it is difficult to divine.

There is no sneer meant in these words of Swift; he speaks in sober earnest when he says, "I have reason to think that *they* [Harley and St. John] will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs *more* in the hands of a ministry than she does at present." In another passage of his correspondence he mentions, apparently without joking or jeering, "that the queen, the duchess of Somerset, and Abigail Masham, meant to govern the country without the assistance of either whigs or tories." At the crisis of the dismissal of the Marlborough family,[1] it is certain that, among other parties, the queen had called around her many persons devoted to the Jacobite interest, who had willingly tendered her their assistance in the full belief that, if once freed from the domination of those who held her in restraint, her first object would be the restoration of her brother; yet some doubts exist whether, while she took advantage of the support of his partisans, her intentions were to do what they expected.

It is probable that the mind of queen Anne inclined her, at times, to her brother; but, if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, she affected doubts regarding his identity, which it is most evident the duchess herself did not pretend to feel, for even while reviling him, and proposing to get up a cry against him, she always calls him the "prince of Wales." In one of her letters she observes, "When I saw that the queen had such a partiality to those that I knew to be Jacobites, I asked her, one day, 'Whether she had a mind to give up the crown?' for if it had been in her conscience not to w. ar it, I do solemnly protest I would not have struggled as I did; but she told me, 'She was not sure that the prince of Wales *was* her brother.'" The queen added, which was certainly the

[1] At this period of disorganization more than one of the greatest offices of state were put in commission; thus seven commissioners performed the functions of lord treasurer, or premier, directed by the sovereign. As this was the case when Swift made the remark, it is possible that he alluded to it. For the fact of the seven commissioners, see Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. ii.

truth, "that if he were, his royalty could not be recognised without danger to the religion of the country."[1]

Among other anecdotes on this delicate and curious question, it is said that marshal Tallard, who was at that time a prisoner in England, and secretly an accredited negotiator for peace, was often engaged in conferences with the queen's confidants respecting the identity of the unfortunate prince of Wales; but he always silenced those who attempted to say that he was a supposititious heir, by gravely proposing a matrimonial alliance between him and queen Anne.[2] The start of natural horror with which such proposal was always first received, revealed the secret conviction of those who affected not to believe in the affinity of Anne and James.

One day, when queen Anne was, according to her frequent custom, listening to the debates in the house of lords, the name of her unfortunate brother being introduced, she was put out of countenance even by what one of her own ministers, Strafford, the secretary of state, said, and perceiving that every eye was turned on her, she drew the curtain of her box in great confusion.[3] The most positive evidence that queen Anne felt a secret interest in her banished relatives, comes from the reminiscences of her brother's stanch partisan, Lockhart of Carnwath. This gentleman chose to serve his master, not by attending him at St. Germains, but by retaining his place as member for Edinburgh in the united parliament. On one of these occasions, he carried up an address from the barons and freeholders of the county of Edinburgh, the gist of which was sympathy "with the grievance her majesty had represented," as he says, "separately and privately, to several of the members of both houses of parliament, 'that she was denied by her ministers the liberty allowed to the meanest housekeeper in her dominions; namely, the liberty of choosing her own domestic servants.'" Queen Anne meant "householder," but, by an unlucky tendency to perversion of speech,

[1] Narrative of duchess of Marlborough; dated St. Albans, 1709.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in Archives au Royaume de France.

[3] Ibid.

her ideas dwelt on housekeepers. Her favourite kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, introduced his Jacobite friend to her majesty with his monarchical address. Lockhart of Carnwath read it aloud to her. Her majesty smiled, and seemed well pleased with its tenour. "She told me," said Lockhart,[1] "that 'although I had almost always opposed her measures, she did not doubt of my affection for her person; therefore she hoped I would not concur in the design of sending away Mrs. Masham, or bringing over the prince of Hanover.' I was surprised; but recovering myself, I assured her 'that I should never be accessary to imposing any hardship or affront upon her. And as for bringing the prince of Hanover, her majesty might be assured, from the address I had just read, that I should not be acceptable to my constituents if I gave my consent, either now or at any time hereafter.' Her majesty again smiled, and I withdrew." His friend, the duke of Hamilton, gave him information, however, of the further remarks of the queen, who turned to him, saying, "I believe Lockhart is an honest man, and a fair dealer."—"The duke of Hamilton assured her, 'that I loved her majesty, and all her *father's bairns*.'"[2]

During the most arduous period of the settlement of the queen's new ministry, the country was thrown into the utmost agitation by an occurrence, which was supposed to have threatened the lives of two of the most popular persons in it, being her majesty and her statesman Harley. That any one ever thought of injuring or killing the harmless royal matron, is scarcely credible; yet her loving subjects thought that she had been in imminent danger from the knife of the demoniac, who, a few hours afterwards, stabbed her prime-minister. Since the Reformation, the sovereigns and leaders of the English government had, in many instances, been betrayed into great inconveniences, by fancying that every ecclesiastic of the Roman-catholic religion who forsook his church and fled to England, was a sincere convert to the Protestant faith, and deserved to be petted and patronised. The abbé Guiscard, a profligate of the darkest dye, who had rendered his

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 317. [2] Ibid.

native country far too hot to hold him, made a great merit of renouncing at the same time papistry, his abbacy near Cevennes, and the punishment due to his enormities. Being considered a very promising martyr and convert, he was offered high preferment in our church; but as his vocation was decidedly not the priestly office, he obtained the command of a foreign regiment in the English service, partly composed of William III.'s disbanded Dutch guards, and partly of French refugees. According to Swift and some other contemporaries, Guiscard's regiment possessed the unenviable reputation of being the wickedest body of men in Europe. For the good of mankind, this band of destructives were almost cut to pieces at the battle of Almanza, where their priest-colonel, Guiscard, performed prodigies of valour.

Queen Anne thought that Guiscard, on account of his warlike exploits, ought to be allowed a retiring pension of 500*l.* per annum; her financier, Harley, cut it down to 400*l.* Upon this, the double traitor offered himself as a spy to his old master, Louis XIV., at the same time making an interest with queen Anne's personal attendants to procure him a private interview. Her majesty actually gave Guiscard audience the evening before he stabbed Harley.[1] So completely unguarded was the queen, that she held the conference with this desperado with no one near her but Mrs. Kirk, who was usually asleep when on duty as lady in waiting. The priest-colonel limited his conversation with her majesty to passionate entreaties for augmentation of his pension, and complaints of ill-treatment. As it had been the queen's wish that Guiscard should have a regular pension of 500*l.* per annum, it is not improbable that she mentioned the circumstance to him, and admitted that she was thwarted in her intentions by Harley or St. John. The next morning, March 8, 1710-11, Guiscard was arrested by a messenger, while airing himself in St. James's-park. He was brought before the privy council, then sitting in the council-chamber at the Cockpit, and accused of his treasonable correspondence with France. While he was before the council, he stabbed Harley with a penknife; but being set upon by

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

the privy councillors, Guiscard was so severely wounded that he died in Newgate some days afterwards. Every one, at the time, believed that queen Anne had run a great risk of assassination from this man; and if she had expressed to him an opinion opposed to his interests, little doubt can exist that such would have been the case, from the utter desperation of his character. She had assuredly taken some alarm on his arrest, for St. John told Swift that the queen enclosed herself in the palace. Although March 8, 1711, was the anniversary of her accession, she did not go to church, neither did she see company, according to her usual practice of making that day one of high festivity. When Guiscard was dying, the queen sent two physicians and two surgeons to attend him in Newgate. He died with some horrible crime unconfessed torturing his mind, which persons fond of the marvellous supposed was his intention to murder queen Anne, but it evidently pertained to his previous career in France.

Harley remained long in danger of death; meantime, his life was deemed of the greatest value by the queen and country, since he had declared that he was in possession of a secret of finance, which would restore the bankrupt state of the revenue to credit and affluence. The scheme he meditated was the foundation of the present funds; when revealed to the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, that nobleman treated the plan with the utmost contempt. If Rochester had lived longer, Harley must have withdrawn from the ministry. Meantime a treaty,[1] known to few of the ministry, and carefully concealed from the public, was proceeding in the recesses of the palace: the queen was engaged personally in this intrigue, if so harsh a name ought to be applied to it. The period has been previously mentioned when a secret negotiation between the queen, marshal Tallard, and abbé Gualtier (chaplain to the imperial ambassador) commenced. Gualtier, who officiated as a priest, having become acquainted with the countess of Jersey when she attended the imperial chapel, being a Roman-catholic, she recommended him to her hus-

[1] Berwick's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 114. Somerville's Hist. of Great Britain; reign of queen Anne, vol. ii. p. 490.

band as a fit person to be employed in forwarding intelligence to France. The acknowledgment of the queen's title to the throne of Great Britain was, of course, one of the first articles stipulated in the secret preliminary; there was not made the slightest difficulty of it.

Anne having consented, by the agency of lord Jersey, to negotiate the peace, the acute diplomatist, Mesnager, who had long been waiting at the Hague till the queen was freed from the whigs, arrived in London for the purpose of private conference the very day that all England was in an uproar with the attempted assassination of Harley by Guiscard. Mesnager had many opportunities of studying the character of queen Anne, and seems, on the whole, to have formed a favourable opinion of her. He says, "The queen was mild and merciful in her disposition, and apt to believe every one about her faithful and honest. Among her many good qualities, she was a passionate lover of the common people, as they generally were of her; she was not easier to be deceived by any pretences than those alleged to be measures for the safety and prosperity of her people."

The effusion of blood and the expenditure of treasure in the continental wars, when fully represented to her, made a most painful impression on her mind, which all the pageantry with which the recurrence of repeated brilliant victories was celebrated could not remove. She ardently desired peace, and at last began to remonstrate with those who brought her papers to sign relating to the carrying on of the warlike preparations for the next year; and on one occasion it was observed, that when she placed her signature she shed tears, and heaving a great sigh, said, "Oh, God! when will this spilling of blood be at an end?"[1] In this state of feeling, Anne was well disposed to listen to any reasonable overtures for peace, especially after the disgrace of Marlborough and his party. It was lord Jersey,[2] queen Anne's lord chamberlain of the household, who

[1] Words of the queen to nearly the same effect have already been quoted from the English historians, Ralph, Tindal, and Cunningham. It would seem that they were often on her lips.

[2] Brother of Elizabeth Villiers, countess of Orkney, mistress to William III., the same who undertook the unsuccessful mission to James II. to persuade him

introduced Mesnager to the secret interview with her majesty, the particulars of which are thus narrated by the envoy himself: "The next morning, he [lord Jersey] took me in his coach to Kensington, where I believe the queen went for the occasion, for the court was not there, and where I had the honour to kiss her majesty's hand. After which, my lord speaking privately to the queen, her majesty turned about to me, and said, 'Sir, lord Jersey here,' directing herself towards his lordship, 'has given me an account of what steps you have taken; you may let him hear what you have to say.' I bowed, and was going to say something, though I hardly knew what, when her majesty turned abruptly from me to my lord again; so I stopped. My lord spoke a good while to the queen again; and when he had done, the queen turned to me and said, ''Tis a good work; pray God *succeed* [prosper] you in it. I am sure I long for peace; I hate this dreadful work of blood!' At which her majesty shook her head two or three times, saying some other words which I could not hear, which I was sorry for. She then retired, and we withdrew."[1]

"The death of the earl of Rochester," observes Mesnager, "was a great blow to the cause of the Stuarts; for such was his feeling of the inviolability of the line of ancient sovereigns,

to suffer his son's adoption by king William: he was a Jacobite. He died August, 1711. His wife was heiress to the well-known Chiffinch.

[1] Minutes of the Negotiation of M. Mesnager at the court of England, published 1717, pp. 133, 134. Two historical authorities of weight in their centuries, Mr. Hallam in our own, and Tindal in the preceding one, object to the work as one of Defoe's compositions, on the very rational ground that the original has never been discovered in French. It is very possible that the work might be edited by Defoe, and yet contain information from no printed French original, nor from any manuscript now in existence; for that mysterious politician was permitted to visit Harley earl of Oxford, when prisoner in the Tower, for the ostensible purpose of reading to him in MS. his beautiful romance of Robinson Crusoe.—See sir Henry Ellis, Historical Letters; Camden Society. Defoe had, therefore, every opportunity of editing the ruined premier's reminiscences of Mesnager's mission, or even notes regarding that envoy which might have been in his possession. The volume entitled Minutes of a Negotiation of M. Mesnager, is, on the whole, laudatory and exculpatory of Harley earl of Oxford, and is written in a gossiping English idiom of that era, with some passages of valuable information, diluted in a great quantity of verbiage for the purposes of book-making. Yet the actual information it contains is genuine, for it is confirmed by many contemporary manuscripts, of the existence of which the writer knew not. These are to be found in the Stuart Papers, Berwick's Memoirs, Swift's Correspondence, and in the Arbuthnot Papers in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., as yet unprinted.

that although his own niece, Anne, who was on the throne, persuaded him to aid her government in the hour of her great need, he did not conceal from her his opinion that she had no lawful right to the crown she wore. He is even said to have told her so in plain terms; yet she appointed him the president of her council." He appears to have accepted office with the view of restoring the sceptre to the disinherited representative of the royal house of Stuart, the son of his old master and brother-in-law, king James, and for no other object did this stanch loyalist condescend to sit at the helm for his own niece. "An apoplectic fit snatched him away, May 2, 1711, before any step could be taken for the accomplishment of his intentions."—"Rochester dead?" exclaimed Louis XIV. "Then there is not a man of probity and counsel equal to him left in the world."[1] The duke of Buckingham succeeded the uncle of queen Anne as president of her council,[2] a circumstance alone sufficient to invalidate the absurd falsehood that he had recently attacked the queen in the house of lords.

A correspondence between the queen and her brother, began under the auspices of her uncle Rochester, was, after his death, carried on by the assistance of her lord president, Buckingham. Her brother, James Stuart, called by himself the chevalier de St. George, and by his enemies the Pretender, addressed to her the following letter:—

THE CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE TO (HIS SISTER) QUEEN ANNE.[3]

"MADAM, "May, 1711.

"The violence and ambition of the enemies of our family and of the monarchy have too long kept at distance those who, by all the obligations of nature and duty, ought to be firmly united, and have hindered us of the proper means of a better understanding between us, which could not fail to produce the most happy effects to ourselves, to our family, and to our bleeding country. But, whatever the success may be, I have resolved now to break through all reserve, and to be the first in an endeavour so just and necessary. The natural affection I bear you, and that king James our father had for you till his last breath, the consideration of our mutual interests, honour, and safety, and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible to come to a perfect union with you.

"And you may be assured, madam, that though I can never abandon but with my life my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the

[1] Mesnager. [2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain. Toone's Chronology.
[3] Macpherson; Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223–225.

fundamental laws of the land, yet I am more desirous to owe to you than to any living the recovery of it. For yourself a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; *the promises you made to the king your father enjoin it*; the preservation of our family, and the preventing of unnatural wars, require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils, which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion till the succession be again settled in the right line.

"I am satisfied, madam, that if you will be guided by your own inclinations, you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the electress of Hanover, the remotest relation we have, whose friendship you have no reason to rely on or to be fond of, and who will leave the government to foreigners, of another language, of another interest. . . . . . .

"In the mean time, I am ready to give all the security that can be desired that it is my unalterable resolution to make the law of the land the rule of my government, to preserve every man's rights, liberty, and property equally with the rights of the crown; and to secure and maintain those of the church of England in all their just rights and privileges, as by law established, and to grant such a toleration to dissenters as the parliament shall think fit.

"Your own good nature, madam, and your natural affection to a brother from whom you never received any injury, cannot but incline your heart to do him justice, and as it is in your power, I cannot doubt of your good inclinations."

Her brother's letter proceeds with entreating her to send to him an efficient agent to mediate an accommodation between them, and concludes thus:—

"And now, madam, as you tender your own honour and happiness, and the preservation and re-establishment of our ancient royal family, the safety and welfare of a brave people, who are almost sinking under present weights, and have reason to fear greater, who have no reason to complain of me, and whom I must still and do love as my own, I conjure you to meet me in this friendly way of composing our differences, by which only we can hope for those good effects which will make us both happy, yourself more glorious than all the other parts of your life, and your memory dear to all posterity."

After reading her brother's letter, the queen expressed herself to Buckingham in terms which comprised the plain statement of the cause of his exile.[1] "How can I serve him, my lord?" she asked. "You know well that a papist cannot enjoy this crown in peace. Why has the example of the father no weight with the son? He prefers his religious errors to the throne of a great kingdom; he must thank himself, therefore, for his exclusion. He knows that I love my own

[1] The duke of Buckingham was confidentially treated by Queen Anne as a friend and brother, which, indeed, he had now become, by his marriage with her half-sister Catharine, daughter of James II. and Catharine Sedley.

family better than any other: all would be easy, if he would enter the pale of the church of England. Advise him to change his religion, my lord, as that only can change the opinions of mankind in his favour."[1] Buckingham communicated the queen's observations to her brother, whose answer was as follows:—

"I know my grandfather, Charles I., and my father too, had always a high opinion of the principles of the church of England relating to monarchy, and experience sufficiently shows that the crown was never struck at but she also felt the blow; and though some of her chief professors have deviated, we must not measure the principles of that church by the actions of some individuals.

"Plain-dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of religion, and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never tempt others to do it; and as well as I am satisfied of the truth of my own religion, I shall never look the worse upon any persons because they chance to differ from me, nor shall I refuse, in due time and place, to hear what they have to say on this subject. But they must not take it ill, if I use the same liberty that I allow to others,—to adhere to the religion that in conscience I think the best. I may reasonably expect that liberty of conscience for myself which I deny to none."[2]

These letters, however unexceptionable in a moral point of view, impressed every one attached to the church of England, whether the queen or her confidants, with the conviction, that young James Stuart was as inflexible in his adherence to his religion as his father had been. Such being the original cause of the transfer of the sceptre from their line, while that cause remained, reason showed that all attempts for restoration were hopeless. The queen, if some obscure yet probable historical indications may be trusted, felt secret hopes that her young sister, the princess Louisa Stuart, might prove less firm in her profession of the Roman-catholic creed than her brother. In such supposition she was utterly mistaken; yet she seems never to have entertained the least intention of aiding her brother or sister's claims, if they refused compliance with the church of England then established by statute law. Her first stipulation, as Mesnager is obliged to confess, was for the Protestant succession of the house of Hanover,—a stipulation which it was that envoy's object to drive from her mind. Still it is an undoubted historical fact, that if the young prince or princess of the house of Stuart would have renounced the

[1] Macpherson; Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223-225. [2] Ibid.

Roman-catholic religion, their kindred of the house of Hanover would not have opposed their claims on the throne of Great Britain. A remarkable letter of the princess Sophia proves this assertion beyond all dispute.[1]

Meantime the duke of Marlborough, while his queen was earnestly seeking to negotiate peace in the secret corners of her palace, was making almost unopposed incursions into France, by crossing with his victorious troops the frontier line at Bourchain. Lord Hertford told David Hume, "that towards the end of queen Anne's reign, when the whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met, and wrote a letter, which was signed by lord Somers, lord Townshend, lord Sunderland, and sir Robert Walpole, 'desiring the duke of Marlborough to bring over the troops he could depend upon; and that they would seize the queen's person, and proclaim the elector of Hanover regent.' The duke of Marlborough replied, that 'It was madness to think of such a thing.'"[2] There were two mighty bulwarks which guarded the helpless queen from such outrages. One was, the deep affection of her people at large; the other, the honourable abstinence from any species of treachery which distinguished her kindred of the house of Hanover. George I. possessed no personal qualifications to make any biographer enthusiastic in his praise; but who can, on the perusal of the sources of history, deny him the credit of being a man of unsullied honour in regard to his transactions with England? It has been shown that Sarah of Marlborough lavishes on his noble-minded mother such terms as "fantastic idiot,"—terms which must be resolved into the highest praise, when the motives of the reviler are analyzed.

Queen Anne's views of the terms on which peace could be concluded were intimated to Louis XVI. by Mesnager, when

[1] The letters of the princess Sophia are completely conclusive on this head, and the conduct of George I. is most honourable, from first to last, despite of all temptations from England. Lord Dartmouth has quoted the princess Sophia's letter, recommending the young prince to the consideration of the British ministry, in his Notes on Burnet. See also the Life of Mary Beatrice, vol. vi.

[2] "Horace Walpole confirmed the truth of this anecdote, which he had heard his father repeat often and often."—Life of Hume, by Burton, vol. ii. p. 501.

that minister withdrew from England after the sudden death of her uncle, lord Rochester. His death likewise left the path clear to the advancement of Robert Harley, whom her majesty raised to the peerage soon after his recovery from the wound inflicted by the knife of the priest-colonel Guiscard. Harley was created earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and received from the hands of her majesty the most potent and envied of places, being that of lord treasurer. Some secrets of the palace are revealed by Mesnager, or the person who has edited his reminiscences. The queen was so much alarmed when stormy debates occurred in parliament, lest any disastrous minority should cast her once more in the power of the Marlborough junta, that her ladies, when she was waiting for intelligence, could not prevent her from being oppressed by fainting-fits.[1] Mesnager observed "that, let her chagrin be ever so great, the new lord treasurer, Harley, always had it in his power to cheer her by his representations, and generally left her composed and happy." The reaction of suspense and anxiety in the queen's mind from bodily sufferings, which produced hysterical affections, proved symptomatic of the failure of her already shattered constitution. Soon after commenced that series of perpetual relapses into ill health, which marks the history of queen Anne from the autumn of 1711 to the summer of 1714.

Dr. Swift was presented to the queen about the close of 1711, and became an assiduous attendant at her court, having been deputed by the dignitaries of the Irish church to lay before the throne of her majesty their humble petition for extending her bounty of the first-fruits to that church. Many persons attributed the grant, not to queen Anne, but to the duke of Ormonde. It was observed, nevertheless, that the duke dénied all share in the action. "He is the honestest gentleman alive," said the prime-minister to Swift; "it is the queen alone that did it, and Ormonde declares she alone shall have the merit."[2] Nearly nine years had passed away before the established church in Ireland received the like

[1] Mesnager's Minutes of Negotiation.

[2] Swift's letter to archbishop King, of Dublin.—Scott's Swift, vol. xv. p. 465.

benefit bestowed by the queen's free charity on the establishment in England. It is well known that Anne was anxious to extend it to her realm of Ireland, yet she never could rescue the funds from the hard grasp of the Marlborough government. The first-fruits had been restored to the English church by her majesty during the short period when her uncle, Lawrence, earl of Rochester, was her prime-minister after her accession, but she was forced to wait until freed from the whigs before she could extend her generous purpose to Ireland.

The bracing air of Windsor-castle being recommended for the disorganized health of the queen, her bodily strength rallied sufficiently to enable her to renew her former hunting exploits. Her majesty, it must be owned, followed the chase, not only in a very strange equipage, but took very odd seasons for that amusement. Like queen Elizabeth, she hunted under the blazing suns of July, although the ripened harvest was on the ground. In the case of queen Elizabeth, England being almost a pastoral country, and moreover the royal chases being of greater extent, her majesty might ride as far as her inclination would carry her, without doing much injury to the standing corn; but in the eighteenth century, a royal hunt in the month of July must have carried devastation with it on every hunting-day. Hence we find in the essays of the last century, both in France and England, the most piteous representations of the destruction to cultivation by corn being wasted and trampled down by hunters,—a complaint that must be inexplicable to those who are ignorant of the cruel alteration of hunting-seasons which had been made since the notation in the Anglo-Saxon calendars of the "hunter's monaths," periods including autumn and winter, when corn is low in the earth and actually benefited by pressure, to which seasons the superior moral justice of our present era has limited, or rather restored, the chase.[1]

[1] This appears to have been effected in England by the kindly feeling of George III. The last complaints are reiterated in the popular work of Thomas Day, called Sandford and Merton. It is certain there would have been no revolution in France, further than the Paris barriers, if the abuses of the chase,

"The queen was abroad to-day to hunt," says Swift in his journal,[1] "but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." A week afterwards the queen hunted the stag through the meridian heat till four in the afternoon; she drove forty miles that day,[2] (August 7th,) and being beyond her dinner hour, the board of green-cloth did not dine until the late hour of five o'clock, owing to her majesty's Jehu-like drivings. Next day, the queen was well enough to hold a drawing-room, "but as few attended," observes Swift, "her majesty sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us with her fan in her mouth, and once a-minute said two or three words to some that were nearest to her, and then, being told dinner was ready, went out. I dined at her majesty's board of green-cloth, by Mr. Scarborrow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a-month while she is at Windsor or Hampton-Court, and is the only mark of magnificence or royal hospitality that I can see in the queen's household. It is designed to entertain foreign ministers and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine." The noble room called that of the board of green-cloth still remains at Hampton-Court, with the table on which this royal hospitality was offered.

"Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician," continues the journal, "went out with me to see a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will

which were too many in the middle ages, had not been exaggerated by the nobility, and more intolerably by the aristocracy of wealth. Louis XVI. had not the good sense to alter his hunting-seasons; in his diary at the hôtel de Soubise, there are constant diurnal notices of "hunted the stag," in the same destructive seasons as did queen Anne and queen Elizabeth. Among the very few instances that can be brought of injury offered to the lower classes by the royal line of Stuart, this summer-hunting was the worst. The revolution of 1688 altered it not, but exaggerated it; neither the accession of the kindred line of Hanover. It was probably the love our good king George III. had of farming, which made him feel for the agriculturist; for the bad practice can be traced to his times, and no further.

[1] Journal to Stella, July 31st, 1711.

[2] Ibid.

come. We overtook Miss Forester, one of her majesty's maids of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. The queen passed us coming back, and Miss Forester stood by the road side like us, with her hat off, while her majesty went by." This was an affectation of Miss Forester's, which she supposed was in unison with her riding-habit, for the maid of honour wore that dress which the Spectator soon after made unpopular. Swift seems to have taken a dislike to the courtly belle for no other reason, for he adds, "I did not like her, though she be a toast, and was dressed like a man,"[1]—that is, in the riding-habit of the time of queen Anne, which comprised hat, coat, waistcoat, periwig, and cravat, *one* flowing garment being the only variation from a complete cavalier's garb.[2]

The queen went to the races, which were probably held at Ascot, only at a different time of the year from the modern arrangement. The Sunday afterwards the queen held a drawing-room, after she had been at church. One of the prebendaries of Windsor, lord Willoughby de Broke, who attended queen Anne's reception, had inherited a peerage; it was noticed that he would sit in the house of lords with his clergyman's gown on. In the days of queen Anne, no clergyman ever appeared in the street, or in his own house when dressed for the day, without the black gown, similar to that in which they at present preach. It was their every-day garment then, and for half a century afterwards. Notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of driving herself many miles when hunting in July and August, queen Anne was laid up with the gout in the middle of the latter month. About the same time she

[1] This beautiful maid of honour of queen Anne was one of the latest instances of the infantine marriages, which had been among the worst customs of the middle ages. She had been wedded to sir George Downing's young son before she was thirteen: the bride and bridegroom applied for a divorce, and obtained it.

[2] There is a very fine portrait at Ham-house of a most beautiful countess of Dysart, contemporary with this era, or a little later. She wears a small cocked hat, three-cornered, just like a coachman's full-dress livery hat, bound with broad gold lace, the point stuck full in front over a white-powdered, long-flowing periwig; a Mechlin cravat, tied like a man's; a long white coat, like a coachman's livery-coat; a flapped waistcoat, and a habit-petticoat. She holds a riding-whip of a very mannish species.

ordered 20,000*l.* to be paid for the furtherance of the Marlborough palace at Woodstock, supposed to be as a reward for one of the brilliant successes with which the duke of Marlborough was pursuing the very war her majesty was intensely desirous of concluding. The queen had had lord Jersey named one of her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht the very day before the demise[1] of that noble, which occurred in the beginning of August. He was removed from the scene of action by a death as sudden as that of her uncle Rochester, whom he survived but a few weeks. After the decease of these experienced statesmen, the Jacobite interest about the queen was only supported by the duke of Buckingham and a few ladies. Her majesty placed the privy-seal, vacant by his demise, in the hands of Dr. Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bristol.

The queen continued ill with the gout through August. She did not come to St. George's chapel, or stir from her bed: she received the sacrament there, for she always communicated the first Sunday of the month. Her majesty was unable to quit her bedchamber as late as the 9th of September. Her receptions took place within it, the company, among whom was Dr. Swift, being introduced while she was seated in her arm-chair; the crowd was so great, that those only could see her majesty who were in the circle next to her bed.[2]

The first important steps taken by the queen for the foundation of peace were revealed rather prematurely. Matthew Prior, the poet, had been despatched to France, to confer in secret negotiation concerning the claims of Mary Beatrice for the arrears of her dower; likewise respecting the disposal of the chevalier de St. George. The official who went by the designation of the "whig spy, Mackey," held a place in the customs at Dover and Deal: he seized the envoy on his return, under pretence of duty, and detained him prisoner until his errand was well known to the whole of England. The mission of Prior was followed by the return of the secret

[1] He had been lord chamberlain to William and Mary, and held office when William died. He was lord chamberlain to queen Anne till 1704, when he went out with the tories. See Collins' Peerage.

[2] Swift's Diary, and Journal to Stella, Sept. 1711.

envoys of France, who soon made their appearance in the interior of the queen's palace, and in the domestic circles of her ministers.[1]

The queen being recovered, had frequent parties of cards and dancing during her stay at Windsor. One of her nobles, lord Lanesborough, who always got rid of his fits of the gout by elaborate curvets and caperings, strongly recommended the same regimen to her majesty, despite of her increasing corpulence and infirmities; but queen Anne had relinquished dancing thirty years earlier than did queen Elizabeth. Pope has, however, perpetuated the memory of the adviser, if not of the advice, in this line:—

"See honest Lanesborough dancing with the gout."

Mrs. Masham had been forced to relinquish her close attendance on the queen, on account of her accouchement; in consequence of her absence, the new ministry became greatly alarmed at the advances that the duchess of Somerset made in her majesty's favour. Dr. Swift was at this time in close attendance on the queen's ministers at Windsor, writing up the tories, and writing down the whigs. Dr. Arbuthnot concocted with him a *jeu d'esprit*, that was more likely to give offence to queen Anne than any thing they could have contrived for that purpose. "Arbuthnot," says Swift, "made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called 'A History of the Maids of Honour since Henry VIII.'s time, showing they make the best Wives; with a list of all the maids of honour since,' &c.; to pay a crown down, and another crown on delivery of the book, according to the common forms of these things. We got a friend to write it out fair, because my hand is known, and sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. It will be a good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it." More merry than wise, perhaps. If the dauntless dean[2] had not remembered, yet the beloved physician, Arbuthnot, might have recollected, that queen Anne and her sister, Mary II., were the daughters of a lady who had

[1] Swift's Journal to Stella; Scott's edition, vol. ii. p. 363.

[2] He was not appointed to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin, till more than a year afterwards.

been a maid of honour; and that the queen might feel more alarm than pleasure at the proposed series of biographies. Neither Swift nor his coadjutor knew more on the subject than that Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Katharine Howard had been maids of honour; had they known that the mother of Henry VIII. was daughter to a queen who had once been maid of honour to Margaret of Anjou, perhaps these doughty biographers would not have limited their undertaking to the days of Henry VIII.

Queen Anne ratified her consent to enter into preliminaries of peace at Windsor-castle, October 8, 1711. At supper, on the evening of the same day, her majesty publicly mentioned "that she had agreed to treat with France; and that she did not doubt but that, in a little time, she should be able to announce to her people that which she had so long desired for the sake of humanity, a general peace for Europe." The secretary of state, St. John, entertained, at his apartments in Windsor-castle, a small party, consisting of Prior, Swift, "the two private ministers from France, and a French priest, whose names I know not," adds Swift, "but they have come about the peace. The names Mr. secretary called them were, I suppose, feigned; they were good, rational men." They were, in reality, M. Mesnager, with whom was now associated in the treaty the infamous profligate, abbé Dubois, tutor to the young duke of Orleans; by the priest, Swift meant the abbé Gualtier, ex-chaplain to the imperial embassy in London, who had negotiated the arrival of the other two. "The queen is in a mighty good humour," wrote Swift, "and all this news is a particular secret."[1] It was not likely to remain so when he wrote every particular he could glean, and transmitted it by the post to Ireland. The queen's hopes and fears concerning peace, and the satisfaction at the prospects the envoys gave her, were all detailed in this journal.[2]

Windsor-castle was the scene of the public presentation of the envoys from France to queen Anne: they had afterwards apartments assigned them at Hampton-Court, whither her

[1] Journal to Stella; Scott's Swift, p. 374.

[2] Which, however, minutely identifies the ambassades of Mesnager.

majesty came to reside, as the darkening days made journeys to Windsor difficult to her ministers. Here, report said, the queen was afflicted with two or three political fits of the gout, in order to secure that retirement for their difficult and delicate mission, which the usual routine of regal life could scarcely permit. It was part of the business of Mesnager to propose to the queen certain arrangements, whereby the chevalier St. George, her brother, should wink at the acknowledgment of her title by the king of France, and should retire peaceably to some neighbouring prince's dominions, provided he were not molested there by his powerful sister, or rather by her nominal power.[1] Mesnager was charged by Louis XIV., when he had thus smoothed the way for peace, to assail queen Anne by every means which could melt her heart towards the distresses of her own family, and pave the way for their restoration. If it be any merit in queen Anne's character, it must be owned that she did not, either publicly or privately, give encouragement to these envoys on any other basis than merely the restoration of peace to her miserable and bankrupt population; and that if she were willing that her brother should succeed her, it was on the old condition, that he embraced the established religion of the church of England. All queen Anne's practical Jacobitism was comprised in her secret and very tardy admission (not acknowledgment) to the envoys, that he *was* her brother,—not that she avowed her share in the vile intrigue that denied his being the son of his own mother; her ultimatum of Jacobitism was now and then speaking of him, in private, as if consanguinity existed between them.

And here the historical question again arises,—did France ever sincerely mean the restoration of the Stuarts? Never, must be the answer of all those who have studied the sources of history, not by contemplating isolated fractions, indicative of kindly private feeling in this king or that queen, but by comparing the conduct of that nation since their great king Henry IV. saw, with the jealous eyes of long-sighted genius,

[1] Torcy and Prior's Despatches, quoted in the notes of Parl. History of Queen Anne.

the mighty results of the peaceable union of the British islands under one sovereign.[1] Since that hour the French had, by means of calumny and bribery, nursed civil and religious wars, that had made each lineal heir of Great Britain for nearly a century, by turns, a wretched suppliant at the throne of France; and as surely as Richelieu bribed the rebels of Charles I. into civil war, or as Barillon bribed the *patriot* revolutionists, Sidney and Hampden, into tearing the vitals of their country by concocting fictitious plots, were the envoys of France sent to gain peace, but never to restore any family peace to the unfortunate Stuarts. Louis XIV. was aged, tottering on the brink of the grave, and might possibly have attained the wisdom to perceive the utter uselessness of all the wicked wars and intrigues which had spread unutterable misery over France and England; but even if he were sincere in his instructions to Mesnager, the appointment of Dubois as a coadjutor in the mission of that envoy proves that there was a power behind his despotic throne by far too mighty for him. Dubois had been the governor, and was the ruler, body and soul, of the future regent of France,—the profligate Orleans. Neither the church of Rome nor the church of England were aught to teacher or pupil. Like Voltaire and Diderot, their blows were aimed at Christianity in general. The ascetic devotion of the unfortunate James Stuart according to the tenets of Rome, or the worship of his sister Anne according to the practice of the reformed church of England, were equally scorned by men, whose by-word, in terms too atrocious for repetition, was to crush Christianity under every form.

When all parties were agitated with the discussion of the preliminaries of peace, libels flew about as thickly, according to Mesnager's expression, "as musket-balls on a battle-field." The queen, at such a period of excitement, was obliged to take some precautionary measures for the preservation of peace at home. Among others, she issued an order of council

[1] No other inference can be drawn from the malicious and calumnious series of French ambassades which occur from the accession of James I. to the fall of Charles I.

forbidding the usual procession and bonfires on "queen Bess's day," the council having intelligence that the London 'prentices in the whig interest had prepared the effigies of all her ministers of state, dressed in their usual costume, as a holocaust at the base of queen Elizabeth's statue near Temple-bar. The leaders of the opposition hired Tom D'Urfey to write a lyric on the occasion, and as all parties affected great personal devotion to the queen, she was represented as a victim in the hands of the triumphant faction, just as she had been in those of the family junta. The refrain of "Save the queen! save the queen!" was meant to excite her loyal commonalty to snatch Anne, their beloved mistress, from the clutches of the tories. One verse will be a sufficient specimen to show the temper of the times:—

"Methought queen Bess arose—[1]
  Save the queen! save the queen!
From mansion of repose,—
  Save the queen! save the queen!
The genius of our land
Came too at her command,—
  Save the queen! save the queen!"

Few persons can realize, in these times, that an uproar could occur among a grown-up nation relative to the burning of a parcel of great dolls. The story went that there were forty puppets prepared for the flaming pile, and that they had cost 1000*l*. Dr. Swift went to see them, after they were captured, and declared the whole group did not cost forty pounds. There was his sable majesty, provided with a mask by way of a face, supposed to resemble the prime-minister, the pope on his right hand, the pretender on his left, dressed in a blue cloth coat, with tinsel lace, and a white feather made with cut paper; also the figures of four cardinals, four jesuits, and four Franciscan friars, all assembled round a mighty cross, eighteen feet in height."[2]

The queen had removed from Windsor-castle to Hampton-Court in October: here she had another long fit of gout, which was supposed to be a political one, in order to screen her frequent interviews with the French plenipotentiaries.

[1] D'Urfey's Poems. [2] Swift's Journal to Stella.

Lord Oxford had likewise a long illness: he shut himself up with his royal mistress at Hampton-Court, and was invisible to all the world. When the treaty was nearly perfected, the prime-minister recovered his health and resumed his functions. While he was absent from Hampton-Court, queen Anne addressed to him the following characteristic epistle:—

"Nov. y^e 16^th 1711.[1]

"I am very glad to hear from those that you saw yesterday, that you are so much recovered; I pray God perfect your health, and confirm it for many, many years. I thank you for *puting* me in mind of having a fast *hear*, and in Scotland, w^ch I think is so right, that I intend to mention it either to-morrow or at y^e next cabinet. I have talked w^th l^d chamberlain [Shrewsbury] about several things this afternoon, and at present he seems to me to be in good humour; what he means by the D. of Somerset working against him I can't tell, for he has not named him to me a great while. I gave lord Dartmouth to-day the names for the council of trade and chamberlain of Scotland, and he tells me he has order'd the warrant to be filled up. I find he has not prepared any instructions for l^d Peterborow, fearing he would do more hurt than good at Turin; l^d Dartmouth proposed to me the sending him to Venice. I think he should be sent somewhere, for I fear, if he comes home while the parliament is sitting, he will be very troublesome. M^r secretary often mentions that great care should be taken of the courts of Berlin and Hanover, but never has proposed any body to be sent to either; if Brittain be thought proper for such an employment, I am very willing to part w^th him, only desire he may not be sent to Hanover. I believe duke Hamilton may do very well for Vienna, but it will be time enough to come to any resolution about it when I have the satisfaction of seeing you. You propose my giving M^r Prior some inferiour character; what that can be I don't know, for I doubt his birth will not entitle him to that of envoy, and the secretary of the embassy is filled; if there be any other you can think of that is fit for him, I shall be very glad to do it. I leave it to you to recommend somebody for the master of the Mint in Scotland, for I have none in my thoughts at present to give it to. I intend, *as it please God*, to be in town the middle of the next week, if the parliament can meet on the day appointed, or else I should be glad to stay a week longer *hear*, unless you think my being at S^t James's is absolutely necessary for *busines*. Pray turn it in your thoughts who will be proper to putt into the commission for executing the office of privy-seal during my lord's absence, and believe me, w^th all sincerity,

"Your very affectionate *freind*,

"ANNE, R."

Endorsed—"The Qu. to my L^d Oxford, Nov. 16^th, 1711."

The queen was right in her suggestions: lord Strafford refused to have his name publicly associated with Prior, not perhaps on account of his low birth, although every one was exclaiming against the nobleman's insane pride on that account. There are, however, indications of servile baseness in Prior's previous career, which show him ready to truckle to any party

[1] Lansdowne MSS. 1236, p. 253.

or person willing to take himself and his pen at a valuation. No one can greatly blame Strafford as a gentleman,—to say nothing of his nobility,—for eschewing such partnership. Her majesty was, notwithstanding, so well pleased with Prior's labours in the embassy, that she herself requested that he might be rewarded with the place of commissioner of the customs.

The queen sent a request to her kinswoman, the electress Sophia, to assist her in promoting the peace of Europe; that princess answered in a letter, by which it appears that she was pleased at the invitation. At the same time queen Anne sent a present to her god-daughter, the princess Anne of Hanover, eldest daughter of the hereditary prince and princess, (afterwards George II. of Great Britain and his queen-consort). The electress Sophia, the great-grandmother of the infant, alludes to both queen Anne's messages in her letter to the earl of Strafford, then secretary of state, November 11, 1711: "Earl Rivers has brought a present to the queen's god-daughter as an honourable mark of her favours, which are infinitely esteemed. I would not, however, give my *parchment* for it, since that will be an everlasting monument in the archives of Hanover, and the present of the little princess will go, when she is grown up, into another family."[2] The electress, by "the parchment," meant the commission by which queen Anne empowered her to aid the restoration of peace,—an office which Sophia undertakes as an honour, but mildly points out some inconsistency in English politics, which very recently breathed of nothing but war. Not a word occurs of jealousy regarding any tendency the queen might have towards her brother; all the suspicions that Anne expressed against her kinswoman Sophia and her son, were met with the patient rectitude of honourable intentions. Neither does there exist any document, yet discovered, which proves that either mother or son swerved from the straightforward course they had prescribed for themselves; this was, to treat

[1] Prior, at this time, was a Jacobite; but his letters, as quoted by sir Henry Ellis, Camden Society, when attached to the English legation at the peace of Ryswick, are odious specimens of time-serving.

[2] Hanover Papers, Macpherson Collection, vol. ii. p. 266.

their unfortunate kinsman, young James Stuart, as the legitimate son of the elder royal line, giving him full time to make up his mind whether he persisted in his repudiation of the creed of the church of England as his profession of faith, in which case only the family of Hanover meant to accept the offered island-empire. It was in vain that the Orange politicians lamented their hard fate, that there was no hero of Nassau now to come with an invading army to pluck down the queen for the public good. "There was no prince of Orange to be found," says one of his admiring contemporaries;[1] "neither could they depend on the elector of Hanover [afterwards George I.] from the moment he refused his son [afterwards George II.] leave to go over into England, which was a matter of great affliction to the most zealous friends of the revolution in Great Britain." The honourable conduct of Sophia and her son thus disappointed their most violent partisans, at the same time that every temptation was offered by their own party to gratify the ambition of a sovereign, who had as much passion for military distinction as any of his contemporaries.

George of Hanover received invitations from parliament, and even publicly from the queen herself, to take the command of the allied army, of which the common course of events showed that the duke of Marlborough must soon be deprived. The princess Sophia and the elector took more trouble to ascertain the private wishes of Anne on this point, than less honourable princes would have done to thwart them; and finding that such a proceeding would embarrass her government, declined the offer. Every branch of their family acted in coincidence with the line of conduct their noble ancestress, Sophia, had prescribed to herself and them. When the only sister of George II. married the hereditary prince of Prussia,[2] the bride and bridegroom came to the Hague. They long lingered on the shores opposite to England, and by their correspondence with queen Anne,[3] plainly intimated how accept-

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, book xv.

[2] Father and mother of Frederic the Great.

[3] Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne.

able an invitation to her court would have been. The number of Protestant heirs-male of the house of Hanover might have obviated all jealousy in the mind of queen Anne regarding any ambitious designs of the young bride of Prussia, whose natural desire to see the country of her ancestors met with no encouragement from the queen of Great Britain; therefore, neither the princess of Prussia nor her spouse attempted to intrude on their royal kinswoman, although they well knew that there was a large and clamorous party, who would have welcomed them despite of the queen, and forced her, notwithstanding her reluctance, to pay them every attention consonant with their rank and relationship to her family. The circumstance which renders the honourable conduct of the Hanoverian princes the more estimable is, that it was dictated by rectitude of mind and principle, and not by partiality and friendship to queen Anne, whose worrying suspicions and hostile jealousy throughout her life and reign were enough to provoke the injury she expected from her kinswoman Sophia. Traces of indignant feeling now and then appear in the letters of Sophia to Anne, but not to Anne's enemies; and the evidence of the whig historian, Cunningham, previously quoted, proves (as well as the abuse of the duchess of Marlborough) that this abstinence from intrigue gained Sophia and her son nothing but ill-will and scoffing reflections from the leaders of the party who tendered the crown of Great Britain to them. But their political honesty must have had its weight with the great body of the British people, and it was, after all, the best policy: it ultimately rendered their line long and prosperous in the land,—and so may it continue!

Attempts to induce the queen to the repeal of the union between England and Scotland were made by Scotchmen of all parties, and it was generally agreed among them to send up a petition against it to the queen, with whom the deputies resolved to enter into a personal discussion. Lockhart's words are remarkably *naïve* on the subject. "We set out," he says, "to Kingsintoun, [Kensington,] where the queen then was; and though we made what haste we could, the earl of Oxford, having been made acquainted with our design, was got before

us with the queen. Coming out of the presence as we were admitted, he told us 'he understood our errand, and the queen was prepared to give us an answer.' Being introduced to the queen, the duke of Argyle laid open to her majesty 'the many fatal consequences of the Union, and the bad treatment the Scots had received in the matter of the malt-tax.'" When the queen had listened, or seemed to listen, to the speech of the whig duke, the Jacobite earl of Marr addressed her with an harangue on the same subject. The reply of her majesty was hostile to the repeal of the Union. "I am sorry," said her majesty,[1] "that the Scots believe they have reason to complain; but I am of opinion they drive their resentment too far. I wish they may not repent it." The deputation, composed of whig, tory, and Jacobite individuals, withdrew in silence.

The queen, on the 7th of December, 1711, opened her second sessions of the united parliament of Great Britain. It was, at that time, above a year since her majesty had thought fit to put the great offices of state and of her own household in other hands than the family knot of the Marlborough alliance; yet three discontented whig lords were still left by the queen in possession of their high places. The duke of Marlborough was general in chief, the duke of Somerset master of the horse, the earl of Cholmondeley treasurer of her household; and many subordinates of their party remained in office.[2] The royal speech was an extraordinary one, and seems, in fact, to have emanated from the queen's well-known desire for the pacification of Europe. "Notwithstanding," said her majesty, from the throne, "the arts of those who delight in war, both time and place *are* appointed for the opening a treaty for a general peace."[3] The speech produced the most extraordinary discussions in the house of lords; and as the duke of Marlborough was generally supposed to be pointed at in it, the queen being in her private box a few nights afterwards, he, in the midst of a warm debate, suddenly appealed

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers.

[2] Mesnager's Minutes of Negotiation, collated with Toone's Chronology, vol. i. p. 410.

[3] Ibid., where an abstract may be seen.

to her majesty to exonerate him,[1] which threw her into the greatest embarrassment. Yet the word at that time went among the tory ministry, that the queen "had betrayed them." It was reported that she had had many conferences with the duke of Marlborough after his return from his "campaign, and that the peace was lost."[2]

There exists a view of the internal movements of the palace at this nice crisis, sketched by the graphic pen of Swift.[3] "I went," he says, "immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot, [the queen's favourite physician,] we went together to St. James's. Mrs. Masham was just come from waiting on the queen at dinner, and was going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing having gone against us," meaning an adverse majority in the house of lords.[4] It seems "that the lord treasurer [Harley earl of Oxford] had been so negligent, that he was absent when the question was put in the house, conversing with the queen, as if nothing of moment was on the tapis." Swift, on this, ventured one of his bold remarks: "I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen. Mrs. Masham protested it was not Harley, and I believed her, for she gave me some lights to suspect that the queen is changed. Yesterday, when the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, as lord chamberlain, asked her majesty, 'Whether he or the great-chamberlain, Lindsay, ought to lead her out?' The queen answered him, very *short*, 'Neither of you;' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any one in the house of lords for the clause against peace. Mrs. Masham gave me one or two instances of this sort, which convinced me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. She begged us to stay, because lord treasurer

[1] His speech is quoted in Mr. Alison's recently published Military Life of Marlborough, where our readers will find the political history of the era detailed with that great writer's usual ability.

[2] Swift's Four Last Years of Queen Anne, vol. v. pp. 19, 20, and Journal, 439-41.

[3] Swift's Journal, December 1711, in many passages.

[4] Ibid., December 8, pp. 439–441.

would call, and we all resolved to fall on him about his negligence in not securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual; but we thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did." By this practical joke, it is apparent that the important possessors of court-offices, designated by white wands, carried such insignia about with them, even to pay private visits.

When Swift had seized the lord treasurer's wand, he said, "If I could but be secured in possession of this for one week, I would set all to rights."[1]—"How?" asked the premier. "I would immediately turn out Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley," replied Swift. Dr. Arbuthnot asked the premier, "How he came not to secure a majority?" He could answer nothing, but "that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear."—"A poor answer," observes his impatient auditor, Swift, "for so great a minister." The premier added a quotation in allusion to the sovereign, "The hearts of kings are unsearchable." However, he went home, called for a list of court-places, and marked every one for expulsion who had voted against his government. Swift finishes, as he began, with the assertion, "The queen is false."[2] From this conviction he was persuaded, the following day, by her majesty's confidential physician, Arbuthnot, who said, "The queen has not betrayed her ministry; she has only been first frightened, and then flattered."

The duke of Somerset, taking advantage of the queen's public preference of his arm to either of her great-chamberlains, had told many of the peers "to vote against the tory ministry, because it would please the queen."[3] The new ministry insisted on the removal of the duchess of Somerset, and again confusion reigned in the palace. In the midst of these contentions it was said that the queen, on her return from parliament to St. James's, called for the duchess of Marlborough; that a friendly lady ran to the duchess's apartments, and pressing her to lay hold of the opportunity, assured her

[1] Swift's Journal, December 8, pp. 439-441. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

that she might, with but one soft word, be as well with the queen as ever, and overthrow all her enemies at once; but that she refused to go, though her lodgings were on the same floor as the queen's, and added some very disrespectful words of the queen, and of her new favourite, which being related to her majesty, put an end to all manner of affection between them.[1]

The rage of the duchess of Marlborough against the queen, for having given her places to the duchess of Somerset, and at that lady for having accepted them, was too blind to permit her to perceive then, that the duchess of Somerset, although from different motives, was pursuing the same track as herself, of active enmity to the line of Stuart. The letters of Sarah of Marlborough are replete with mockery of the duchess of Somerset and the queen, and of the means whereby that lady gained the royal favour. The queen's vice-chamberlain furnished the intelligence. This functionary declared, "that ever since the queen's widowhood, the duchess of Somerset, whenever she saw the queen look dull or thoughtful, used to exclaim, "My queen, you must not think always of the poor prince!""[2] The duchess of Marlborough chose to affirm that the queen had neither affection nor regret for her lost spouse; and declared, at the same time, "that to look gently, and talk insipidly at the queen's basset or ombre-tables, was all that her majesty required in any person's whole course of life." For the first of these excellences the fierce duchess was certainly little qualified.

Fortunately for the new ministry, a fresh cause of complaint was discovered by the queen against the duchess of Marlborough. The new palace built by the latter, on the ground the queen had granted her at St. James's, was completed, so as to enable them to live side by side, just as the final rupture took place which separated their lives for ever. The duchess relinquished her apartments in St. James's-palace, and, according to the queen's account, who walked through the suite after her retreat, she left that part of the palace,

[1] Minutes of the Negotiations of M. Mesnager at the Court of England.

[2] Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

which had been her head-quarters for years, in a state as if it had been sacked by a destructive enemy,—the locks torn off the doors, marble slabs forced out, and looking-glasses and pictures rent from their panels. The queen stopped the instalments of money for completing Blenheim-house at Woodstock, declaring "that, as the duchess of Marlborough had dilapidated her house, [namely, St. James's-palace,] she would not build her one." A very elaborate defence from these charges was penned by the duchess. On which side the truth rests, it is difficult to determine; but it is indeed strange, that the queen, with affairs of vital importance on her mind, should have leisure to make a personal investigation into the state in which the duchess had left her lodgings.[1]

Lord Dartmouth asked the queen, "How her majesty would be pleased to have her servants live with him, [the duke of Marlborough,] after his return from the campaign?" The queen replied, "That would depend on his behaviour to her."—"I am sure," rejoined lord Dartmouth, "that it will be all submission, since other means had proved totally ineffectual; and," asked his lordship, "is your majesty proof against that?"—"Yes," said the queen, "I am." When the queen had had an interview with the duke of Marlborough, she told lord Dartmouth that his demeanour *was* submissive, as he had foretold; "only lower," added her majesty, "than it was possible to imagine."

"The duke of Marlborough soon visited lord Dartmouth, for the purpose of propitiating him for regaining the favour of the queen; 'reminded him of his relationship, and hoped he would do him, on that account, all good offices with her majesty, who, he knew, had entire confidence in lord Dartmouth, which he was sincerely glad to see. He lamented,'—and the sincerity of that lamentation was unquestionable,—'the strange conduct of his wife, but declared, withal, there was no help for that, and a man must bear a good deal to lead a quiet life at home!'"[2] His confessions of the faults of

[1] Coxe MSS.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 6.

his better half did not prevent his own dismissal from the command he had sustained with such invariable success. Inquiries were instituted, at the same time, concerning vast sums he had appropriated by the sale of commissions,[1]—a bad practice, which first appears in his government of the military forces of Great Britain; likewise of the enormous bribes and per-centages received by him from the Jew contractors for the soldiers' bread and clothing. The soldiers of the regiments that had returned, threw away their jackets and clothing over the wall of the queen's garden at St. James's-palace. Tradition says they were brought to Anne, who wept at seeing the flimsy rags which the avarice of the generalissimo and his Jew contractors had provided for the common men to abide the damp and aguish seasons of the Low Countries. The army was consigned by the queen to the care of the duke of Ormonde, whose commission was, not to gain victories, but to keep the British forces in a state of armed neutrality until the peace was concluded.

The incorrigible sycophancy of Anne's courtiers, in paying homage to Abigail Masham by way of propitiating the queen, greatly disgusted her majesty, who confided her feelings on the subject to lord Dartmouth. That nobleman had been deputed by the tory ministry to request the queen to make Abigail's husband, Mr. Masham, a peer. The proposition was very distasteful to queen Anne, who thus replied to lord Dartmouth: "I never had the least intention to make a great lady of Abigail Masham; for by so doing I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence for a peeress to sleep on the floor, and do all sorts of inferior offices."[2] But as Abigail was related to Harley as well as to lady Marlborough, that rising statesman wished to lose the memory of her former servitude to lady Rivers under the blaze of a peeress's coronet; the measure was therefore per-

[1] Evelyn's Diary, 1691, remarks on the disgrace and dismissal of Marlborough. Many indications occur throughout their correspondence, that the duke, and even the duchess, of Marlborough pursued this bad practice for their private benefit, in their prosperity during the war in the reign of Anne. The bribes from the Jew contractors were acknowledged by Marlborough, but were called by him "customary perquisites."

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 83.

sisted in, despite of the queen's sensible objections. At last, her majesty consented to the exaltation of the humble Abigail, on condition that she remained her dresser. Lord Dartmouth's description of Mrs. Masham's disposition is that of an avowed enemy. "She was," he says, "exceeding mean and vulgar in her manners, of a very unequal temper, childishly *exceptious* [captious] and passionate. .... The queen told me," continues lord Dartmouth, "that I was not in her good graces, (which I did not know before,) because I lived civilly with the duchess of Somerset,' which, her majesty interpolated, 'she hoped I would continue to do, without minding Mrs. Masham's ill humours.' At last, Abigail grew very rude to me, of which I took no notice. The queen gave me a hint of her suspicion, that she or her sister always listened at the door when I had a conference with her majesty.[1] Abigail likewise showed some disrespects to the duchess of Somerset, which gave the queen a notion of making her a lady of the bedchamber, and thus laying her down softly." None of the anecdotes of Abigail Masham, drawn either by the friends or foes of her party, in any point agree with the Abigail Masham of Swift, who wrote letters in a much better style than either of her magnificent mistresses, the Marlborough duchess or the English queen. If we may judge by them, her education had been superior to both.[2] The minds of all people were in the utmost excitement in regard to whether the queen would retain her friends of the house of Somerset, and form a ministry with the Somers' division of the whigs. Mesnager expressed his fears to the queen, that the duchess of Somerset was adverse to the peace; queen Anne replied, "Oh, I'll warrant you; I'll answer for her!"

Great watchfulness prevailed for the moment when the duke of Somerset was to appear in his equipage, with his people in his own yellow liveries instead of those of the queen, which his suite wore because he was the queen's master of the horse.[3] At last the duke resigned, but the

Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 33.

Her letters in the Swift Correspondence are the best there.

[3] Swift's Journal.

queen still continued intractable to the advice of her ministers. The whig duchess bore the blame, and the whole venom of the tory party was turned against her; she was, however, by no means adverse to the peace, but violently against all relentings of the queen's heart in favour of her brother. Whatever Mesnager, Gualtier, and the countess of Jersey, assisted by Abigail Masham, did in his behalf on one side, was reversed by the duchess of Somerset on the other. In the midst of the disputes between the queen and her ministers relative to the duchess of Somerset retaining office, Swift wrote a bitter libel, which he called a "Windsor Prophecy." He read it to Mrs. Masham, who had the good sense to entreat him to suppress it, saying "that she knew the queen, she likewise knew the duchess of Somerset, and she was convinced he would injure himself and his party by its publication." Her remonstrance is recorded by Swift himself,[1] and it stands in contradiction to the abuse levelled against Abigail Masham for ignorance and want of sense. As there is no malice like party malignity, nothing could restrain the great literary champion of the tories from attacking the duchess of Somerset, in every point in which he thought he could grieve or degrade her. In his libel on the queen's new favourite, he was not ashamed of making ungenerous use of the accident of her hair being red, and of the misfortunes of her early youth.

The duchess of Somerset's hatred to the lineal royal family of Stuart was bitter and unceasing; the ground was, because Charles II. had placed his illegitimate son above the lofty line of Percy, by giving him the title of duke of Northumberland: she had been married at ten or eleven years of age to lord Ogle, the son of the duke of Newcastle, (according to the old evil practice of giving in wedlock heiresses of great property). It may be supposed her inclinations were not consulted in her matrimonial destination; but her first bridegroom or purchaser died, and left her a widow at thirteen, when her mother and her guardians fell out furiously, at the disposing of her a second time as the Percy heiress. The unfortunate child wore widow's mourning at the court of

[1] Swift's Journal.

Charles II., and received the appellation of *la triste héritière*. She excited, by her great wealth and mournful appearance, some interest, although she had no pretensions to beauty. Her guardian made her marry a commoner, of immense wealth, Thomas Thynne, of Longleat-hall, when her mother, the dowager-countess of Northumberland, much enraged at his conduct, escaped with her to the continent, until she became of legal age. At Brussels, the child in weeds was seen by the handsome count Koningsmark, a German soldier of rank, possessed of little property, and less reputation. The Percy heiress was not fourteen when this fortune-hunter marked her as his prey. He had heard that her mother and herself detested the engagement she had been forced into, and to make the field clear for his own pretensions, he very deliberately hired three assassins, who shot Mr. Thynne in his carriage in the Haymarket. The circumstance is curiously and minutely represented on Thynne's monument in Westminster-abbey. Every species of rumour was raised concerning the assassination at the time of its perpetration, excepting the vile one of implicating an unfortunate child, who would have been a victim either to the profligate who had bought her with her lands, or the guilty foreign adventurer who murdered him. The noble child, thus a widow twice before she was fourteen, was finally married to the duke of Somerset, who possessed a greater share of pride than wealth. When old enough to take the responsibility of her own actions, the duchess of Somerset was respected for the propriety of her conduct, and was considered one of the most virtuous matrons at the court of queen Mary.

It suited Swift's party-pen to make out the duchess of Somerset an assassin at fourteen, and he trusted to find partisans willing to believe him, or at least to pretend to do so, when he thus attacked her in his Windsor Prophecy by a string of ill-conditioned puns, addressed to the royal widow on the throne:—

"England, dear England! if I understand,
Beware of *carrots*[1] from Northumberland.

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[1] The red hair of the duchess of Somerset.

> Carrots sown thin [*Thynne*] a deeper root may get,
> If so be they are in summer set, [*Somerset*];
> Their cunning's mark [*Koningsmark*] thou, for I have been told,
> They *assassine*[1] when young, and poison when old.
> Root out those carrots, O thou! whose name,
> Spelled backward and forward, is always the same."

This was *Anna;* for the queen occasionally, like her great grandmother, Anne of Denmark, accented her name in two syllables, from whence her medallists and poets called her Anna. These verses proceed to recommend Mrs. Masham to fill the place of the unfortunate lady, whose carrotty locks formed the refrain of this evil lyric:—

> "And keep close to thee always that name,
> Which, spelled backwards and forwards, is *almost* the same;[2]
> And England, wouldst thou be happy still,
> Bury those *carrots* under a *Hill*."[3]

The wicked wit who wrote this whimsical lampoon, showed it to Mrs. Masham again when it was in print; but the alarm of the cautious courtier increased, and she entreated him still more earnestly to suppress it, as an attack on the duchess of Somerset would deeply anger the queen. The author affected to stop the printing of it; but the attempt made the squib run like wildfire, and it very soon reached the person it was aimed at, who laid it by, biding her time of showing it to the queen.

Meantime, a compromise was effected between her majesty and her new ministry. The tories agreed that the duchess of Somerset was to remain in office; and the queen yielded a point in contest with them, by permitting the creation of the twelve new peers, which carried the measures of her ministers in the house of lords. They were gazetted December 28, 1711: Mrs. Masham's husband being one of this batch, became in consequence a peer of Great Britain. Samuel Masham's claims to this honour were not very distinguished, independently of the personal services the queen had experienced from his better half. The bitter pen of the duchess of Marlborough does not greatly exaggerate, when she thus describes the nonentity of the new peer: "Mr. Masham, in so long a war,

[1] Meaning *assassinate*. [2] Masham.
[3] The family name of Mrs. Masham.

though made a general, I believe never saw fire in his life. He always attended his wife, and the queen's basset-table, being at court upwards of twenty years, being a soft, good-natured, insignificant man, always making low bows to every body, and ready to skip to open a door."[1]

Queens' pockets, from the days of Elizabeth to Anne, were mysterious repositories, within whose diplomatic folds reposed the destinies and advancements of the gentles and peers of the land. "I never was so much surprised," saith one of the reminiscences of Lord Dartmouth,[2] "as when the queen drew a list of twelve lords out of her pocket, and ordered me to bring warrants for them, there not having been the least intimation before it was to be put in execution. I asked her, 'If her majesty designed to have them all made at once?' Her majesty answered by inquiring, 'If lord Dartmouth made exceptions to the legality of the measure?'—'No,' replied his lordship; 'only as to its expediency.' The queen rejoined, that 'She had made fewer lords than any of her predecessors;' and added, 'You see, my lord, that the duke of Marlborough and the whigs do all they can to distress me; therefore I must do what I can to help myself.' I told her majesty, that 'I thought it my duty to tell her my apprehensions, as well as to execute her commands.' The queen thanked me, and said, that 'She liked the measure as little as I did; yet found not that any one could propose a better expedient.'"[3] Three peers' eldest sons were called by writ to the house of lords in this extraordinary creation; nine commoners made up the twelve peerages, whose portentous appearance, out of her majesty's pocket, had startled lord Dartmouth.

It has been shown, that the preliminaries of the peace with

[1] Inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough, Coxe MSS. Masham was, in point of descent, of a very different degree from his wife. He was, in fact, a remote kinsman of the queen, by legitimate descent from George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence, through the illustrious Margaret countess of Salisbury. He was a representative of the ill-fated and persecuted line of Pole.—See Burke's Extinct Peerage. Masham was very poor, being the eighth son of a ruined cavalier baronet; but his descent rendered his wife eligible to any court-office in the gift of the crown.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 87. [3] Ibid

France had been received by the queen as early as October; but no clause in the articles had mentioned her expatriated brother or sister, neither what was to become of the queen, her father's widow, and the English colony of emigrants at St. Germains. All the Jacobites, whose party force in England had aided queen Anne to break the chains of the family junta, were aghast at this contempt; and they bitterly blamed, and even threatened, the envoy, Mesnager, with bringing on his own head the wrath of his monarch, Louis XIV. One of his colleagues, abbé Gualtier, declared, that "if he could but have a private conference with queen Anne, or liberty to speak his mind to her, though others were present, he was able to give her such an account of the dying expressions of her father, James II., in regard to the prince of Wales being really her brother, that her majesty could never enjoy the kingdom of heaven without she surrendered the crown of Great Britain to him whose right it was." The enthusiasm of the abbé by no means suited the policy of Mesnager, who, according to his own account, forthwith read the poor priest a severe private lecture "on his departure from the orthodoxy of the Roman-catholic church, by daring to give out that queen Anne, as a heretic, could ever enjoy the kingdom of heaven, let her conduct be whatsoever it might;"[1]—a good proof, if any more were needed, that worldly-minded statesmen usually surpass in bigotry the priesthood: a harder worldling than the diplomatist Mesnager cannot easily be found. Notwithstanding the brow-beating of his principal, abbé Gualtier tried to introduce the subject he had at heart to some of the queen's ministers; "but," adds Mesnager, "they would not so much as stay in the room when the young king's [James Stuart's] name was mentioned." Mesnager was the less anxious to introduce the name of the expatriated prince, even in the secret articles of peace, because he declares that his sovereign, Louis XIV., had used this expression: "If queen Anne insists on it, you must give him up to his fortune. We must not be ruined on his account,—you understand me?" which last sentence the king of France repeated more than once.

[1] Minutes of Negotiation of M. Mesnager, p. 109.

There is no doubt that this general agreement to drop all mention of the queen's brother greatly facilitated the progress of the treaty.

The Jacobite ladies in the queen's household were utterly discontented with the manner in which the interest of their prince had been nullified in the treaty. Lady Jersey, and perhaps lady Winchelsea, had so much to say on the subject to Mesnager, that he thought proper to urge to the noble official (by whom he was usually introduced to the queen's presence) the same arguments that Gualtier had proposed to propound to her majesty; on which the nobleman assured him, that if the exhortations were urged to her of her father on his death-bed, "queen Anne would have something very pertinent to answer." Mesnager observed, "that so much as this peace was discussed by the queen, there must be some moment or other when she mentioned her brother; and that nothing could be more *à-propos* than at such time to ask her majesty what her pleasure was? and how she would please to have him dispose of himself?" The nobleman assured him, "that although reasonable as well as natural, yet he knew not whether it could be done; but if such an opportunity presented, he would let him know."[1] Five or six days passed away, at the end of which time a message came to invite Mesnager to sup with that nobleman, supposed by some to be the duke of Shrewsbury, by others the duke of Buckingham, but evidently a step lower in the peerage. Many circumstances point at lord Delawarr.[2] "He told me," said Mesnager, "'that he had just been drinking tea in the apartments of a lady *very near* the queen, [evidently indicating lady Masham,] which lady had been very freely discussing the lately signed preliminaries of peace, and I think, M. de Mesnager,' continued he, 'that you and her should have a conference, for, by my faith! the women dare say any thing.'" He then continued repeating to Mesnager the words of the Jacobite lady. "My lord," said she, "I cannot make out these dark things you call *pre-*

[1] Minutes of Negotiation of M. Mesnager, pp. 254–260.

[2] According to Swift's Journal, this nobleman had succeeded lord Jersey as lord chamberlain of the household. He mentions him, in a discontented manner, "as one who would do no good to any party."

Emissaries. I wish you could read me a lecture of politics upon them."—"Lord, madam!" replied Mesnager's friend, continuing the narrative, "you are a better politician than I."—"Not I," answered lady Masham; "I am all in the dark about them."—"Cannot you stay till they explain themselves?" To this she replied, laughing, "We women, you know, my lord, love to come at the *éclaircissement*."—"Well, madam, where is your difficulty?" Here she answered softly, "Why, what is it you mean to do with the Pretender?—so, monsieur Mesnager, you know he is called among our people, and sometimes not by his worst enemies, if company be present." The noble lord, who does not seem to be the most valiant of his species, here added to Mesnager, "that he was not a little startled; for there were not less than three ladies present, but all belonging to the royal household."

The lady then proposed that some ambiguity should be left in the article which guaranteed the succession to the line of Hanover; and that, by a verbal agreement, the queen and Louis XIV. should construe it their own way, if they saw occasion. It seems that this quibbling mode of arranging difficulties had already been proposed by Mesnager; and his noble informer assured him, "that the coincidence very much struck him as if the lady and himself had previously compared notes," which could not have been the case, as lady Masham was at that time unknown to the French envoy. With some passion she continued, alluding to the unfortunate James Stuart, "Will ye drive him about the world as a vagabond? will ye oblige the king of France to do nothing for him? will ye ruin him here too? and will ye have the queen starve her own brother?" To this remonstrance, the nobleman told Mesnager he replied, "I did not think she was so serious as I found she was;" that "I believed she would allow I was for starving no one; but she also knew on what ticklish terms we stood in England, as our enemies wanted nothing more to let loose the mob upon us but to say we were for bringing in the Pretender."—"Lord!" said the lady, half merrily, "what a parcel of statesmen the queen has here! Why, it is no wonder that the queen herself is so frightened every now and

then at the whigs, when all you men are so faint-hearted! If ever the *young gentleman* does come here, as I don't question but he will, I hope he will call ye all to account for a parcel of——" "Cowards and defectors," interposed the nobleman; "you had as good, my lady, have spoken it out. Perhaps we should not be such cowards, if the queen would be advised."—"Here my lord broke off the discourse," says Mesnager; "and on my pressing him to go on, he owned the conversation became wholly serious, and of a turn that would compromise his liberty or life. Besides," he continued, "the queen came into the room, and interrupted us."[1]

Of course, the astute French diplomatist became the more eager to know what passed after queen Anne was made a party in a discussion so nearly concerning her royal dignity; and after due entreaty, his informant continued, "that at the moment the Jacobite lady was exclaiming against the chevalier being left to the mercy of the Dutch, to be starved, or worse,—adding, louder than usual, 'Can you think, my lord, but the queen must have many thoughts of this kind? Can she be easy regarding her own brother?'—just as she repeated the word 'brother,' the queen came into the room. 'What!' said her majesty to the lady Masham, 'are you always talking politics?'—'Lord, madam,' replied the lady, merrily, 'here's my lord,'—naming him to the queen,—'turned whig.'—'I cannot think that,' observed her majesty. 'He's turned cruel and barbarous; and that,' exclaimed the lady, 'is, I think, the same thing.'—'What is the matter?' asked the queen. 'Nay, madam, it is all before your majesty, in the fine new preliminaries here.'" By which it may be supposed that some copies had been printed or circulated among the ministers and officials of the palace; it is certain that they were disseminated over the country in a very few hours after the queen had announced her approval at her supper at Windsor-castle. "The preliminaries have been the dispute," continued the lady to the queen. "I tell my lord, here, that they are so worded, that they will neither let your majesty do any thing for a *certain person*, or do it themselves.

[1] Minutes by Mesnager.

I suppose they would be rid of him at any rate. I wish they would tell your majesty what to do with him." The answer of Anne is too characteristic of her phraseology, as well as of her modes of thinking, to permit a doubt that she uttered the very words: "I can never get one of them so much as to speak of him," said the queen, "*or to answer me a question* about him; and I don't press them, but I hope they will do as *becomes them*."

The nobleman who narrated this extraordinary scene to Mesnager here thought proper to interpose, and without noticing the remarkable words the queen had uttered, made a diversion in her favour by addressing the Jacobite lady: "Madam, you complain of the ministers doing nothing in that affair; perhaps you do not know what is offered by some persons at this very time?"—"Not I, indeed," replied the lady. "All things are so locked up with my lord treasurer, [Harley earl of Oxford,] that we hear nothing. Lord treasurer is so *incommunicable*, that all the queen herself gets from him amounts to little more than, 'Be easy, madam; be easy! Things in general go well.'"

The nobleman then told Mesnager that he addressed to the queen these words: "Madam, your majesty knows that M. Mesnager is still in town; he desires nothing more than to talk freely to you of this matter, [viz. of the affairs of her brother]. It is quite true, as lady Masham says, that your ministers are afraid of meddling with it. He says, 'that he has something of very great importance to offer about it, and thinks it hard that, after the preliminaries of peace are settled, no one will give him an audience on the rest.' If your majesty will be pleased to hear him, here is lady Masham, who would be the best plenipotentiary in this affair. I'll bring monsieur Mesnager to wait upon her here in her apartments."—"With all my heart," returned the lady, "if her majesty here will give me leave. I won't be afraid, as all you politicians are, so that you neither dare speak nor hear."—"I think," observed the queen, "there can be no harm in this, any more than in the preliminaries, to hear what they offer."—"This was the conclusion of the dialogue," continued Mesnager's informant,

adding, significantly, "I doubt not that the next time I see the queen, she will ask 'if I have brought you, and where you are?' for she seems mighty willing to talk of the business."[1]

"I told him," resumes Mesnager, in commenting on the discourse with the queen, "that he had done me only justice in telling the queen that I desired nothing more than to talk freely of that affair, [the destination of the Pretender]; and as the women had so much more courage than the men, I should be as glad of a female plenipotentiary as of any other. Only I desired the favour of being called to a conference as soon as possible, because the time drew near when I must be gone, as the king of France had done me the honour of naming me for one of the plenipotentiaries at the approaching treaty to be held at Utrecht." The nobleman replied, "that he was in earnest in naming lady Masham to Mesnager, for in truth, for his own part, he did not care to venture. As for the women, they feared nobody; and that whatever was said to *her*, would be soonest carried to the queen. Nay," he added, "perhaps you may sometimes see the queen herself on the occasion."—"It was not long," continues Mesnager,[2] "after this, that he carried me to court, where I followed him through several apartments. At last we were stopped, by the queen chancing to pass out of her drawing-room into her closet. We paid our obeisances to her majesty, and passed on. At length we came to a room, where was a table by the fire and a large easy chair, and a card-table with two candles and some loose cards upon it. I found that this was the apartment of the lady I was to meet; that there had been some ladies at cards when the queen came in, on which the ladies all fled; that the queen had sat some time there, and had only just come away when we met her. The lady with whom I had the appointment was attending the queen, but her majesty seeing his lordship and I going on to these apartments, had sent that lady to meet us, by whom we were found in possession of her chamber. When her ladyship entered, my noble introducer, I perceived, paid her the greatest respect,

[1] Minutes of Negotiation by M. Mesnager, pp. 260–266. [2] Ibid.

which, though it gave me no light as to her name or quality, yet it imported that she was a person fit for me to talk with," meaning on the subject under discussion between the sovereigns of Great Britain and France.

"After some discourse," proceeds Mesnager, "my friend presented me to her, and told her 'that I was the gentleman in commission from the king of France; so that she might put confidence in all that I should say, and that the court at St. Germains were very anxious about the share they should have in the negotiations as to the chevalier.' The lady interrupted him, saying, 'Pray, my lord, do not call him by that barbarous name. Call him by any thing but that and *Pretender*.'—'I'll call him by no name that shall offend you,' replied the nobleman; 'indeed, I cannot talk of him at all. I refer the whole to this honourable person and yourself.' With that she turned to me, [Mesnager,] and told me that she should be glad to have a little discourse with me on that head. 'Lord!' exclaimed she, 'how shy these politic people are of one another; they are frighted at shadows. For my part, I fear nothing; I'll hear whatever you can say, sir, and do whatever I can for *him*. Call him by what name you will,' continued she, 'is he not our queen's brother? I know him by that name, or not at all;' and with these words she made me sit down. My lord, who conducted me, withdrew among some ladies who were playing cards in the next room, and," continues Mesnager, "I found myself alone with the lady Masham. I was at a loss how to commence, but she soon let me know that she expected no ceremony." Probably the lady-plenipotentiary imagined that the French envoy paused out of doubt regarding her qualifications for the important office with which she had been invested, for she added, with some tact, "'I know well what you have been doing here, monsieur, for I have been always with the queen when my lord ——[1] has given her majesty an account of the private discourses you two have had, for this is the room into which the queen always retreated to hear it.' The lady then related to me several

[1] Probably Jersey, for he had been the principal negotiator, until death withdrew him suddenly from the treaty, in August 1711.

heads of our discourses, which convinced me that what she said was true." The veneration excited in the French envoy by this information was excessive; after rising and making the confidante of the queen a sufficient number of court-bows, he offered to show her his credentials. Lady Masham seemed to have been embarrassed by the officiousness of the man. "No, by no means," she replied; "I am no plenipotentiary. But I know the meaning of our interview is, that we should talk of the poor distressed branch of the royal family in exile in your country: *we* are veiy anxious about him."—"Madam," replied Mesnager, "the chief of what I have in commission from the king my master is, to know what is her majesty's pleasure to have done in this case."—"And *we* are at the greatest loss about it imaginable," said lady Masham. "*We* must not appear to have the least concern about him; *we* know that the whigs will oblige us to push at his destruction, if possible."—"But, madam," returned Mesnager, "the king hopes you will not go to such a length." Upon which she drew a little table which stood by her nearer, and desired him to sit down; for the polite envoy had risen from the seat where she had first established him, in order to perform all the bows and homages he deemed due to the confidante of queen Anne. "With the most obliging freedom," continues Mesnager, "this lady told me 'that she was glad to have an opportunity to converse with me on this tender subject, for all the ministers were afraid to speak of it, even in private, to the queen herself; but if I thought fit to communicate to her what I was charged with on this head, she could assure me she should not be so shy, but would place the statement before her majesty.'"

The chicanery regarding the interpretation of the Hanoverian succession-clause in the articles of peace was all the French envoy had to propose, and this was little to the satisfaction of the favourite of queen Anne. The cunning diplomatist urged the lady to make, in the name of her sovereign, some communication respecting her wishes in regard to the disinherited heir of Great Britain; and the lady, with more candour than beseemed a stateswoman, urged the helplessness

of her royal mistress, and the cruelty of the case. Two points Mesnager submitted to her consideration. The first was, framing the article of peace which treated of the succession in so ambiguous a manner, "that it should either refer to the house of Hanover or to the chevalier St. George, as queen Anne and Louis XIV. might hereafter determine;" the other was, "that the chevalier might, when obliged to withdraw from France, be settled in some country or state at a convenient distance both from France and England." "These," observed the queen's confidante, when taking leave of Mesnager, "are difficult points;" and she added "that she must take time to think of them, but she would have another conference in a day or two." The lady then called the noble lord, "who," observes Mesnager, "was *l'introducteur d'ambassadeurs* for that time, to go out with me."

In the interview which succeeded in the course of three days between lady Masham and Mesnager, they discussed the same points in every possible manner, and the artful negotiator led the lady to the consideration of Lorraine, or some place on the Rhine, as the future abode of the chevalier. Lady Masham, who seemed to state facts with single-heartedness enough, gave the following picture of the position of her royal mistress, of which no one can deny the historical accuracy. "It is," she said, "the present unhappiness of the queen to possess the throne of her brother, to which she had no other claim than what the political measures of the state had made legal, and in some sort necessary. But this," she added, "she truly believed, gave her majesty oftentimes secret uneasiness. Nor was it all the misfortune. By the same necessity of state she was obliged, not only against her disposition, but even against her principles, to promote the continuance of her usurpation, not only beyond her own life, but for ever." To this statement lady Masham did not add, (for perhaps she did not know the fact,) that the severest sting in the conscience of queen Anne must have been her participation in, and perhaps original invention of, the vile falsehoods that were more injurious to her brother than the

inevitable necessity of excluding him from the throne of Great Britain on account of his adherence to his father's religion; for there is dignity in suffering for conscience' sake which is reverenced by the whole world, and if James Stuart wore no crown, he was at the same time exempt from the cares and anguish of royalty, which had weighed, from time immemorial, peculiarly heavy on his race. Yet he had been doomed, by the machinations of falsifiers, even before his birth, to the scorn of the world as an impostor, and at the same time is very gravely reproached for *inheriting* the fate of the Stuarts, as their representative, by his contemporary historians, though they would neither allow him to have been the son of his father nor his mother.

Lady Masham continued, authorized as she then was to speak in her royal mistress's name, as follows: "What an inexpressible satisfaction it would be to her majesty to see herself delivered from the fatal necessity of doing so much wrong; and, if it could be possible with safety to the religion and liberties of her subjects, to have her brother restored to his rights, at least after her decease, if it could not be done before. It was true the queen did not see her way clearly through this, and it seemed next to impossible, for the rage and aversion of the greatest part of the common people to the return of her brother had grown to such a height. Nay," proceeded lady Masham, "the queen found it impossible to enter on any treaty of peace, without entering at the same time into the strongest engagements possible for confirming the succession to the house of Hanover,—a thing," added she, "that I am sure is all our aversions." Mesnager, according to his own account, made some very lengthy and double-minded replies to these representations. He, however, led the ideas of the favourite, and consequently of the queen, to concur with his previously expressed recommendation of Lorraine as the best place of retreat for the exiled prince; likewise he agreed with lady Masham on a mode of correspondence,[1] and

[1] Some letters which passed between them are appended to the "Minutes;" they are thoroughly destitute of interest or information.

promised to furnish a cypher and key for their communications. He entreated that their final interview might be the succeeding evening, because it was more than time that he should be in France, as her majesty's plenipotentiaries were already named, and would be at Utrecht before he could possibly receive his monarch's instructions, and give him personally an account of this negotiation.

Accordingly, the third and last interview with lady Masham took place the following evening. The discussion was chiefly an interchange of compliments. Her ladyship told the French envoy, "that she was charged to let him know how well he was with the queen, and how agreeable it was to her majesty to hear that he was appointed by his royal master, Louis XIV., as one of his plenipotentiaries at Utrecht."—"Lady Masham then went to her cabinet, and calling me to come to her," says the French envoy, "she took out of a purse of crimson velvet, made up like a case and fastened with a gold clasp, her majesty's picture set round with diamonds. I started back a little, and prepared to receive it on my knee, which she understood immediately, but would not suffer me. 'For, sir,' she said, 'I do not tell you that the queen of Great Britain presents you this miniature; but be assured by *it* how satisfactory your visits have been, and how much honour I think it to hand this present to you.' After this I took my leave," pursues Mesnager, "wondering much within myself that such a mean character should be attributed to this lady as some have made public; but I must add, that she seemed to me as worthy of the favour of a queen, as any woman I have ever conversed with in my life."[1]

The secret remorse attributed to queen Anne by her confidante in these remarkable minutes, is confirmed by the despatches of the envoy of the elector of Hanover, written about the same time. The envoy gives the following reason for the queen's uneasiness of mind: "It is certain," wrote baron Schutz[2] to baron de Bothmar, "that queen Anne attributes

[1] Minutes of Negotiation by Mesnager, pp. 280–290.
[2] Hanover Papers; Macpherson's Collection, vol. ii. pp. 504, 505.

the loss of all her children to having dethroned her father, having been very sensibly touched with an affecting letter which he wrote to her before his death, in which he recommended his family to her. It was brought to her hands by madame Oglethorpe, who went twice to France. I have all this from lord Portmore." Mesnager departed to France next day, held his conference with Louis XIV., and joined the congress at Utrecht, as a French plenipotentiary, January 18, 1712.

One of the most remarkable features of the new administration was, that the queen had appointed a clergyman as her principal palace-minister, by placing the privy-seal in the hands of Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol. It was likewise her wish that, through the agency of a prelate of the church of England, her war-wearied people should receive the blessings of peace. It was the first instance of a church-of-England clergyman acting as a cabinet minister in this country since the reign of Charles I. An odd circumstance marked the appointment of bishop Robinson, lord privy-seal, to negotiate the peace at Utrecht. In his short voyage between England and the Low Countries, he experienced a very extraordinary loss; he lost New-year's day,—the New-year's day of 1712; for he set sail on the 29th December, old style, and he found himself, after two days' prosperous voyage, at his journey's end, considerably advanced in the month of January, for the congress at Utrecht reckoned, like all the Christian world except England and Russia, by the new style. The incident is touched upon, in the Windsor Prophecy, with humorous quaintness by Swift, who declared, that when the holy plenipotentiary—

"Shall not see New-year's day in all that year,
Then let old England make good cheer.
Windsor and Bristow[1] then shall be
Joined together in the Low Countree:
Then shall the tall black Daventry bird
Speak against peace full many a word."

[1] Dr. Robinson was dean of Windsor as well as bishop of Bristol, and the peace-congress of Utrecht was, of course, held in the Low Countries.

The earl of Nottingham's tall, dark person is here designated by the allusion to his family name of Finch. It seems he was still most vehement against peace.

The ratification of the peace of Utrecht, perhaps the most trite subject in modern history, cannot occupy much room in these pages, although its heavy memory has been awakened from the sleep into which its own ineffable dulness had consigned it, (together with the works of its contemporary historians for nearly a century,) by the cry lately raised in its name against the marriage of the duke of Montpensier and the second daughter of Spain.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Queen Anne receives an unwelcome ambassador—Her disgust at his tie-wig—Queen presents prince Eugene with a sword worth 4000*l.*—The whig ladies desert the queen's drawing-room—Queen's operatic entertainments—Conspiracy to depose or control the queen—Her farewell audience of prince Eugene—Queen listens to an expounding of prophecy—Receives a Scottish antiquary—Orders the performance of the tragedy of 'Mary Queen of Scots'—Receives news of the death of her sister, Louisa Stuart—Queen's intentions for this princess—Queen ill with an autumnal fever—She is informed of the death of lord Godolphin—Discusses his character with lord Dartmouth—Her reminiscences concerning the Revolution—Other gossiping conversations of the queen—Threats of the duchess of Marlborough to disgrace the queen—Queen protected by her premier, who forces Marlborough to leave England—His duchess gives away the queen's picture and departs—Threatens the queen with printing her letters in Holland—Favour bestowed by the queen on the duke of Hamilton—Her plans reversed by his tragical death—Queen engaged in a dispute regarding the bishopric of Hereford—Her partiality to the duchess of Somerset—Queen's speech to parliament delayed by ill health—Queen announces the peace of Utrecht—Her letters of remonstrance against executions—Queen appoints Swift as dean of St. Patrick's—Alarming illness of the queen—Reports of her death—Her letters to Hanover—Rewards D'Urfey for satirizing the electress Sophia.

The queen's firmness had to stand a new trial before the final dismissal of the remnant of the Marlborough faction. When the treaty of peace seemed to progress in a decidedly favourable manner before the congress at Utrecht, prince Eugene was sent by the new emperor to England, ostensibly with compliments regarding his election; likewise, to use his powers of persuasion to induce the queen to continue the war at her own expense. It was well known that prince Eugene meant to exert to the utmost his military popularity with the English, as the colleague of Marlborough in most of his victories, to support the war-faction against the queen. Dark hints are thrown out by most contemporaries relative to the intrigues used by this imperial general and ambassador during his sojourn in

London. It is certain that the queen made every possible excuse to delay his visit, and the admiral of her majesty's fleet on the Dutch coast, to avoid sailing, pleaded the contrariety of wind and weather; but the prince came on board, complaining of the loss of his time, and was safely landed at Greenwich, January 6, 1712, despite of all impediments.[1] Leicester-house, Leicester-square, was the abode assigned to prince Eugene by her majesty.[2] "He was not to see the queen till six this evening," wrote Swift, January 7th. "I hope and believe he comes too late to do the whig cause any good. I went at six to see him at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. secretary St. John, who introduced him to her majesty, walked so near him, that he quite screened him with his great periwig."

The wig costume of the court of the royal Anne was, throughout his visit, a source of no little tribulation to Eugene of Savoy; the eclipse of his person by the flowing periwig of Mr. secretary St. John was the least of his mortifications. He was very soon made sensible that her Britannic majesty had taken offence at his venturing into her august presence without being adorned with one of these formidable appendages. Eugene of Savoy had committed this outrage knowingly and wilfully, for Hoffman, his imperial master's resident-minister, had solemnly warned him of the result before he entered the presence-chamber at St. James's, "that queen Anne could not abide any one that was presented to her without a full-bottomed periwig; whereas his wig was a tied-up wig." The prince, who was already in the royal ante-chamber, exclaimed, "I know not what to do. I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to know whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one has such a thing."[3] He spoke with impatience and contempt, which being duly reported to queen Anne, increased her indignation at the intrusion of a tie-wig. The poor queen was, in truth, most unwilling to receive, yet dared not decline, the visit of this unwelcome guest.

[1] Cunningham's History of England, vol. ii. p. 402.
[2] Swift's Journal, Feb. 1711-12. [3] Ibid., Jan. 7; likewise Correspondence.

Forced to treat him publicly with every demonstration of respect, and to order the preparation of costly gifts for his acceptance, yet Anne, in private, gave many indications of sadness and sullenness, and vented her temper to her familiar friends by captious remarks on his dress, especially concerning the improper species of periwig which the Italian hero audaciously carried into her august presence. The beauty of prince Eugene was not sufficiently remarkable to authorize the queen's extreme solicitude respecting his outward adornments; for Swift adds to his description of her warlike visitor, "I saw prince Eugene at court to-day; he is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides."[1]

Prince Eugene himself was not so indifferent in regard to wigs as he chose to affirm. In a letter of lord Galway, (written with his left hand, because his right had been cut off, clean as if with a razor, in his late disastrous Spanish campaign,) he speaks as if prince Eugene had been making the most elaborate toilet in Christendom, in order to congratulate queen Anne on her birthday,—perhaps to obliterate the disgust and displeasure with which her Britannic majesty had surveyed his tie-wig at his first presentation.

LORD GALWAY TO LADY RUSSELL.[2]

"Rookley, [1711.]

"I thank your ladyship for the news you send. Let prince Eugene be never so carefull of getting fine cloaks and a fine wigg, I believe he will not make so good a figure in the assembly as he would at the head of an army, though he is capable of making a good figure anywhere. I believe the spectators will miss the two ladies that have quitted, but especially my lady Sunderland."

The two ladies alluded to by lord Galway were the fair daughters of the handsome duke and duchess of Marlborough. They manifested no more active enmity to their formerly indulgent royal mistress than perversely depriving her of the splendour of their charms at her tory drawing-room; they seem to have been persuaded by their flatterers that the queen's receptions would be utterly extinguished without them. The manner in which the discarded faction showed their con-

[1] Swift's Journal, January 7, 1711-12.

[2] Copied, by permission, from the Collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire. Lady Russell was not the celebrated Rachel, who had been dead some years.

tempt is thus described: "The lords and ladies," wrote Swift, "have all their fine clothes ready against the queen's birthday to-morrow. I saw several mighty fine; and I hope there will be a great appearance, in *spite* of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved, to a woman. I hope it will spirit the queen more against them than ever."

The queen was, soon after, taken with a fit of gout, kept from chapel all Sunday, and was supposed to be politically indisposed. "If the queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport," wrote Swift; "for prince Eugene has two fine suits made up against her birthday, and her majesty is to present him then with a sword worth 4000*l.*, the diamonds set transparent." The queen's recovery, however, enabled her to keep this remarkable birthday according to the splendid preparations made for its celebration. All the whig officials, ladies and lords, had been cleared out of the court-places, in pursuance of Swift's recent advice, and the new occupants were to be presented to her on their appointments. "The vice-chamberlain told me," wrote Swift, "a few days previously, that lady Rialton, Marlborough's eldest daughter, had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber; and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter (a mighty pretty girl) is to succeed. Lady Sunderland, the second Marlborough daughter, is to resign in a day or two." Next day the journal continues: "It is not lady Jane Hyde who has succeeded lady Rialton as the queen's bedchamber lady, but her aunt, lady Catharine Hyde, daughter of the late lord Rochester, the queen's uncle."

It seems that important birthday of the queen passed off with great *éclat*, notwithstanding the angry secession of the Marlborough beauties and their faction. Prince Eugene, at the same drawing-room, presented his amiable person before queen Anne, respectfully enveloped in a full-bottomed wig of proper court proportions. "Her majesty did not give him the diamond sword, worth four thousand pounds, with all the world looking on, as expected. The gift was made privately, before the courtiers were admitted: no one was by when her

majesty gave the sword to prince Eugene, excepting her lord chamberlain."

"I went to dine at lord Masham's at three that day," wrote Swift, "and met all the company just coming from court, (out of St. James's-palace,)—a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches. I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries." Lady Ashburnham (the beautiful daughter of the duke of Ormonde)[1] was considered the belle of that brilliant birthday. The Marlborough ladies occupied a window in St. James's-palace, commanding a view of the whole brilliant scene: to show their disrespect and indifference to the royal birthday, they sat, in the sight of all the court, in their morning wrappers. Lady Wharton, who was of their party, not contented with this passive defiance to her majesty, sallied out, all in her undress, (looking hideously ugly, according to Swift's taste,) amidst the noble crowd then waiting at St. James's gates until their coachmen and running footmen had fought their way up with their separate carriages. Among the *mêlée* was a new chariot, which cost the owner 950*l.*; "the mob huzzaed it as much as they did prince Eugene." The same evening her majesty was present at one of her favourite musical entertainments, consisting of selections from the newly introduced operas. She was much better the next day, after her exertions; and Swift, who has commemorated her proceedings on this occasion, "lamented that she now took little exercise." By the way, lady Masham and her kinsman Harley are said to have first gained her majesty's favour by their attention to her taste for concerts.[2]

Among these gay reminiscences of queen Anne's tory birthday, rumours existed that a formidable current of events was rolling beneath its courtly splendours. Prince Eugene, all

[1] Swift mentions the untimely death of this lovely young woman, a few weeks afterwards, with more feeling than he is supposed capable of expressing. The deep grief of the duke, her father, seemed infectious.

[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain. The fact that they organised such entertainments for queen Anne is very likely, but is only preserved by this author, although Abigail Masham's taste for music, as well as mimicry, is once mentioned in her cousin of Marlborough's manuscripts; likewise that her brother, Jack Hill, sang well, and was a good mimic.

agreed, arrived for the purpose of obstructing the peace. But he is likewise accused of being the leader of a formidable conspiracy against the queen,[1]—"His advice being to the duke of Marlborough, to suborn the bands of ruffians called Mohawks to scour the streets by night, and strike terror in the populace, by whom the queen was beloved; to set fire to London in different places, especially the palace of St. James's, where the queen then lodged, when the guards on duty were commanded by an officer in the whig interest; that Marlborough, at the head of the guards, should seize the Tower, the Bank, and public offices, make the queen prisoner, and by terror force her to sign warrants for inquiry into the Jacobite correspondence of Abigail Masham, Harley, and Bolingbroke, put them to death, and force her to dissolve parliament. There is," says Coxe, "no evidence of the truth of these intentions but the letters of Plunket the Jacobite." Such may be the case, but the contemporary assertions of Plunket are confirmed by much collateral evidence, which may be gathered from historians even of the whig party, besides the current report that many of the leaders of the whig faction were personally engaged in nocturnal acts of violence. Among others, it is said that Thomas Burnet, the profligate son of the bishop,[2] was publicly pointed out as the most mischievous amongst the Mohawk ruffians. The mysterious alarms concerning the Mohawks were likewise accompanied by superstitious terrors. According to a contemporary, Alexander Cunningham, "these evil-doers were never seen in daylight,—nay, many persons averred they were never seen at all; yet they tormented women and children, or helpless and infirm men, whom they caught in

[1] Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum. Hamilton's historical work, "Transactions of the Reign of Anne," enters into a well-digested narrative of the proceedings of Eugene at his English visit, which induces belief that his party had worse intentions at this period than general history avows.

[2] Swift's Journal. The reverend historian was not felicitous in the reputation and conduct of his sons. Thomas Burnet, all parties agree, was a daring reprobate, although, in times when party influence carried all before it, he subsequently adorned the bench. Among his other exploits, sir Walter Scott affirms that he wrote the witty Jacobite song on his own father's death, commencing,—

"The fiends were all brawling,
When Burnet descending."

the streets at night. Great talk of marvellous dreams, and the appearance of demons and spirits, witches and hags, was prevalent. It is supposed these follies were deliberately invented to divert the thoughts of the people from the negotiations of peace that were then proceeding." However that may be, party rage broke into madness at this juncture; *war*-mobs and *peace*-mobs traversed the streets of London, and a very tragic event took place in consequence. "As prince Eugene's nephew was passing along the streets, and rashly encountering some of the mean and furious rabble, he was so roughly handled by them, that he fell sick and died."[1] Not long after this accident, prince Eugene had his farewell audience of the queen, and withdrew from this country March 13, wishing, perhaps, that he had permitted the islanders to settle their disputes without his interference.

In the spring of 1712, Lloyd, the bishop of Worcester, then an aged man, demanded an audience of queen Anne, and, with much mystery, said, "that he thought it his duty to acquaint her that the city of Rome would be utterly destroyed by fire, and the church of Rome extinct in less than four years; and that if her majesty would have the patience to listen to him, he would prove it beyond all contradiction." The queen made an appointment with him in the forenoon of the next day. A great Bible was sent for, which was all the bishop of Worcester said he required. He brought the queen's aged tutor, Compton bishop of London, with him. The queen ordered the duke of Shrewsbury, Harley lord Oxford, lord Dartmouth,[2] and her favourite physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, to be present at this exposition of prophecy. The ancient bishop, then upwards of eighty years of age, showed great memory and ingenuity in his quotations and application of texts; but, unfortunately, the earl of Oxford differing with him, though most civilly, as to the interpretation of one, the bishop fell into a violent rage, and turning to the queen, exclaimed, "So says your treasurer; but God says otherwise, whether he like it or no!" The queen, seeing the bishop both angry and very

[1] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. iv. pp. 401, 402.
[2] He relates this scene in his Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 327.

rude, thought the best way of deciding the dispute was to call for her dinner. The bishop, however, went on before the queen could make her retreat. He said, intemperately, "that if he did not know what was truth, he was a very unfit person to be trusted with explaining the gospels, and therefore desired the queen to dispose of his bishopric to some person of greater abilities, if what he said did not prove true;" then bending forward, he spoke some words to the queen in a very low voice, that no one might hear but her majesty, who told lord Dartmouth afterwards that the bishop said, "that when four years were expired, the Saviour would reign personally on the earth for a thousand years."[1]

The outbreak of fanatical rage in the revolutionary bishop Lloyd, was in all probability excited by his political jealousy of an envoy, then at queen Anne's court, soliciting some relief for the distressed and depressed members of the episcopal church of Scotland; and the report went, that queen Anne had at heart the restoration of Scottish episcopacy,—not only to toleration, but to some part of the subsistence of which William III. had deprived them.[2] James Anderson, who had written on this subject, was presented to her majesty, with the ostensible object of showing her some very fine seals and ancient charters which he had collected. The queen looked at them as graciously as if she had known their uses, and seemed to be greatly delighted with them; then, turning to lord Oxford, said, "It was her wish that something might be done for Mr. Anderson." His lordship replied, "That her majesty need not press him to take care of that gentleman,

[1] Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 327. He lived to see the futility of is prophecies. He had been a fanatical dissenter of the times of the civil wars.

[2] Most of the documentary historians of this period, among others Lockhart f Carnwath, mention the consternation and distress of the Scotch when they ound that the country was not relieved from the *tithes* of the Episcopalian hurch, but that the dues of the bishops, &c., were granted by William III. to artisans who had aided him in attaining his ambitious ends. Thus, although he church was overthrown, the Scotch were not relieved from its payments, but ere in worse case than before; for the church clergy spent their incomes among hem, but the grantees were absentees, who took the money out of the country, nd exacted rigorously the rack-rent from every one. Scotland was still suffering uch from this cause in the reign of queen Anne.—Lockhart of Carnwath, vol. i. . 367.

for he was *the* man he designed, out of regard to his great knowledge, to distinguish in a particular manner." The distinction proved, however, nothing but a request to sit for his picture, that it might take its place in the Harleian collection of resemblances of celebrated men. Such was by no means the intention of the queen, for as Anderson had impoverished his fortune by his historical collections, which would have been otherwise lost to the world, she had designed for him more solid remuneration, in place or pension.[1]

Another anecdote of queen Anne connected with literature, comprises all that can be quoted concerning any personal interest she took in it. In all such instances, unlike her grandfather Charles I., or other relatives of the Stuart line, she never used any judgment of her own, but referred to that of others. The tragedy of 'Mary Queen of Scots' had been written twenty years, by John Banks, but had been rejected, in the reigns of William and Mary, by the master of the revels, who saw political spectres in every one of the *dramatis personæ*. The queen at last heard it mentioned by one of her literary nobles, and requested him to read it, and give her his opinion of the dangers the play contained. He assured the queen the composition "was every way an innocent piece;" on which the queen herself gave orders to her lord chamberlain for its performance.[2]

The unexpected death of queen Anne's younger sister at St. Germains, it is said, occasioned her majesty an access of grief, which she felt more acutely than any thing that had befallen her since the death of her consort, George of Denmark. The queen showed lord Dartmouth a letter addressed to her, which Louis XIV. had written throughout with his own hand, announcing to her the death of the young princess Louisa Stuart, her sister, in which the king had represented her as a most exalted character. The death of the fair young princess made a sensation in Great Britain which can be little appreciated in these days. Lord Godolphin, who had always the earliest intelligence from France, sent his confidential agent, Richard Hill, to lord Dartmouth with the news, adding

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath, vol. i. p. 371. [2] Colley Cibber's Apology, 318.

this observation, "that it was the very worst that ever came to England."—"Why does he think so?" asked lord Dartmouth. "Because," replied his informant, if any thing had happened to the brother, and this admirable young princess had been spared, queen Anne would have sent for her, and married her to *a prince George*[1] who could have no pretensions during her life; and this measure would have pleased every honest man in the realm, and made an end of all disputes in future."[2]

Queen Anne was destined to see every expectation for the continuation of the English succession by her near relatives vanish before the inexorable fiat of death. Perhaps the country would have permitted the youngest daughter of their royal line to have retained her religion as the former queen-consorts had done, if she had been married to a Lutheran prince, yet there was no reason to suppose that she would have been less firm in its tenets than her brother; she must, therefore, have been very unhappy in England. Some consciousness of the worldly conflicts that peradventure had awaited her if she had survived, must have inspired her with the remarkable satisfaction with which she welcomed death in the very flower of her existence.[3]

The lamentations of all degrees of the English people for this young princess[4] (of whom even Burnet gives a high character) were inconsistent enough, since she was of the same obnoxious faith as her brother; and the only crime he had committed, to account for the hatred and abuse with which he was pursued, was his difference of religion. A large portion of the people, it is true, believed the absurd falsehood in regard to his spurious birth which queen Anne herself had fastened on him before he was born,—an iniquity which now began to glare on her conscience. Her unfortunate brother was still persecuted by those who capriciously lamented his

[1] Lord Dartmouth must mean *Frederic*, father of our George III., the eldest son of George, hereditary prince of Hanover, (George II.) Frederic was ten years younger than the princess.

[2] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 112.

[3] See vol. vi., Life of Mary Beatrice, for a full account of the death of this young sister of queen Anne.

[4] See Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii.

sister Louisa. He had scarcely recovered from the same dire disease which had mercifully taken away the companion of his youth, when the envoys of queen Anne were forced to hunt him from his adopted country before the peace could be ratified.[1] M. de Torcy, Louis XIV.'s negotiating minister, says, "You may assure queen Anne, that the chevalier is ready to depart at a moment's warning, if he did but know where he was to go. I own to you that I know no prince willing to receive him, for fear of displeasing the queen."[2] Meantime abbé Gualtier was actively recommending the chevalier to the affections of his sister by the agency of lady Masham, lady Jersey, and, perhaps, the duke of Buckingham. The Torcy correspondence expressly mentions, "that the whole proceedings between Gualtier and Mesnager, in connexion with the English ministers, were transacted *verbally*, as neither Harley, St. John, or Prior dared commit them to writing;"[3] neither dared the queen commit herself by one word uttered beyond the privacy of lady Masham's boudoir, and she carried on this reserve even before persons whom she supposed were Jacobite agents. For instance, monsieur de Plessen had been of the prince of Denmark's household; he had constant access to the queen when in London, which he sometimes visited: he was (unknown to the queen and the tory ministry) a spy of the whigs. The extreme caution of the queen is manifest by his report. "I talked," says Plessen,[4] in his report to his employers, "one hour for three successive days to the queen about the prince of Wales, without her making a word of answer or interruption; but directly I turned the discourse on the family of the elector of Hanover, her majesty always began to speak of something else."

An autumnal fever was prevalent in England during September, 1712, which very severely visited the royal household after the queen had retired to Windsor. Forty persons were ill at the same time at the castle, yet no apprehensions existed that the queen would be injured by the intermittent. Such

[1] Addressed to Mr. secretary St. John, from the French minister, De Torcy.—History of Parliament of Great Britain, reign of queen Anne, &c., p. 106.
[2] Ibid., June 22; N. S., July 10, 1712; Torcy to St. John. [3] Ibid., p. 107.
[4] Schutz to Bothmar; Hanover Papers, Macpherson's Collection, vol. ii. p. 505.

was, however, the case; and it is very plain that her health never wholly rallied after it. "Yesterday," (September 8,) wrote Swift, in his journal, "we were all alarmed with the queen's being ill. She had an aguish and feverish fit, and you never saw such countenances as we all had,—such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for." The lord treasurer, Oxford, received accounts from Dr. Arbuthnot of the progress of this malady. From the following inedited letter of the prime-minister, the state of the queen may be ascertained:—

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.[1]

"SIR, "Sept. 7th, 1712, past four.

"Unless you knew the concerne I was under, which, with reason, kept me the night waking, you cannot conceive how welcome your letter was to me, which my messenger brought me before one o'clock. I trust in God's mercy that he will bring me an account to-morrow of the queen's passing this ensuing night well, without any return of a fever. I have ordered the messenger to wait your time, until you despatch him to-morrow morning.

"I am, with true respect, sir,
"Your most faithful and most humble servant,

"The weather is extremely cold here." "OXFORD.

Endorsed—"To Dr. Arbuthnot."

The queen, when convalescent, received the news of the death of her old servant, the earl of Godolphin, who had been thirty years in the treasury department, and superintended it in the latter years of his life as lord treasurer: he did not long survive his dismissal by his royal mistress. He afterwards lived with the Marlboroughs, and died at Windsor-lodge, the favourite residence of the duchess. The queen affected, at his death, to consider him with regard; for when lord Dartmouth brought her the intelligence of his demise, she testified some concern,—she even wept a little, or seemed so to do. Her majesty told Dartmouth[2] that "she could not help it, for she had a long acquaintance with him, and did believe that whatever offence he had given her, was owing to the influence the Marlborough family had over him, but she did not think him to be naturally an interested man." To this leading question lord Dartmouth replied, "That he always considered lord Godolphin's assumption of disinterestedness as

[1] From the original in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., from his MS. Arbuthnot Papers.

[2] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135.

grimace; for though he affected to refuse every thing before he received it, yet he had contrived to make his family heir to *theirs*, [the Marlboroughs,] and could, therefore, with more decency promote their interest than his own, and was sure of having the advantage at last." It may be guessed that her majesty's assumption of concern for the death of Godolphin was only grimace likewise, for at this keen stroke on the defunct given by lord Dartmouth, she laughed, and said, "Truly, she had observed a good deal of that herself." Her majesty closed the conversation, by requesting that all scurrilities coming out on the subject of his death and character might be suppressed.

Lord Godolphin, it seems, had died poor, and this fact Dartmouth repeated to her majesty.[1] Then the queen revealed to that lord one of those anecdotes of her private history which she alone could tell. "I am sorry," said her majesty, "that he has suffered in my service, since he was not poor at the Revolution, when he brought me twenty thousand guineas, and entreated me to take care of them, which I did for some time after, and they were constantly with me wheresoever I went."[2] The fact thus recorded by Anne's own lips, raises some curious queries. Was it a sum which Godolphin had wrongfully abstracted from the treasury for her flight? Now he was in his grave, he could not contradict any version the queen might give of it. Godolphin was a younger brother, very poor, and likely ever to remain so, since he was the most inveterate gambler of an age surpassing all others in a vice which was peculiarly dangerous for a lord of the treasury to indulge in. Twenty thousand guineas were no light incumbrance for the fugitive princess, if the circumstances of her flight from the Cockpit be remembered; nor could that solid weight of treasure be conveyed from place to place, according to the words of the queen, "wheresoever she went," without many persons giving assistance and having cognizance thereof. The Marlboroughs, after the enmity between them and their once-indulgent mistress swelled to an alarming height, always threatened to dis-

[1] Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135. [2] Ibid.

close some secret which would cover her with disgrace. Anne shrank and cowered beneath the shaking of this terrific rod until after 1712, when Godolphin died, and the Marlboroughs went into voluntary banishment. The tale they had to tell, it is possible, related to this twenty thousand guineas, and they had to say "that Anne had robbed her father, as well as betrayed him." But even if it were so, the people, who had seen her wretched father vainly send to his other daughter for his clothes, would have been indifferent to a mass of money, more or less, abstracted from his well-regulated treasury; since, if Godolphin had not handed it to Anne, some one might have stolen it who had not so good a right to it.

In the course of another of the queen's conversations with lord Dartmouth, they recapitulated the offices which had been recently held by lord Godolphin's family. His son, lord Rialton, was cofferer to the crown; lady Rialton, one of the daughters of the Marlboroughs, had been lady of the bedchamber to the queen for eight years; yet, in this gossiping dialogue, her majesty and lord Dartmouth agreed that the whole three lived very meanly, considering the great and profitable posts they filled. If Godolphin were the incurable and unlucky gamester that Horace Walpole affirms, her majesty need not have sought further for the solution of an enigma which seems to have puzzled her. Lord Dartmouth considers that queen Anne and her lord treasurer,[1] Godolphin, held some secret correspondence until his death; this was possibly connected with her exiled relatives at St. Germains. Much has been said of the life-long, hopeless love that Godolphin cherished for the exiled queen of James II.; but whether that passion rendered him more sincere in his Jacobite correspondence than Marlborough, Shrewsbury, and the rest, is still an unresolved question. As to his passion, those who

[1] There is a curious monument in Kensington church, with a long biographical epitaph, mentioning a lady as Mrs. *Jael* Godolphin, (strong lapses towards Judaism must the sectarians of that day have made, to induce one to name a daughter *Jael*). This name-child of her of the hammer and nail is rather pompously announced as the "sister of the first lord *treasurer* of Great Britain," a puzzling assertion to those who do not remember that the legal union of Scotland with England was effected while he was prime-minister.

view the solemn ugliness of his bust in Westminster-abbey, or in the engravings in Grainger, and recollect that this frightfulness of feature was bespread with the deepest olive tint that ever dyed the skin of an Englishman, will be apt to exclaim with Parnell's hunchback,—

"This creature dared to love!"

For two years previously to the death of Godolphin, the queen had been kept in a state of perpetual agony, by the base threats of the duchess of Marlborough that she would publish the whole of her majesty's letters to her when she was princess. The people were, however, if we may believe a contemporary, perfectly infuriated at the threats; and the word went among them, "that if the duchess of Marlborough published aught to vex or wound her royal benefactress, they would tear her to pieces if they caught her in the streets."[1] There was one series of letters in which Anne had bestowed the epithets of "Caliban" and "Dutch monster" on William III., who was set up as a sort of idol by the whigs, high and low, and by them such documents would have been regarded as little less than sacrilege. Harley, lord Oxford, astutely relieved his mistress from the terrors of her tormentors; as he himself corresponded with the exiled court, he wrote to the widow of James II., and obtained a letter from her papers at St. Germains, supposed to be the original of one of Marlborough's base communications, which betrayed general Tollemache and his armament to their certain destruction at Brest, in June 1694. Marlborough's life was then in Harley's hands, yet there is little doubt but that he could have recriminated dangerously on the queen, although her prime-minister might not be equally compromised. Lord Oxford had an interview, at his brother Mr. Thomas Harley's house, with the duke of Marlborough, who came by a back-door in a sedan: he was shown this letter to king James II., and immediately after left England.[2]

[1] Ralph's Other Side of the Question, being an answer to the Conduct.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, vol. ii. pp. 44, 45, where this infamous letter is prefixed to the notes. From the same authority is the curious circumstance, that the archbishop of York, the grandson of lord Oxford, told sir

The duchess of Marlborough followed her husband a few weeks afterwards. Before she left England, she sent to lord Dartmouth for a passport: he sent her one signed by the queen. The duchess sent it back, with the insolent message, "that if one signed only by lord Dartmouth were not sufficient, she would depart without one." She appears to have been in a state of desperation because she could not aggravate the queen into any active resentment of her insolent conduct, and to have been at her wits' end to discover what she could do to vex her majesty the most. A fine enamel miniature of the queen, when princess, had been one of the early love-tokens of their friendship; the duchess, before she left the country, broke the portrait from its rich diamond setting, which she kept for herself, and gave it away to a Mrs. Higgins, a decayed gentlewoman about the palace.[1] As this lady understood the present was meant as an affront to the queen rather than a favour to herself, she brought the enamel to lord Oxford, who took it for his own collection, and gave Mrs. Higgins one hundred guineas. The enamel must have been worth its magnificent price, for portraits of Anne before her accession are extremely scarce, and hardly to be met with: excepting the fine one in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Hardwick, it would be difficult to point out one of her, when princess.

Queen Anne was henceforward relieved from the actual presence of her enemy in England, but not wholly of her annoyances. The queen's life was, perhaps, shortened by the perpetual threats of the duchess of Marlborough from the continent to reveal somewhat which would be painful and disgraceful, and at all events to publish, by means of the venal press of Holland, which in that day perpetually poured

John Dalrymple that, after Sarah duchess of Marlborough returned triumphantly on the death of queen Anne, she contrived to get the original of this dangerous paper from among the papers of Harley lord Oxford, and destroyed it. She little thought that others would come to light with the Memoirs of king James II. and the Stuart Papers, together with copies of the same.

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 135. Swift mentions the incident, but Dartmouth preserves the fact that it was Anne's portrait in her youth.

forth libels on all the royal families in Europe, the letters which had passed between them. The duchess of Marlborough, however, threatened more than she meant to perform, at least in the queen's lifetime; for she well knew that she should compromise the "glorious memory" of William III., which was to be sustained in order to assist the revolutionists in carrying on their work,[1] and if they did not succeed, she was aware her banishment would be perpetual.

The queen's guards paid her majesty the loyal attention of making an enormous bonfire at the gates of St. James's-palace, November 5, 1712, into which they put the effigy of the Pretender. They shot at the resemblance all the time it was consuming,[2] and, with volleys of oaths, asserted their eager wishes for an opportunity of making the living original undergo the same process. From the Torcy correspondence, as well as the letters of queen Mary Beatrice, it may be traced "that the chevalier still lingered at Chalons-sur-Maine at Christmas, new style, 1712, as the king of France would not permit him to depart without a proper protection from the emperor and queen Anne, lest he should be murdered by the emperor's freebooting squadrons of hussars."

The attachment of lady Masham to the exiled family must have been disinterested, otherwise she could have satiated herself with wealth. She was placed, as her kindred the Marlboroughs had been, at the fountain-head: she had only to follow their example. Her cousin, the queen's prime-minister, Harley earl of Oxford, was not only no Jacobite, but the most effectual of all the opponents of the queen's brother. Yet his opposition was neither personal nor religious; it was more powerful, being entirely financial. When he took office in 1710, the revolutionary whigs had so completely exhausted the resources of the country, that it was utterly impossible for them to proceed any farther. Harley's skill in finance arranged and organized the enormous debts (which had accumulated throughout the profligate government of William III.)

[1] This reason for the extravagant eulogiums on William III. is given by Cunningham, his most extravagant eulogist.

[2] Malcolm's Anecdotes of Customs and Manners, p. 258.

according to the present system, rather curiously called the "national funds." Neither himself nor the fundholders can be blamed for the national debt: neither of them incurred it, and utter anarchy and national degradation must have ensued, if some means had not been found of satisfying the national creditors. It does not appear that Harley earl of Oxford in any way profited dishonourably by his own financial scheme, although, after his fall, the very party who had incurred the debt did so to an enormous extent.[1] The unfortunate heir of the house of Stuart positively refused to guarantee this debt, in case he was restored. He knew that it had been incurred to overthrow his family, and had he been restored, it would have weighed down his government, while party injustice would have made him accountable for it. It is evident, that Harley earl of Oxford could not be the premier of any monarch who repudiated the debt he had funded.

Those of our readers who have the patience to read this dull page, for which apologies are due, will comprehend the deep historical mystery why Harley earl of Oxford, constantly reviled as a Jacobite, proved the most effectual opponent James Stuart had,—not maliciously so, but rather in obedience to inexorable necessity. Harley's chief fault was a habit of intoxication. He appears to have had recourse to drink as an evil medicament for his cares; yet he was neither a profligate nor licentious drunkard, but a mild, merciful, and learned man. His inclinations and affections probably led him to the Jacobite cause, as may be guessed by the tenour of his valuable manuscript collections. These, being greatly amplified by his learned and excellent son, Edward earl of Oxford, form the precious manuscript national library, now deposited at the British Museum, called the Harleian Collection.

Young St. John, secretary of state, (afterwards created lord Bolingbroke,) was the colleague of the earl of Oxford, and was soon after his enemy. Bolingbroke was daringly irreligious, and was considered, withal, an abandoned character, even in

[1] See the chapter on the South-Sea bubble, in lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.

that atrocious age. He was, however, handsome, learned, and full of genius. He was a Jacobite, without the slightest attachment to the Stuarts; completely reckless how far he went in the cause of the Pretender, so that change gave him a chance of obtaining money to repair the fortune he had exhausted by his profligacy.

Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, was a man of practical philanthropy, possessed of equal abilities with Swift, but restrained by the bonds of decorum and benevolence. He was a thorough and disinterested Jacobite, an ally of lady Masham, ever near the ear and the heart of the queen.

Queen Anne's learned lady of the bedchamber, Anne countess of Winchelsea, had been one of the maids of honour of Mary Beatrice when duchess of York, well known under her maiden name as the witty and beautiful Anne Kingsmill. Her Jacobite influence with queen Anne is never calculated in general history, but those versed in the signs of those times know that it was considerable. The dislike that her royal mistress had to the war is alluded to in some lines playfully addressed to her by Pope; for lady Winchelsea, or Ardelia, which was her poetic name, had objected to Pope's depreciation of the talents and power of women. She had quoted four lines from his Rape of the Lock in support of her side of the argument. Pope wrote the following verses, which are not to be found in the editions of his works, but in that vast repository of fugitive literature, the Biographia Britannica:—

"Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew Ardelia would not quote the *best*,
Who, like her mistress on the British throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay,
Even while you write you take that praise away;
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more."

Lady Winchelsea's answer to the favourite poet of "the golden days of his queen Anne" ought to be given, as a specimen of the female poetry of that era:—

"Disarmed with so genteel an air,
The contest I give o'er;
Yet, Alexander, have a care,
And scorn the sex no more.

We rule the world, our life's whole race,
Men but assume the right;
First slaves to every tempting face,
Then martyrs to our spite."

Lady Winchelsea, lately left a widow with small provision, was a devoted partisan of the house of Stuart: she was always near the royal person. This lady was a pleasant rhymestress, and possessed some personal influence, but was without territorial power, like the rich heiress of Percy, the influential duchess of Somerset.

Lady Jersey, one of the queen's bedchamber ladies, likewise a widow, had been throughout life attached to the house of Stuart; born in their ancient palace of Whitehall, the only daughter of William Chiffinch, (Charles II.'s closet-keeper,) and married to lord Jersey. She was a Roman-catholic; at the same time, her influence was sufficiently powerful over her husband, and even over his sisters, to induce them, apparently against their own interest, to become warm Jacobites after the death of Mary II. Extraordinary as it may seem, Elizabeth Villiers, who had profited so largely by the Revolution, and was endowed by William III. so enormously from the spoils of his uncle, was now (as lady Orkney) conspicuous as a Jacobite.

At the head of the partisans for the restoration of her family, the queen distinguished her kinsman the great duke of Hamilton, on whom she meant to bestow the honour of concluding the peace as her ambassador to France. In September 1712, queen Anne appointed the duke of Hamilton master-general of the ordnance, and, in addition to the order of the Thistle, originally bestowed on him by her father, James II., her majesty thought proper to make him a knight of the Garter, at a chapter held at Windsor. It was remarked to the queen that the case was without precedent, and that no two such distinct orders had ever been worn by any subject; to which the queen replied, "Such a subject as the duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both orders myself."[1] Lockhart of Carnwath, the duke's schoolfellow and bosom friend, gives a somewh[at]

[1] Douglas' Peerage.

different version of this anecdote of queen Anne. "Just before the intended departure of the duke for France," says Lockhart, "the queen's favour was shown to him by the offer of the Garter. The duke positively refused it, unless the queen would permit him to wear the order of the Thistle with it, telling her majesty plainly, 'that he would never lay aside a Scotch honour to make way for an English one;' adding, significantly, 'your majesty's royal father, James II., wore both at the same time.' His observation not only prevailed on queen Anne to permit him to do the like, but from that moment she did so herself,"—an anecdote of costume, which seems to have escaped the learned in the orders of chivalry.[1] A personal portrait of this great noble and prince of the blood is thus drawn by an enemy of his party, the whig spy, Mackey:[2] "The duke of Hamilton is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness, of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes, ambitious and haughty, a violent enemy, has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of Scotland when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart, and having great interest in that kingdom. He has a great estate, and three brothers earls,—being Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen,—and a fourth a sea commander. The duke of Hamilton is of middle stature, very well made, of a coarse, black complexion, towards fifty years old."[3] To this sketch Swift added, "The duke of Hamilton was a most worthy, good-natured man, very generous, but of a *middle* understanding,—murdered by the villain Macartney."

The adventures of the youth of the duke of Hamilton present one of those romances of real life, wherein the facts of historical biography, preserved peradventure only in the

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 410. He adds, reproachfully, that the duke of Argyle had acted quite differently; for, when given the Garter, he laid aside the order of St. Andrew, showing thereby how much he preferred England to Scotland.

[2] From Mackey's Characters, republished by sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Swift's Works, with Swift's remarks and interlineations.

[3] He had been, nevertheless, one of the handsomest men in Scotland.

rolls of family heralds or the archives of a family muniment-chest, surpass the inventions of the authors of fiction. The following narrative, in which queen Anne's eldest sister, Mary II., played a conspicuous part, is collected from genealogical memorials:[1] "James earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, having, after the death of his first wife, Anne Spencer, in 1690, seduced lady Barbara Fitzroy, (the youngest daughter of Charles II. by the duchess of Cleveland,) under promise of marriage, she bore a son to him at Cleveland-house, St. James's, 30th of March, 1691, during his confinement in the Tower, where he was thrown by the warrant of queen Mary II. That queen and his mother, the duchess of Hamilton, were so incensed at the discovery of this intrigue, as to make the banishment of the unfortunate girl, then only in her eighteenth year, to the continent the only condition of his release. Lady Barbara was accordingly forced to abandon her infant, and retire to the convent of Pontoise, in France, where she afterwards died." It would have been more in consistency with the angelic characteristics attributed to queen Mary, if she had used her power for the purpose of inducing the earl of Arran to repair his wrongs, in some measure, by a legal marriage with his victim, the daughter of her uncle Charles, than to drive her into a foreign land and a conventual prison.

If queen Anne ever cherished either hopes or intentions of making her unfortunate brother her successor, they perished and became abortive when her friend, the duke of Hamilton, was slain, or murdered, on the fatal Sunday, November 15, 1712, at the time of his encounter with lord Mohun, in a combat of four in Hyde-park. A tradition exists in Scotland, that a secret agreement had taken place between the widowed queen of James II. and the "great duke of Hamilton," that lord Arran, his heir, was to receive in marriage the hand of the princess Louisa Stuart, youngest daughter of James II.,

[1] This narrative is from Douglas' Peerage of Scotland; likewise from the Introduction of "Transactions of the Reign of Queen Anne," written by the son of the duke and lady Barbara, who was brought up at Chiswick, under the care of his vile grandmother, Barbara duchess of Cleveland, and afterwards entered the service of James II.

and sister to queen Anne. Whether the bride was to be a reward for the active services of the great duke in the restoration of the brother,—whether queen Anne ever knew of this project, must remain unsolved. Death had decided the history of that young princess in the preceding spring. "All hopes and fears," says the duke of Hamilton's friend, Lockhart, "vanished by his fatal death, which, by reason of the critical juncture when it happened, and some things very extraordinary in the manner of it, made then a great noise." There was at the court of Anne a titled homicide and profligate, called lord Mohun, who had been twice tried for his life for murdering men of low degree in the state of furious intoxication which was prevalent at that period. The first victim was poor Montfort, the player: a more unprovoked piece of cruelty was never recorded on any state trial. It was without excuse, excepting what the titled criminal pleaded,—that he was utterly unconscious of time, place, and existence when it occurred.

The duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun had married ladies of the house of Gerard, and bitter enmity existed between them on account of property then litigated in chancery, to which the ladies were co-heiresses: they met at the examination of some witnesses, when a violent altercation ensued. The duke of Hamilton, supposed to be at that time deeply pledged to the queen relative to negotiations for her brother's restoration, endured much from the furious temper of Mohun, being resolved to keep himself out of all engagements likely to impede his exertions in that cause; suspecting, moreover, that Mohun (who was known to be no personal hero when sober) was exasperated and irritated purposely by the opposite party, in hopes of exciting a fatal fray. Be this as it may, a challenge was sent by Mohun to the duke, who considered himself bound to accept it. Of all days in the week, Sunday was the time appointed for this combat, which seems to be the last of that remarkable species where the seconds were expected to engage as well as the principals, and fight to the death. Such had been the usage in France in the preceding century. In the minorities of Louis XIII. and XIV., eleven

combatants on a side have been known to enter into mortal conflict, and ten or twelve were often left dead on the spot,[1] victims to some "trifle light as air," taken amiss by two young petulant nobles,—some obeisance forgotten, some precedence mistaken, or even some glance construed into contempt. The proceedings of the duke of Hamilton would be inexplicable without this explanation; for people, in these days, sometimes hear of duels between two principals, but not of so bellicose a spirit reigning among the seconds and other witnesses.

Hyde-park was then a wild track, reaching to the gravel-walk before Kensington-palace, broken into marshy thickets where the Serpentine now flows. That piece of water then wound deviously as a rushy rivulet, here and there accumulating in stagnant pools, near which were the fighting-grounds usually chosen for those who had affairs of honour to settle. Behind a thicket near the Serpentine brook did the great duke of Hamilton, with his kinsman and friend colonel Hamilton, meet lord Mohun and the whig-general Macartney, in the dawn of a November Sunday. Mohun really behaved the most rationally of the two opponents, for whilst he and the duke were throwing off their coats for the encounter, he observed, "That he hoped those two gentlemen-seconds were only to look on, and not be personally concerned in any part of the quarrel." The duke answered, "that he believed Mr. Macartney was the chief occasion of their coming on this errand; and since it was so, he had brought an old friend of that person, to entertain him with a share of the dance." All four immediately flashed out their swords and "fell to work." Colonel Hamilton soon disarmed Macartney, and looking about to see what had become of the other combatants, he perceived lord Mohun lying on his back, dead or expiring: the duke of Hamilton had fallen with his face upon lord Mohun's bosom. Colonel Hamilton instantly flung down his own sword and that of Macartney, of which he had just obtained full possession; he ran and lifted up the duke of Hamilton, who he saw

[1] Cardinal de Retz assures his readers, that in his fiery youth, when known as abbé de Gondi, he had been engaged in such duels twice in one day, and he had known challenges pass at the altar among the officiating priests of noble birth.

was wounded in two places, and faint with effusion of blood. Whilst performing this friendly office, Macartney took up one of the swords, and coming behind Hamilton as he supported the duke in his arms, he stabbed his grace, who walked, nevertheless, some little way to a tree, where he soon after expired: the park-keepers came up at that moment, and Macartney fled. Colonel Hamilton, alarmed, he said, "at being found with the corpses of two great nobles, followed his example;" but he ever protested that the duke of Hamilton was not slain, but assassinated after the fight was done. The proof he alleged was, that if the duke had been wounded to death by his opponent's sword, the orifice of the wound would have been different, since Mohun fought with a Saxon blade, which was left in his dead hand, whereas the duke's death-wound had a three-cornered orifice. "It was," said colonel Hamilton, "done with mine own sword, which I had cast on the ground unwittingly with the one of Macartney's, (which I had captured,) when I flew to aid my noble kinsman." Dr. Garth (before the matter was made a furious party-question with the whigs) affirmed, on the word of a medical man, that it was utterly impossible for lord Mohun to have given Hamilton the death-wound, which must have been inflicted by some one standing above him: this agreed with colonel Hamilton's statement. Whatsoever occasioned this dismal double homicide, it is certain that with it ended the last rational hopes of the Stuarts; for if queen Anne ever meant to aid her brother, it was certainly to have been done by the means of the duke of Hamilton: she was stupified, not only with terror at his murder, but with grief for his loss, for he was indeed her last friend. The duke of Hamilton preceded his royal kinswoman to the grave only a few months; the very report that spread on all sides, that the whigs had suborned Macartney, first to urge Mohun to challenge him, and then to stab him in the midst of the fray,[1] was sufficient to have intimidated a woman hastening to the tomb.

[1] Macartney did not surrender to his trial until George I. was on the throne: he was acquitted, to the infinite rage of the adverse party. See, for a more detailed narrative, Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. pp. 401–407. It is an

The queen was importuned by her ministry to nominate Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford,[1] the object of his ardent ambition. The queen, unacquainted with the literature of her own age, or of any other, only knew Swift as a partisan of high church, and as the deputy whom her clergy of the church establishment of Ireland regarded sufficiently to send up to her throne to crave her extension of the bounty of first-fruits,—a favour which Anne had just graciously granted, accompanied by some complacent notice of the deputy of her Irish church. The duchess of Somerset, finding the disposition of her royal mistress's mind, provided herself with an influential ally, being Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York,—a very favourite prelate with Anne, who had preached by her express desire the sermon at her coronation.[2] At the moment when the queen consulted the archbishop as to nominating Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford, he startled her with the following pithy question: "Ought not your sacred majesty to be first certain whether Dr. Swift is a Christian, before he becomes a bishop?" The queen, in consternation, demanded his reasons for doubting the Christianity of her minister's nominee to the see of Hereford. The archbishop, in support of his assertion, had armed himself with the book that founded Swift's fame as a wit and great literary power; and good queen Anne, to her infinite horror and astonishment, was first introduced to the polemic romance called the Tale of a Tub.

The false axiom adopted by the deists and atheists of that age, that "ridicule is the test of truth," seems to have inspired the author or authors of this controversial tale. It levels its satire at every denomination of Christianity, and

interesting fact, that Charles Hamilton, commonly called count Arran, the son of the duke by the injured lady Barbara Fitzroy, hearing that Macartney, his father's murderer, had fled to Antwerp, hastened there and challenged him, but the challenge was not accepted.—Douglas' Peerage.

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, collated with various passages in Swift's Political Poems and Tracts. The period when this remarkable scene took place in queen Anne's closet, which occasioned the disappointment of his hopes of an English bishopric, is clearly marked in Swift's Journal to Stella. Although he did not detail it to her, he says, January 20th, 1712-13, "I believe Pratt" (the late tutor of the duke of Gloucester) "will drive at these bishoprics. Our English bishopric of Hereford is not yet disposed of."

[2] Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

stands at the head of the evil and perverse class of controversial novels, by which polemics of every creed have endeavoured to persecute their rival sects since the use of fire and fagots, the quartering-block, and polemic-preaching have been renounced and abhorred by Christians in general. While queen Anne stood aghast at the profanity which a glance at the lucubrations of the divine she was about to nominate her bishop must have displayed to her, her mistress of the robes advanced on the other side, and throwing herself at her feet, and showing the Windsor Prophecy, implored, with tears, "that her royal mistress would not prefer to the sacred office of a bishop of souls a man capable of disseminating such false witness against an innocent lady." Poor queen Anne, after perusing this string of slanderous puns, addressed to herself, was scandalized and ashamed of the deeds of the wolf in sheep's clothing she was about to appoint as a shepherd in the fold of her church. Her majesty firmly withheld her royal sanction from the nominee of her ministry to the see of Hereford. As the whigs were not then in power, the head of the church of England *this time* was not coerced into the relinquishment of that legal right, for which she stood responsible to her church, to her people, and to her God.

There stood by one, silently noting this curious scene, who had, with more good sense than history has given her credit for, exactly foretold to the reckless wit what would befall, if, in the vanity of literary power, he made public his attack on the "great lady," as the duchess of Somerset was called at the court of queen Anne; for the queen never forgot the gratitude she owed to the friendship of the duchess of Somerset, when she fearlessly espoused her cause against the cruelty of her sister, queen Mary.[1] Lady Masham described all she had seen and heard at this remarkable conference to her friend, Dr. Swift. The truth of the manner of his disappointment[2] was forthwith authenticated by his subsequent angry lines, in which he calls the archbishop "a crazy prelate," and Anne

[1] See vol. vii.; Life of Queen Mary II.

[2] Lord Orrery's Life of Swift, Somerville's Reign of Anne, Scott's Life of Swift, and every history of the times.

"a royal prude;" and limiting his rage to these slight reproaches on church and queen, he flew with the whole fury of his wrath at the unfortunate duchess, and made matters against her appear far more in earnest than in his Windsor Prophecy:—

> "Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
> On Swift's reproaches for her murdered spouse;
> From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
> And thence into the royal ear instils.
> The queen, incensed, his services forgot,
> Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[1]
> Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
> To fix a price on his devoted head;
> While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
> His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight."

"His watchful friends" must have considered him almost as troublesome as the spirit evoked by Michael Scott, who perpetually did embarrassing mischief after he had executed, with marvellous celerity, the tasks for which he had been conjured up. Michael Scott set his over-industrious elf to twist ropes out of sand, and the Oxford ministry made Dr. Swift dean of St. Patrick's, which banished him to Ireland, where he expended his mighty energies in grappling with the amplitude of wrong he found there on every side. He says—but the accuser of the duchess of Somerset ought not to be believed on his word without corroborating evidence—that the archbishop of York sent to entreat his pardon for having prejudiced the queen against him.

> "York is from Lambeth[2] sent, to show the queen
> A dangerous treatise writ against the Spleen,[3]
> Which, by the style, the manner, and the drift,
> 'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
> Poor York![4] the harmless tool of others' hate,
> He sues for pardon, and repents too late."

The influence of the duchess of Somerset with the queen, it plainly appears by this incident, was all-powerful: she was considered by her majesty as a counterpoise to the tory party

[1] The duke of Argyle. The proclamation was against another lampoon or libel, called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

[2] From Dr. Tennison, who then held the see of Canterbury.

[3] Tale of a Tub.

[4] Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York. Sir Walter Scott and lord Orrery assert the same; but as the objectionable passages in Swift's works remained *in statu quo*, why should the archbishop of York repent showing them to the queen?

in power. Anne was often inspired (it is supposed) by the duchess with apprehensions lest she should one day see her brother walk into the council-room, and suddenly behold her regal homage transferred by her ministers to him before her face. St. John, who was in the Jacobite interest, was particularly anxious to disencumber the household of such an impediment to their operations as the duchess of Somerset. As for the duke, it will be remembered he personally defied the queen at council, by calling Harley, the minister of her choice, "a fellow" to her face. There had been no particular difficulty in dislodging him, but it was his duchess they dreaded; "for," said the tory ministry, "she is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue, and will do what harm she can to secretary St. John." The queen constantly replied, "If it were so that I cannot have what servants I like, I do not see how my condition is mended,"—since the fall of the family junta, her majesty meant. The duke of Somerset, it is said by Swift, intended to withdraw his duchess from court, out of spite for his own dismissal; but the queen prevailed on her to remain in office, by writing to her a letter of entreaty for that purpose, making her compliance a personal favour, which letter the duke of Somerset very frequently showed to his friends.

The queen's long-cherished but oft-deferred hopes of peace were about to be realized with the opening of the year 1713. The tears that had often streamed from her eyes over the appalling lists of slain and wounded in the mere glory battles of Blenheim and Ramilies, were at last to fall no more. For many years Anne had been the only person connected with the government of her country who was steadily desirous of peace; she was not, however, destined long to reign over England when her great object was attained. The fierce contests which had attended the expulsion of the junta that had identified war with their interests, shook her sands of life rudely, and all but those who saw her daily knew well that the time of Anne Stuart could not be long. Infirmity had frequently assailed her at the early age of thirty. It has been noted how she was carried from one place to another as

a cripple; but she occasionally recovered the use of her feet and limbs, with strength sufficient to permit her to follow the stag in her long hunting-drives, which she continued till the autumn of 1712. All violent exercise was, perforce, renounced in the succeeding year; the queen was not only rendered inert with gout, but that disorder was not disposed to limit its attacks to her limbs: on every change of weather, or at the recurrence of mental agitation to the royal patient, it made formidable incursions on the vitals.

The queen appointed the duke of Shrewsbury her ambassador-extraordinary to complete the treaty of peace at Paris. When there, the Parisians were highly amused by the Norman motto of the Talbots,—*Prest d'accomplir*, which, being emblazoned on his coaches, they chose to consider was an allusion to his pacific mission,[1] and that he meant to accomplish hastily, a treaty which had lingered for two years. When the peace was actually signed by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, the French ambassador, the duc d'Aumont, arrived in London, and had his first audience of queen Anne. Her majesty apologized to him for being unable to rise to return his salutation, but begged him to be covered, as he stood with his hat in his hand. According to the custom of ambassadors, he should have put it on as soon as she had acknowledged his first address. The courteous envoy refused to avail himself of his privilege, observing, "that the king his master would not himself have worn his hat in the presence of so great a queen, and therefore *he* could not."[2] He remained uncovered during the whole of the audience. "I know not," said queen Mary Beatrice,[3] when relating this incident to the abbess of Chaillot, "how this will be taken by the other ambassadors, who are always jealous of their masters' dignities, or whether this compliment may not be hereafter cited as a precedent for depriving the representatives of foreign kings of the privilege of putting on their hats. It must, however, be regarded as a mark of the politeness of the king your

[1] Bio. Brit.

[2] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris; MSS.

[3] Inedited MSS. in the archives of France.

master, who is the most courteous man in the world, and has always paid me the compliment of remaining uncovered in my presence, although I have often entreated him not to use such ceremonies with us." The duc d'Aumont addressed the most flattering language to queen Anne in his speeches, telling her "that her reign was as glorious as that of queen Elizabeth, and he hoped it would be as long." His excellency did not confine his civilities to bows and compliments, for he presented her with the nine beautiful grey Flemish horses with which he had made his public entrance into London. Louis XIV. likewise sent, as presents for queen Anne, six splendid dresses and two thousand five hundred bottles of champagne, directly Bolingbroke signed the preliminaries of peace. A French historian of the present day,[1] more remarkable for headlong calumny on royalty than for accurate deduction, considers these articles in the light of bribes irresistible to the queen of Great Britain: they were not so efficacious as he supposes, for Anne always manifested utter indifference to fine dress, and never drank French wine, which was considered mortally inimical to a patient subject to gout in the stomach.

Some anxiety prevailed as to the person, among the clever men and wits surrounding the lord treasurer, (Harley earl of Oxford,) who was to compose the speech with which their queen was to open her parliament. The difference between such announcements, and the personality that the Plantagenet, the Tudor, and even the Stuart monarchs, threw into their speeches, is not a little remarkable. Those of queen Elizabeth were no matters for men to jest withal, when their glasses went round, according to the following instance. "After dinner, lord treasurer was talking to the lords about the speech that the queen must make when parliament meets. He asked me, seriously," continues Dr. Swift,[2] "'How I would make it?' I turned it to a jest. And, because they had been speaking of the recent event of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said the queen's speech should begin thus: 'My lords and gentlemen, in order to my own quiet, and that

[1] Capefigue. [2] Journal to Stella; Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 98.

of my good subjects, I have thought fit to send abroad the duchess of Marlborough after her duke.'" The queen, however, could pronounce none of their speeches, whether compounded for her in joke or earnest: her majesty was seriously ill, and the parliament in consequence prorogued. She was sufficiently recovered to receive her company when her birthday arrived. "I never," resumes Swift, "saw the birthday celebrated with so much bustle and fine clothes. Pray God keep the queen! She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach."[1] A few days after he says, "There were more whigs than tories to-day at court. I believe they see the peace must be made, and come to look after the queen: she is still lame with gout."[2] Her physicians had succeeded in driving the disorder from the vitals to the extremities. The queen had made a struggle with her failing health to appear to her people on her birthday, which was kept as a national holiday, with enthusiasm that almost amounted to transport. Long after this well-beloved English queen had passed away, a rhyme was repeated by the populace, nearly throughout the last century, when every February 6th came round:—

"Good queen Anne's birthday,
All bells ringing gay."

Relapses took place of her dangerous malady after the queen had held her birthday court. She was seldom able to attend divine service at St. James's chapel, and when she did, was carried in a low open chair. It was observed that she had "an ugly cough."[3] A German lady belonging to the court of queen Anne, having taken the privilege of her protestant country, which permits knitting in sermon-time at church, greatly scandalized Steele, who, in one of his papers in the Guardian, reprobates such proceedings at St. James's chapel during divine service, "because the irreverent knitter was then in the immediate presence of God and her majesty, who were both affronted together." The health of her majesty mended slowly: she gave out that she meant to

[1] Journal to Stella: Scott's Swift, vol. iii. p. 110.
[2] Ibid., p. 116.
[3] Ibid.

be carried in a chair to open her parliament when it met. March ran through, April came, and yet the long-delayed royal speech had not been spoken,—the continuation of alarming symptoms delayed it. The gout vibrated fearfully through the queen's frame, flying from her feet to her stomach. At last, being carried in an open chair, on the 9th April, to the house of lords, her majesty pronounced her speech with her usual harmony of utterance; yet it was noted that her voice was weaker than usual. Vast crowds blocked every avenue to the house of lords, for her speech announced peace,[1] after eleven years' warfare of unparalleled bloodshed; indeed the war had continued since 1688, with very short cessation. England had not been engaged in a continental war of any such duration or consequence since the days of Henry VI. The treaty of Utrecht had actually been signed by the plenipotentiaries on the preceding 31st of March, 1713.

The difficult question which had at first presented itself, still perplexed the high contracting powers; this was, what was to be done with queen Anne's unfortunate brother, the chevalier de St. George? The recognition of the queen's title by Louis XIV. implied the necessity of the young prince's retreat to some other friendly dominions. There exists an autograph letter of Anne, written in stiff but grammatical French, in the collections of the king of France, supposed to refer to this subject.[2] The letter has seemed by others to refer merely to the restoration of her next nearest relative, the duke of Savoy, to some part of his dominions, of which he had been deprived during the war. Probably this ambiguity had been carefully concerted by Prior and Bolingbroke.

"Monsieur mon Frere,

"I have received, with sincere pleasure, the agreeable letter that the sieur Prior brought me on your part. As your consummate prudence has taken the most proper resolution for fixing the terms of the peace, you may be persuaded, on my side, I shall lose not a moment to accelerate its conclusion. I assure you, the manner in which you remind me to be incessantly employed in re-establishing the public tranquillity is not lost upon me; by the orders I have given to my ministers at Utrecht, I have done all that is possible in the present juncture in

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[1] The speech is in Somerville, vol. ii. p. 510. It is not quoted, because it merely belongs to the political history of Anne's reign.

[2] Collections, Bib. du Roi.

favour of a prince,[1] whose interests are sustained by your generosity. I doubt not that he will be fully convinced of this himself, and that all the world will agree in the same. I repeat yet, monsieur my brother, that the consideration of your friendship will be a motive very effective to engage me for the future in his interests, and in those of his family, according to the occasions which may present themselves in future.

"As to the rest, I have sent Prior to Versailles, who will continue to hold the course of conduct most agreeable to you, and will do nought but execute to the letter the orders with which I have charged him. And among all the proofs of his duty and his zeal for my service, I have charged him very particularly to take all occasions possible to repeat the very perfect esteem and consideration which I have for you, and the ardent desire I have to live with you in sincere and perfect amity. I pray God to send you long years of health and prosperity, and to hold you always in his holy care.

"I am, monsieur my brother, your good sister,

"ANNE, R."

Queen Anne offered the order of the Garter to Louis XIV. as soon as the peace of Utrecht[2] was concluded; the king declined accepting it, lest queen Mary Beatrice should be offended.[3] He had already received the order from Anne's father or uncle.

The possession of Gibraltar, a fragment reft from the train of Spain in the long contest of her succession war, is the only remnant of the costly conquests of the reign of Anne retained by Great Britain at the present day. It is worthy of remark, that this possession was no trophy of the specious conquests of Marlborough; for his duchess went almost insane with pride and anger, and led the poor queen a doleful life for some months, because the houses of parliament voted thanks to sir George Rooke for taking Gibraltar, on the same day on which they thanked the duke of Marlborough for Blenheim. The rock has been retained, at whatsoever cost, on account of the protection it afforded to English trade in the Mediterranean, being much better situated for that purpose than Tangier, for the retention of which a struggle was made in the preceding century. Louis XIV. yielded to Anne the possession of Newfoundland; but

[1] As the duke of Savoy had acted a double part in the war, and had sometimes fought against Louis XIV., it was unlikely the king would recommend him to Anne thus mysteriously. The duke of Savoy, by descent from her aunt, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, was the next in blood to herself to the throne.

[2] Perhaps the circumstance that Handel wrote his magnificent Jubilate in order to celebrate the ratification of the peace of Utrecht, is, to modern society, the most interesting fact connected with it. See the list of the works of that great composer.

[3] Quoted by Somerville from Duclos, tom. i. p. 63.

that isle was the lawful property of her ancestors, Henry VII. having given the magnificent sum of 10*l.* "to the man that discovered the isle."[1]

Continental conquest was an absurd and guilty dream, which still infatuated the public, and had done so for three hundred years. It was considered extremely convenient to hold a port on an opposite coast, where an invading army might disembark, to carry fire and sword through a neighbouring land: Calais was held upwards of two centuries for this purpose. It has been found, that one-third of the English revenue was disbursed to maintain it, which money circulated over the continent of France, and did not again return into England. Moreover, every sedition connected with the civil wars of York and Lancaster that produced insurrection in England, was concocted at Calais. The English were displeased, because the ministry of queen Anne did not insist, at the peace of Utrecht, on the restoration of Dunkirk, a coast town, which occupied more attention than it was worth in the history of the seventeenth century. The statesmen who coveted the unlawful possession of such towns as Calais and Dunkirk, had yet to learn the mighty statistical truth conveyed in the noble words of Campbell:—

> "Britannia needs no bastions, no towers along the steep,
> Her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep."

Surely it was far wiser to maintain an irresistible navy[2] to sweep pirates from the face of the British seas, even if it cost a third of the revenue; for the floating fortresses brought back the capital spent on them, which Calais or Dunkirk never could. Henry VIII. nearly rendered his country bankrupt by conquering and adding to the English territory Boulogne, and two or three other sinks to national wealth and prosperity; they were given up in a few years, with the humiliating conviction, that such gains proved in the end pretty considerable losses. Conquerors learn these lessons, but learn them too late.

[1] Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VII. "The man" was his naval discoverer, Cabot.

[2] Mr. P. Cunningham has edited the accounts of the uses to which the purchase-money of Dunkirk was put; a piece of historical information which will singularly inconvenience the historians who take Burnet as an authority.

It has been previously shown, that the statue of queen Anne in St. Paul's churchyard, little as it is heeded in the present day, was chosen by her political poets to perform the same office as the Pasquin and Marforio statues at Rome. Some persons, excited into rage at the pasquinades on Anne's statue, broke the sceptre and defaced the ornaments as soon as peace was proclaimed. The following verses, acknowledged by the whig doctor, sir Samuel Garth,[1] unlike his former libellous epigrams on Anne, possess some degree of reproachful elegance on the subject of the peace of Utrecht:—

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form, that glads a nation's eyes.
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there;
Britain and Ireland seem to owe her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.

But France[2] alone with downcast eyes is seen
The sad attendant of so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done;
When, sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheathed the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general[3] and her word,
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learned to speak like oracles of old
For thee—for thee alone! What could she more?
She lost the honour that her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son,)
Resigned the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain;
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like any other of the Stuart line."

Scarcely; for, unlike her ancestors, queen Anne founded no colonies, while the corruptions attendant on her peculating

[1] Dr. sir Samuel Garth, after spending his life in political hootings, not only at *popery*, but at the reformed catholic church of England, (which was the true object of the attacks of his party,) became a Roman-catholic in the decline of life, and died in that religion, if we may believe the testimony of his friend Pope. —See Bio. Brit.

[2] Queen Anne retained the title of France,—an absurd fiction of national pride, to which may be attributed the excess of national malice which for some centuries subsisted between England and France. A statue representing France may be seen among the group of queen Anne's subject realms.

[3] The duke of Marlborough.

government laid the foundation for the alienation of the most noble of their colonial states. Her navy was disastrously decayed, instead of advancing with the impetus her father's labours had given it. Many other sources of national happiness were grievously impaired. The education of the poor was utterly neglected: perhaps one of the most extraordinary features of the age was, that after the two revolutions of the seventeenth century, especially that of 1688, numerous existing endowments for the instruction of the lower classes were seized upon by the middle classes, whilst those devoted to educate clergymen from the children of the people were appropriated by the aristocracy of wealth to the education of their sons. Queen Anne's ancestors likewise "shone" without a national debt.[1] To do Anne justice, this order of affairs agonized her very soul, and induced her strenuous efforts for the peace which so highly incensed the revolutionary party. The queen about the same period addressed a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, requesting him to rectify the abuses of charity-schools;[2] her appeal was unavailing, yet it may be recorded to her honour that she made it.

If the true history of the wars of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, on pretence of sustaining the balance of power, could have been read aright by the people of Great Britain, France, and Spain, it would be soon found that the homely proverb of "mind first your own business," is as wholesome a maxim for nations as for families. That Great Britain had not minded her own business during the Orange and Marlborough wars could be told by many a woful token,—especially by the misery, ignorance, and consequent wickedness of the poor; by the dreadful state of the prisons from the atrocity of the gaolers, who performed the office of evil spirits,—first tempting, and then torturing the

[1] That is, of their *own* contracting. James I. found a national debt of 500,000*l.* on the decease of queen Elizabeth, which had chiefly descended to her as incurred by the foolish wars of Henry VIII. and the profligate robberies of Edward VIth's regents. James I. paid 50,000*l.* of this debt due to the city of London.—See Gough's Chronicle. The unfortunate Charles I. inherited 450,000*l.* of these Tudor liabilities; and as it was no more, James I. had paid *part of Elizabeth's debt*, and contracted *none.*

[2] Toone's Chronology.

poor wretches consigned to them. The national depravity which awoke the snarling muse of many a satirist, seems partly to have arisen from the misapplied eloquence of the preachers, who wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to better purposes in sectarian railings, and their flocks went away in an ungodly state of satisfaction at hearing the sins of their neighbours analyzed instead of their own, or ready to despise all religion and its professors. Domestic warfare was actively pursued against all who had any thing to lose, on every road and avenue leading to the metropolis, by the banditti called highwaymen and footpads,—the highwaymen being the cavalry of these marauding forces, the footpads the infantry; the first belonging to the profligate of the middle classes, and even of the upper classes, the last to the desperate from among the poor; whilst the police, such as it was, organized and regulated the movements of "the thieves against the true men." Ghastly avenues, not only of one triple tree, but of rows of them, each garnished with evil fruit, appalled the traveller at the approaches to the principal streets of the capital of Great Britain. Not long after the reign of Anne, a great reward was offered by government to discover the delinquents who had audaciously cut down *all* the gibbets in the Edgware-road, and laid them, with their garniture of human relics, low in the dust.[1] Let the frequenters of that busy market-street for the new north-western suburb meditate on the facts implied by the few words,—*all* the gibbets in the Edgware-road!

The queen herself had had practical experience of the audacity of the thievish portion of her subjects. She had, when princess, been robbed on the highway, after her sister took away her guards; she had been plundered by burglars of her silver cistern from Berkeley-house; when queen, her London thieves had given her an early specimen of their ability in their vocation, by walking off with her coronation-plate. If perpetual executions could have induced her people to be honest, there were hecatombs slaughtered every "hanging day," which regularly occurred at the end of six weeks,

[1] Maitland's London.

when the queen had to sign death-warrants sufficient to have unsettled the reason of most women. There is no regular historical record giving queen Anne credit for the feelings she really testified on these frightful occasions, nor of her incessant remonstrances when pressed to sign death-warrants for desertion from the army or navy; yet the letters she wrote on such occasions rise up in evidence in her behalf as a truly humane sovereign. These little billets, addressed in an evidently unpremeditated style to her secretary, give some insight of the mind of Anne the *queen*.

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR CHARLES HEDGES.[1]

"Tuesday evening.

"The enclosed petitions *weare* given mee as I came from St. James's. One is, I believe, from the man you gave me an account of yesterday; the other having a wife and six children, makes me think it a case of compassion. However, I desire you would inform yourself about it as soon as you can *possible*, and if you find it soe, take care his life may be spared.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."

"Wednesday night.

"I have nothing to say to the execution that is to be on Friday, and am very glad the lords have respited Way; for though the law does not allow that benefit *more than once*, it would be a barbarous thing to hang a woman when she is with child.

"I am, your affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."[2]

"Wednesday morning.

"I have been so pressed again this morning, by the woman that gave me the enclosed petition, to respite the execution of Jeffries, that I cannot help *writting* this, to desire you to order a reprieve till Friday, that there may be time to inquire into what this woman says.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."[3]

It appears, that ameliorating the condition of those sentenced to death was one of Anne's favourite private charities, and for this purpose her agents were sent anonymously from her palace. But what can the humanity of a limited sovereign effect against the cruelty and neglect of a representative government, corrupt as that which misruled Great Britain in her era?

Although the queen had been prevented from making Swift

[1] From the Old Monthly Magazine, *anno* 1803, part ii. p. 397, endorsed—"Letters from queen Anne to sir Charles Hedges; copied from the originals lately in the possession of James Montague, esq., and never before published."

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

a bishop, she offered no opposition to giving him the deanery of St. Patrick, a preferment equally ineligible with that of the bishopric of Hereford for a man whose Christianity was doubted. The queen's proceedings in this matter were noted by the clerical candidate, in his journal, April 10, 1712: "Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him. He told me the queen would determine something for me to-night, Windsor or St. Patrick." A few days afterwards he says, "The duke of Ormonde has been to-day with the queen, and she was content that Dr. Sterne [dean of St. Patrick] should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick; then came lord treasurer, and said 'he would not be satisfied without I was prebendary of Windsor.'" The queen opposed this arrangement. It may be supposed that she did not wish the author of the Windsor Prophecy to be quite so near her and her mistress of the robes, when she was enjoying the summer recess at her royal castle. The final settlement of this remarkable presentation took place before the end of April, 1713. The whole transaction shows the queen in the full exercise of her functions as head of the church. "I was," says Swift, "this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where the queen was. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen about me. The poor lady [Masham] fell a shedding tears openly; she could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick and leaving England. You know that deanery is in the duke of Ormonde's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and the duke of Ormonde, to make way for me. April 23. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, and the duke of Ormonde is to send over the order for making me dean of St. Patrick."[1]

Many causes of jealousy, in the course of the year 1713, arose, and occasioned irritation in the queen's mind against her brother. Her remorse concerning him only took place

[1] Swift's Journal. Swift soon after left England to take possession of his deanery. It seems the duke of Ormonde was then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. In that era the lords-lieutenant often left their charge, and hastened on any political crisis to London, leaving the vice-royalty *in commission*. Such was then the case.—Toone's Chronology: Anne.

by fits and starts. It was the business of her life to guard those feelings carefully in her own bosom, or only to discuss them, in the restless solitude of her nights, with lady Masham, who slept on the ground on a mattress near her majesty's bed. Her demeanour by day was very different. If ever then she mentioned the chevalier, it was much in the style which her uncle Clarendon recorded with such indignation, when she joined with her women in mockery of her unfortunate father. It is true, such phase of conduct did not last long in her latter days, and after-circumstances proved that she only tampered with her feelings and conscience; yet the following was the result of the close inquiry of a contemporary, who professed to be anxiously curious on the subject. "Whoever knew any thing of the queen's disposition, must believe she had no inclination at all in favour of the Pretender. She was highly and publicly displeased with my lord Bolingbroke, because he was seen under the same roof with that person at the opera, when his lordship was despatched to France upon difficulties in the way of the peace. Her majesty said, [probably at council,] 'that he ought immediately to have withdrawn, on the appearance of the other at the opera;' wherein, to speak with freedom," adds Swift,[1] "her majesty's judgment was not a little mistaken...... At her toilet," he pursues, "among her women, when mention happened to be made of the chevalier, the queen would frequently let fall expressions of such a nature, as made it manifest how little she deserved reproaches of *too* much partiality to him. Indeed, she not unfrequently expressed contempt for the person and concerns of the chevalier, her brother."[2] The duchess of Somerset was the person whom the queen sought to propitiate or please by such expressions.

Her majesty, at the period of the peace, talked much of queen Elizabeth. She had adopted her motto, the far-famed *semper eadem*, which she rather paraded at this particular time. A lady, wishing to know what those Latin words were in English, asked Swift, who replied, "*semper eadem* meant,

[1] Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's late Ministry.—Scott's Swift.
[2] Ibid.

in queen Anne's case, *worse and worse*." It is possible that the political dean meant in health, for he gives ominous hints concerning her majesty's constitution at this period; "the queen growing every day more unwieldy, and the gout and other disorders increasing on her, so that whosoever was about the court for the two last years of her reign might boldly have fixed the period of her life to a very few months, without pretending to prophecy." She left off all exercise whatsoever, insomuch that, like Henry VIII., during her stay at Windsor-castle in the decline of the year 1713, she was, to spare herself the trouble of ascending and descending stairs, lowered from the ceiling of one room into another, by the means of a chair fitted up with pulleys and tackling. It is probable, that the apparatus and contrivances which had been used for the queen's corpulent predecessor still remained at Windsor-castle.

So early in 1713 as July,[1] a report of queen Anne's death had been prevalent in Paris. When it was named by the nuns of Chaillot to Mary Beatrice, the widow of James II., she said, "it was untrue, and that the princess of Denmark [as she called her royal step-daughter] had not been more seriously indisposed than usual, although it was certain that she had grown so enormously fat, that she had not been able to walk a step since the preceding November; and that she had heard that Anne was obliged to be lifted into her coach by a machine, which had been constructed for that purpose." Yet, in the August and September of the same year, she is mentioned by her friend, the duke of Ormonde,[2] as occupied in reviewing troops. Previously, no notices occurred of the queen taking a personal part in any military parade. Such had been the department of her husband, prince George; but after his death, she occasionally reviewed troops, and that at a period of her life when she was oppressed with obesity and infirmity. The queen reviewed her guards, August 1, 1713: what vehicle or station she took for this purpose, the duke of Ormonde does not say. One of her secretaries, Bromley,

[1] Such is the date in the Chaillot manuscript; but it refers to the serious illness of queen Anne at Windsor, in the close of the same year.

[2] Duke of Ormonde to sir Thomas Hanmer, p. 147; Hanmer Correspondence.

wrote a flattering account of her health about a month afterwards, declaring that "the queen was on her legs again, every day in her chaise, and sometimes hunts;" but this information must have been purposely given to mislead the wavering politician sir Thomas Hanmer, as the sole hope of the Jacobites was the duration of Anne's life.

In the midst of alarms which were very general in England concerning the arrival of the Pretender at Bar-le-duc, the duke of Lorraine sent a courteous message to the queen by his envoy, the baron de Fortsner. He begged to know what her ideas were concerning his reception of the young chevalier St. George, as her wishes should be his guide in the whole transaction. The queen's declining health and meditations on the past, had at that juncture caused her to experience one of her transitions of mind to warmth and kindliness towards her hapless brother. Her reply was, (November 1713,) "that the more kindness the court of Lorraine showed to the chevalier St. George, the more her Britannic majesty would consider herself beholden."[1] Although a very haughty public letter had been just sent in the queen's name, (November 6, 1713,) remonstrating with France that the duke of Lorraine should give protection to a young man disputing her Britannic majesty's title, and enclosing the addresses of parliament on the subject, only four days afterwards the soft, kind whispers of a private letter from St. John to Prior added, "This letter will be delivered to you by the baron de Fortsner, who has been twice at the court of our queen with the character of envoy from the duke of Lorraine, who is extremely well with our friends on this side of the water."[2] Her majesty actually, on the 23rd December, 1713, signed a warrant, addressed to Harley earl of Oxford, her lord treasurer, setting forth "that her late royal father had made Lawrence earl of Rochester, Sidney lord Godolphin, &c., trustees for a yearly annuity for the life of his royal consort, now Mary [Beatrice], queen-dowager." Of the vast

[1] Lamberty, Mémoires pour l'Histoire du Siècle. He gives not the date, which we verify from the Torcy correspondence with Prior and Bolingbroke.

[2] Lamberty, Histoire du Siècle, tom. viii.; second edition, collated with Parliamentary History of Queen Anne, p. 106.

arrear of which the unfortunate widow of James II. had been deprived, Anne directed an instalment to be paid to her by Prior; directions being added, that certain sums of the annuity and arrear were to be paid quarterly "during the life of the said queen-dowager, and for so doing this shall be your warrant: given at our court, at Windsor, the 23rd day of December, 1713, in the twelfth year of our reign."[1] Another sum, being a quarter's payment of her annuity, as asserted by the English ministers, was paid to Anne's unfortunate step-mother, but it never reached her hands.

Scarcely was the queen's assent given to the commencement of the payment of the dower of her step-mother, when she was stricken down with illness of the most threatening character. Some circumstances attended this attack, which caused another change in her majesty's manner of speaking in regard to her brother. All those who knew her intimately, dated an alteration in her feelings from this fit of illness, which occurred Christmas 1713. The queen was, moreover, made only too well acquainted with the exultant manner in which the opposition meant to hail her demise, for her death was strongly reported, and some time elapsed before it could be credited in London that the queen was alive and likely to recover. Her enemies had plucked off their masks entirely, and they were perplexed how to fit them on again. Expressions of joy were frequent and loud among the whig party;[2] crowded meetings took place, with great hurryings of coaches and chairs to the earl of Wharton's house; messengers were despatched from Windsor with accounts of the queen's health to the lord treasurer, who was then in town. To check the reports of the queen's death, he sauntered about the whole of the day, and abstained from going to Windsor until his usual time. From his reply to the official report of Dr. Arbuthnot,

[1] See vol. vi., Life of Mary Beatrice; likewise History of the Parliament of Great Britain from the Death of Queen Anne, &c., p. 157, which last mentions *two* instalments paid to Mary Beatrice, while the Chaillot documents allow only *one*. But these payments, although tardy and imperfect acts of honesty, caused Prior and the earl of Oxford to be tried for their lives in the succeeding reign. They pleaded, and successfully proved, that they obeyed the orders of queen Anne, and the parliamentary acts at the peace of Ryswick, never revoked.

[2] Scott's Swift, vol. v. p. 294: Inquiry into Queen's Ministry.

the queen's domestic physician, may be gathered how near unto death was the sovereign at this juncture:[1]—

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

"I return you very many thanks for the exact and particular account you were pleased to give me of her majesty's indisposition; it is of too great importance to all the world not to have a concern for it, and it is my duty to sacrifice every thing I am or have to her service. I verily believe that the rigour and trembling you mention, may be the effect of a sudden cold the queen took; for those shiverings are not unusual on the like occasions, and the east wind makes the cold much more affecting the nerves.

"I have sent my servant with one of your letters, and my chairman with another: neither of the doctors were at home. It is likely they may be vain enough to publish it. Though I trust in God the queen will be well before they come down, yet I think you nor I could have been justified unless they had been sent to. God, who has so often saved the queen and delivered the nation, will, I hope, restore the queen to perfect health, in which prayer none joins more fervently than your most faithful and most humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"P. S.—There is a meeting appointed to-morrow of the lords, and should I go down it would cause great alarm; but I send this messenger belonging to the treasury, and desire you will despatch him quickly back. If there be any occasion, I can come after we return to-morrow."

Endorsed, in a more modern hand,—"Dr. Arbuthnot."

When the cautious policy of the premier permitted him "to go down" to Windsor, he found the immediate danger of death had passed from her majesty; yet serious alarm sat on every countenance, and the account of the confusion and distraction that was round the queen was almost incredible. Lord-treasurer Oxford, when giving this detail to Swift, used these remarkable words:—"Whenever any thing ails the queen, these people are scared out of their wits; and yet they are so thoughtless, that, as soon as she is well, they act as if she were immortal."[2] His auditor remembered these words, and declared that he thought the prime-minister might apply

[1] We have been permitted, by the great courtesy of W. Baillie, esq., of Cavendish-square, to print, from his valuable collection of inedited autograph letters, this among others from Dr. Arbuthnot's papers in his possession. The reader will observe how entirely this letter agrees with the published letters and journals of Swift.

[2] From Swift's remarkable paper, called "An Inquiry into the Queen's Ministry," may be gathered that the tory ministers of queen Anne meant, by means of their influence on the public press, "to write the chevalier de St. George into the public favour again, as his family had been *written down*." Swift declares, that such would have been a work of longer time than the life of Anne could allow. This admission displays the secret springs of the historical literature of the era of the Revolution.

some share of the same blame to himself. The queen's friend or favourite, the duchess of Somerset, by command, received due information of the state of her majesty from Dr. Arbuthnot,[1] and thus expressed her feelings on the occasion:—

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

"Petworth, nine o'clock Friday morning.

"It is with the greatest concern imaginable that I received your letter this morning, with an account of the queen's being ill, and if it were possible for me to reach Windsor this night, I would certainly do it; but as the roads are *now*,[2] and no relays of horses at Guildford, I am afraid I shall not be able to go any further this day, but will set out from thence to-morrow morning very early; and I hope in God I shall find the queen free from any complaint, and in so good a way of recovery, that she will very soon be restored to perfect health. I desire the favour of you to present my most humble duty to her, *and to assure her I will make all the haste I can to wait on her*;[3] for I shall not stay one moment longer here than till my coach is ready, for I am impatient to have the honour of attending on her majesty.

"I am, your humble servant,

"Dr. Arbuthnot." "E. SOMERSET."

"I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time for the work you had to do," writes Swift, "having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor."[4] What disposition the royal mind was in at this time, can only be matter of surmise—perhaps repentance for the past, and fruitless wishes for that species of reparation which was not in her power. Nelson, the nonjuring divine, was certainly at this period personally acquainted with queen Anne, for his contemporaries affirm that he had frequent interviews with her majesty in her closet towards the close of her

[1] Printed from the autograph letter in the collection of W. Baillie, esq., Cavendish-square, with a copy of which we have been favoured.

[2] The letter is without date of month or year, but from this expression we refer it to the queen's violent illness at Christmas 1713, as, at her alarming illness in the beginning of September 1712, the roads must have been as good as they usually were; neither would they be complained of at the time of her fatal seizure at the end of July 1714, which, withal, did not occur at Windsor, but Kensington.

[3] From this passage it may be inferred, that the queen had caused her mistress of the robes to be summoned when in danger of death, as if unwilling to be surrounded by those who were, like Arbuthnot and lady Masham, entirely in her brother's interest. After this illness, another remarkable change occurred in the queen's feelings towards him,—a change which probably took place during her convalescence.

[4] Swift's Correspondence; letter to Bolingbroke, vol. xvi. p. 187.

life. He was regarded with jealousy by the whigs, as one who advocated the cause of her brother's succession.[1] It was, moreover, observed, that her majesty became, during her recovery, pensive and low-spirited, wept frequently, and spent four hours every day by herself in the retirement of her closet at Windsor, either in earnest prayer or in writing.[3] What the queen wrote has not come to light. Her majesty had returned from Windsor to Kensington by May 18th, and from thence went to St. James's to transact business. Swift notes, in his letters, "She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered." The queen's want of moderation in eating made her relapses very frequent; for instance, after being in danger with gout in the head or stomach on Friday, she would, on the Sunday afterwards, devour a whole fowl:[2] and if this was the repast of a patient scarcely convalescent, it may be supposed that her usual meals were too ample for a female who took no exercise and performed no labour. A French authority declares, that the queen's epicurism led her to hold regular councils with her cooks on affairs of the table; but devouring large quantities of food was this queen's propensity, rather than a dainty discrimination regarding its quality.

Queen Anne's perpetual vacillations, between her dread lest her brother should land in England, and her terror lest George of Hanover, or his eldest son, should come to her court to claim place as her heir and successor, produced many inconsistent acts, which puzzle historians into silence, and wholly prevent her biographer from attributing to her any premeditated principle of action. Her intentions, like feathers on a stream, fled from side to side before every gale that blew. The angry parties into which her empire was rent, continued to threaten her with the advent of either one or other object of her alarm, as they became offended with her proceedings. Her majesty's apprehensions rose high enough, in the spring of 1714, to make an appeal to the honourable feelings of her kindred in Hanover. Notwithstanding every temptation from crowds of sycophants, who perfectly besieged the court of

[1] Life of Daniel Defoe, by Wilson, vol. iii. [2] Roger Coke's Detection.
[3] Tindal's Continuation.

Hanover in hopes of being remembered when they came to their inheritance, those princes never attempted to encourage faction by approaching the shores of England. Much has been said of their intentions, but the plain fact of their absence until invited, must outbalance many folios of mere words. The following is the remonstrance which the harassed queen of Great Britain, the day after her return from Windsor, addressed to her aged kinswoman:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE PRINCESS SOPHIA, (DOWAGER-ELECTRESS OF BRUNSWICK).

"MADAM, SISTER, AUNT, "St. James's, May 19, 1714.

"Since the right of succession to my kingdoms has been declared to belong to you and your family, there have always been disaffected persons who, by particular views of their own interest, have entered into measures to fix a prince of your blood in my dominions, even whilst I am yet living. I never thought till now, that this project would have gone so far as to have made the least impression on your mind; but (as I have lately perceived by public rumours, which are industriously spread, that your electoral highness is come into this sentiment) it is important, with respect to the succession of your family, that I should tell you such a proceeding will infallibly draw along with it some consequences that will be dangerous to the succession itself, which is not secure any other ways than as the prince who actually wears the crown maintains her authority and prerogative. There are here—such is our misfortune—a great many people that are seditiously disposed; so I leave you to judge what tumults they may be able to raise, if they should have a pretext to begin a commotion. I persuade myself, therefore, you will never consent that the least thing should be done that may disturb the repose of me or my subjects.

"Open yourself with the same freedom that I do to you, and propose whatever you think may contribute to the security of the succession. I will come into it with zeal, provided that it do not derogate from my dignity, which I am resolved to maintain.

"I am, with a great deal of affection, &c.

Superscribed—"To my Sister and Aunt, Electress-dowager of Brunswick and Lunenburg."[1]

The grandson of the electress, afterwards George II., received from queen Anne, at the same time, this epistle:—

QUEEN ANNE TO GEORGE AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"COUSIN, "Anno 1714.

"An accident which has happened in my lord Paget's family having hindered him from setting forward so soon as he thought to have done, I cannot defer any longer letting you know my thoughts with respect to the design you have of coming into my kingdoms. As the opening of the matter ought to have been *just* to me, so I expected you would not have given ear to it without knowing my thoughts about it. However, this is what I owe to my own dignity, the friendship I have for you and the electoral house to which you belong, and the true desire I have that it may succeed to my kingdoms; and this requires of me that

[1] Printed for John Baker, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster-row, *anno* 1714.

I should tell you nothing can be more dangerous to the tranquillity of my dominions and the right of succession in your line, and consequently more disagreeable to me, than such a proceeding at this juncture. I am, with a great deal of friendship,

"Your very affectionate Cousin."[1]

Superscribed—"To the Duke of Cambridge."

The patronage queen Anne bestowed on Tom D'Urfey, the song-writer of her era, resembled that extended by the sister queens, Mary and Elizabeth, to their dramatic buffoons, Heywood and Tarleton. After her majesty's three o'clock dinner, D'Urfey took his stand by the sideboard at the time of dessert, to repeat political gibes or doggerel ballads, prepared to flatter some of the well-known prejudices of his royal mistress. It is said that D'Urfey received a fee of fifty pounds, for a stave which he compounded soon after queen Anne's refusal to invite the elector of Hanover's son, for the purpose of taking his place as duke of Cambridge in the house of peers. It is added, that the electress Sophia greatly displeased and irritated queen Anne by a saying, which was repeated at the English court, "that she cared not when she died, if on her tomb could be recorded that she was queen of Great Britain and Ireland." Such report pointed the sting of the satirical doggerel so bountifully rewarded by queen Anne:—

"The crown's far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty,
She could not sustain such a trophy;
Her hand, too, already
Has grown so unsteady,
She can't hold a sceptre,—
So Providence kept her
Away, poor old dowager Sophy!"

The audiences queen Anne granted to the facetious D'Urfey must have taken place in some intervals between the meditative and prayerful change of feelings which had taken place in the mind of her majesty during her convalescence in the spring, for the foregoing strain has no savour of edification in it.

Many vague reports of secret interviews between queen Anne and her disinherited brother float through the history of her times; they chiefly arise from the reminiscences of

[1] Printed for John Baker, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster Row, 1714.

Horace Walpole, who had certainly the best means of knowing the truth if he chose to tell it,—a point which is extremely doubtful. He declares that the young prince came *incognito* to England, and was introduced to his sister in her closet, by Harley earl of Oxford and lady Masham, at the very time when the faithful commons were thanked by the queen, in one of her speeches, for putting a price on his head; but Oxford could not have been a party concerned, for he was no more sincere in his Jacobitism than Marlborough himself.[1] Lady Masham was a disinterested partisan, but neither herself nor her royal mistress had power enough, either to effect an interview of such importance, or to keep it from the knowledge of persons interested in the exclusion of the exiled Stuarts. It is affirmed that queen Anne consulted bishop Lloyd, who had assumed the mantle of prophecy, as to what would be the consequence if she invited her brother and presented him to the privy council, as the letters she received from his partisans boldly pressed her to do.[2] "Madam," replied the bishop, "you would be in the Tower in one month, and dead in three." Another edition of this anecdote asserts that Anne ished the idea of resigning her throne to her brother; but no one who has watched her through all the fluctuations of conduct and character, will for one moment doubt that ambition and love of her own consequence were governing traits ot her disposition to the last. The Anne of history, embellished with so many soft and kindly qualities, might have done so; but the Anne who wrote the scandalous series of letters to her sister, was not likely to take any such step. Can we believe but that the presence of a brother she had so deeply and wilfully injured must have been a torture to her? The exclusion from the British throne was the slightest part of the wrongs of the young prince. That measure ought to have been majestically founded on the inconsistency of his religion with the royal functions, not meanly on the calumny regarding his birth; for if he were disposed to continue the sacrifice of earthly grandeur to his religious prejudices, why might he not have been permitted to enjoy, in his retirement, the harm-

[1] Berwick's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 159. [2] Macpherson's State-Papers, vol. ii.

less satisfaction of being a gentleman of unsullied pedigree? Although the slanders on the birth of the son of James II. assuredly originated in the plotting brain of the duchess of Marlborough, it is a curious fact that she never named the expatriated heir excepting by the title of the prince of Wales. Her private letters from Antwerp repeatedly mention him as such, when discussing her hopes and fears relative to the restoration of the house of Stuart, or the confirmation of the election of the house of Brunswick. "As soon as the emperor is forced into peace,"[1] she says, "the prince of Wales is to come into England; and 'tis said, in France, that queen Anne will consent to it. Perhaps she is not yet acquainted with *that* part of it; but, however, when things are prepared for it, there can be no great difficulty in that, nor no great matter *whether* the queen likes it or not."[2] A tolerably good proof is here that queen Anne had never seen her brother, or intended so to do if she could help it; for though the most lively hatred subsisted between her and her once-loved favourite, yet the latter knew well every turn and feeling in the mind of her mistress, and doubts are here expressed as to whether the queen would like the restoration of her brother. "I never," writes the duchess, "was much concerned for the disappointment of the *honest people*, [Jacobites,] concerning the words in the proclamation if the prince of Wales landed. It appears to me, that the great struggle the ministers made to have that *matter left to her majesty's own time*, and then the queen answering *that she did not think it necessary*, must needs help to convince men, that whenever the prince does really land, whatever are the proclamations[3] on either side, those that conquer will do as they please."

About this time great dissensions arose between the queen and the earl of Oxford, which were clearly attributable to lady Masham, who had discovered that her cousin did not mean to aid in the restoration of the queen's brother. As the founder

[1] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i.

[2] Duchess of Marlborough to Mrs. Clayton, April 1714.—Coxe.

[3] There was a proclamation for the head of James at this period,—the spring of 1714.

of the South-Sea fund,[1] which James Stuart would not guarantee, the premier was perforce his opponent.

[1] The difficulties of presenting a clear idea of what this fund really was, are almost insurmountable, owing to the intentional mystifications of the Mammonite party who founded it. Indeed, its origin was too infamous to have any great light cast on it at that era. Notwithstanding the enormous taxation in the reigns of William and Mary and Anne, throughout their sanguinary wars, the wretched common soldiers and sailors *had never been paid*, excepting by tickets bearing *interest*. These tickets the poor creatures sold at *half price* to usurers, (being the Jews, who had actively pursued their favourite occupation since Cromwell had invited them into England). Thus there was a floating debt due to the Jew usurers, in 1710, of ten millions, the price of the miserable sailors' limbs and lives, paid by Harley from a fictitious fund formed by the government: there were, moreover, twenty-five millions more due. The usurers were allowed their stock of tickets, (on which was added the interest and compound interest,) at 60*l.* for every 100*l.* of stock. The fund was proposed to be paid off by a monopoly of British trade to Peru and Mexico, always very enticing to English speculators. The golden trade of the Spanish Main was peculiarly liable to stock-jobbing puffery: hence the enormous fluctuations. Spain was, however, not then in her present helpless state, and the stock-jobbing public had bought the bear-skin of the cunning ministry before the bear was killed. The navy of England was in a state of hollow insufficiency, which may be guessed by the origin of this fund. The first ships sent to realize this South-Sea, or rather Spanish-Main trade, were taken by the Spaniards for want of convoys. Nevertheless, by the public press the South-Sea stock was puffed up higher and higher, even in the reign of Anne. The duke of Marlborough had by some means 100,000*l.* in it. All the cunning courtiers behind the scenes sold in time, and were not hurt by the crash that took place in the reign of George I., in the disastrous years of 1720-1. The public ought especially to note, that the monarchs of the house of Hanover, although they have borne the blame of this iniquity, were innocent of its original construction. The guilt belongs to the Mammonite party, who took advantage of the rapacity of William III. to encourage him in debt and taxation for their own advantage; likewise to the whig ministry of queen Anne. Smollett and Macpherson's History of Great Britain furnish the authorities for this note. Cunningham, the whig panegyrist of William III., an actual contemporary, is still more severe in his remarks regarding the navy tickets, and the disgraceful state of the navy; for which, see his History of Great Britain.

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Vacillation of queen Anne's mind and affections concerning her brother—She again sets a price on his head—Her extraordinary conduct at council—Appoints lord Marr one of her ministers—Queen's healthful appearance when she dissolves parliament—Her personal antipathy to lord Oxford—Her complaints of his disrespectful behaviour—She dismisses him—Kept up till two in the morning at a stormy council—Is carried from it swooning—Her prognostication that the dissensions would be fatal to her—Sudden illness of the queen while looking at the clock—She is delirious—Raves of her brother—Deplorable state next morning—Her recovery doubted—Privy council consult on her state—Her death predicted by Dr. Mead—The queen recovers her senses—Names the duke of Shrewsbury prime-minister—Her agonies of mind afterwards—Cries on her brother's name incessantly—Gives some mysterious charge to the bishop of London—The black bag opened containing the act of succession—Tidings of the queen's state despatched to Hanover—She is prayed for at St. Paul's—Jacobite council held during the night of her death-agony—Queen Anne expires, August 1, 1714—Peaceful proclamation of George I.—Preparation of the royal chapel for the queen's burial—Conflicting statements on her character and conduct—Elegies—Malignant summary of her character by the duchess of Marlborough—Flattering summary of her character by the same pen—Slandered by Horace Walpole—Queen Anne's funeral—Interment of her father in 1813—Conclusion.

One day, in the middle of June 1714, when the council met, the queen, without giving any one time to speak, said that she had resolved on a proclamation, which she caused to be read, and then went out, before her council could offer comment or advice; thus making it entirely her own act.[1] The proclamation was carried into effect, June 23rd, setting a price of 5000*l.* "for the apprehension of the Pretender, dead or alive, if he were found in Great Britain or Ireland." Both Oxford and Bolingbroke professed utter ignorance of it, and intense astonishment, withal, at her majesty's manner of bringing it to pass; they declared it to be a measure that emanated entirely from herself. Even those who record the queen's con-

[1] Carte's Memorandum-Book, 1714.

duct, fancy that there was something mysterious in the whole, and that, in spite of all appearances, it was against her majesty's real inclinations. Very limited is the knowledge of human nature shown by those who argue thus; double-minded the queen had been from her youth upwards, and Divine Wisdom has pronounced that such persons "are unstable in all their ways." It was her punishment to feel the fierce conflicts of terror and remorse, which deprived her of all decision in her actions. The course that conscience dictated to her imperatively one day, was crossed by her fears the next. Thus did Anne wear out the short remnant of her existence in the convulsive throes of self-contradiction. At times, which were very fresh in the memories of those who saw her set a price on her brother's life, when any injurious measure had been debated against him in council, the queen had been known to burst into tears, and then the assembly broke up in the utmost confusion.[1]

The queen had probably made a private compromise with the whigs, that if they did not insist on bringing the heir of Hanover to England, she would proscribe her brother. On the other side, it is said that, on a former occasion, she appeared horror-struck when the profligate earl of Wharton proposed to add to the mention of the reward for the apprehension of the Pretender the homicidal words, "whether he be dead or alive." These instances illustrate the state of pitiable indecision that agonized the mind of the declining queen. Let not the perpetual tissue of contradictions, which these pages must present regarding the conduct of queen Anne, raise doubts of the authenticity of the actions detailed. Such contradictions are the natural results of a will and conscience suffering internal war. The conscience of the queen, doubtless, was fully convicted of all her trespasses against her father, his wife, and her unoffending brother. On the other side, must not the same conscience have addressed to her awful whispers of such truths as these? "Wretch! you have urged the religion of your country as the excuse for all these slanders, this deceit, and for the bloodshed that has been the

[1] Tindal's Continuation, vol. x. p. 243.

result; yet will you, when your turn of personal aggrandizement is served, and your dying hand can grasp the sceptre no more, deliver it to a *Roman-catholic, who, being such, can have no will of his own in religious government?* Wherefore, then, was your father, the great colonizing, naval, and financial king, driven forth, scathed with your slanders respecting the birth of his boy? Why did you not suffer him to remain and leave the sceptre to his heir, unencumbered with millions of debt, and unstained with the blood of thousands of his subjects, who, instead of being slaughtered on the scaffolds of your sister, or in useless continental wars, would have extended his colonies, and cultivated commerce and the arts of peace? Let your country at least retain what she has bought at such cost; namely, all the privileges of her established church which the Revolution has left her." Who can doubt that the meditations of queen Anne were according to this tenour? and who can blame her that she ultimately acted in obedience to them? Yet the natural yearnings of her heart forced her into many contradictory proceedings in favour of her brother, being occasionally swayed in his behalf by those officials who were immediately about her person, as Masham and Arbuthnot, his warm though humble friends.

Sophia, electress of Hanover, died on the birthday of the chevalier St. George, June 10, 1714. She died in displeasure with queen Anne. The ambitious words attributed to this princess are inconsistent, it must be owned, with the extreme moderation and justice of her character. Some of the friends of the electress[1] declare that she died a few minutes after reading queen Anne's angry letter, which is quoted as the death-blow of the electress; but that illustrious lady had experienced too many changes of capricious fortune in her youth, to be slain with a few diplomatic words.

Scarcely had the Jacobite party recovered from the consternation that the queen's proscription of her exiled brother had induced, when a new turn of her humour amazed all people. The earl of Marr, who had fought very bravely in the Marlborough continental wars, was presented to the queen

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

on his marriage with lady Frances Pierrepoint, (sister to the famous lady Mary Wortley Montague). The queen distinguished this noble very graciously, and he was soon on terms of very confidential intercourse with her majesty, and appointed one of her ministers of state. Lord Marr, it will be remembered, was afterwards the leader of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715. A particular circumstance proved that he and queen Anne discussed Jacobite politics in their conferences. The whigs had made a symbol to designate their party, similar to the white harts of Richard II., the swans of the son of Henry VI., or the red and white roses of York and Lancaster. The whig badge was a miniature brass *fusee*,[1] about two inches in length, which was worn at the waistcoat breast; but some were in gold, some in silver, according to the rank of the partisan. "A friend of mine being let into the secret, acquainted me thereof, and brought me three," says Lockhart,[2] "one of which was given to the queen by lord Marr." But her majesty seemed to wish to ascertain precisely whether the whig party would own and respond to this symbol; for this purpose Lockhart and Marr agreed upon a scheme, which was forthwith communicated to her majesty. Lockhart tied the little fusee, or fusil, with a ribbon to his button-hole, walked into the house of commons, and took his seat by sir Robert Pollock, a stanch west-country whig member. Presently Lockhart manœuvred the whig badge, so that his fellow senator took a full view of it. Sir Robert Pollock was, although of different politics, Lockhart's near kinsman and personal friend; he eyed the party symbol with no little consternation, and his cousin took a mischievous pleasure in coquetting with this toy. When Pollock looked at it, he affected to conceal it; till at last the whig member asked him angrily, "What the de'il he meant? and whether he was in jest or earnest?" Lockhart pretended not to know what he was talking about. Pollock then asked, "If he was come over to them?"—"You have no reason to doubt," said the

[1] Probably a fusil, but in obsolete warfare there is something with the same name pertaining to the grenade.

[2] Lockhart Papers, vol. i. pp. 462, 463. Lockhart was member for Edinburgh, and, as such, sat in the united parliament at Westminster.

Jacobite member, "seeing I carry the mark of the beast."—"Well," replied sir Robert Pollock, "I don't know what to make of you; but either our secrets are discovered, or you're a convert." Lockhart answered, "That he had not hit it yet; he would leave him to guess which was the case." But afterwards, sir Robert Pollock never saw him without urging him to tell him "how he had got that toy? for he had reason to believe these badges would not have fallen into such hands."—"In discoursing with him," continues Lockhart, "at divers times on the subject, I found the account I had of its being designed as a mark of faction was very well grounded." He supposes that it was connected with some insurrectionary rising likely to be attended with extensive slaughter; and as he communicated this supposition to the declining queen, marking its connexion with the nightly deeds of the furious Mohawk-club, and that named, from its *reputable* components, "the Hellfire-club," her vacillations were not likely to be settled into any decided course of action against a party, whose intentions were of this ferocious nature. The former badge of the Orange party was a little pewter warming-pan, such as are occasionally sold at country fairs for the cost of a farthing.

While the whole country were dreading, or hoping, that the queen would take some decided step for the restoration of her brother, (all the tories being then deemed Jacobites,) the Hanoverian tories joined the whigs, and by majorities in the house of commons[1] proceeded to reiterate the queen's personal orders in council by setting a price on the head of James Stuart, talking, at the same time, of inviting the hereditary prince of Hanover over to England, as the first peer of the blood-royal, to take his seat as duke of Cambridge. Exasperated at these proceedings, the real Jacobite party in the house of commons, which amounted to about a third, formed themselves into what was called, in the diplomatic language of the day, a *squadrone volante;* and, as they could not command a majority, they came to a resolution to join

[1] They acted in concert with the whigs, June 21, 1714, voting a reward of 100*l.* for the apprehension of James Stuart, assuming to be James III.

with any party, so as to out-vote the ministry and stop the wheels of government. This is not an uncommon manœuvre at the present day, and a dissolution of parliament is the usual remedy,—a measure that would, at the crisis of the queen's demise, have proved very advantageous for the Jacobites, because there would have been no responsible head of government, and party spirit, becoming terrific during the election of new members of parliament, would have flamed out into a civil war. The clue of the intrigues of this important epoch is furnished by the head of the Jacobite *squadrone volante*, the then member for Edinburgh, Lockhart of Carnwath. This gentleman's historical narrative of the scenes in which he was a principal actor, presents the only intelligible narrative we ever met with of this extraordinary juncture: he speaks in many instances with the vivacity natural to a party concerned.

"About ten days after the Jacobites had out-voted the ministry," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "the lord Bolingbroke sent for me very early one morning; and I no sooner entered his room than he asked me, with an adjuration, 'what moved me and so many *honest gentlemen* [Jacobites] to act so unaccountable a part?' I answered, 'that if his lordship and his friends would give a tolerable reason for their conduct of late, we could do the like, I believed.' He said, 'what had passed was unavoidable in the present state of affairs, and was, moreover, to be attributed to lord Oxford; but his business was done, and he would soon be laid aside. But it was not advisable to turn him out and his partisans while the present parliament sat, for his lordship would join the whigs and make a terrible bustle and clamour in parliament; whereas, if parliament was prorogued, there was no power to thwart or interfere with the queen, who would be at liberty to do what she pleased.' Bolingbroke then threw out many hints that the restoration of her brother was the first wish of the queen's heart, which would be thwarted if Lockhart, Shippen, Packington, and other leaders of the *squadrone volante* in the house of commons, stopped the wheels of state-business. 'Is it not,' continued the orator, [Bolingbroke,] 'better to take

my word, and follow my advice at once, than run the risk of baffling the queen's designs, when it is a certain truth that they are such as will be agreeable to you?'"

The queen, meantime, witnessed privately the discussions in parliament, and by her presence apparently formed some barrier to the furious effervescence of party hate. "Yesterday they were all in flame in the house of lords about the queen's answer, till her majesty came in and put an end to it."[1] History has not noted this custom of the monarchs of the seventeenth century. Charles II. often witnessed, as a private individual, the debates in parliament: he said they were entertaining as any comedy. William III. spent much of his time there; his entrances are always noted in the MS. journals of the house of lords. Queen Anne almost lived in the house of lords while it sat in session: she witnessed a debate within three weeks of her mortal attack. Her majesty came in the hopes that her presence might induce them to keep the peace. More than once, however, it happened that the name of the disinherited prince, her brother, was introduced by some Jacobite member into his speech; on which a stormy discussion took place. Order, etiquette, and even decency were forgotten by the speakers, and observations so pointed and personal were made, that her majesty, perceiving all eyes were turned on her box, became painfully embarrassed, and hastily drew the curtains with her own royal hand, to conceal her confusion. Her father's widow, Mary Beatrice, related this incident.[2]

"In a few days," pursues Lockhart, "the money-bills and other affairs of moment being dispatched, the parliament was prorogued, July 7, 1714; on which occasion the queen came to the house, looked extremely well, and spoke to both houses more brisk and resolute than on other the like occasions, acquainting them 'that she was determined to call them to-

[1] Letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, dated July 10, 1714.—Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 140.

[2] MS. Memorials of the Queen of James II., in the archives of France; by favour of M. Guizot. A similar incident has been quoted in regard to a speech of lord Strafford, when he was her secretary of state; such was likely to occur frequently, as the queen was so often witness of debates.

gether before it was long.'"[1] It must be remembered that the queen's maladies proceeded from plethora, aggravated by habits which render such tendencies fatal to those who enjoy their ease overmuch. The queen had too much to drink, too much to eat, too little to do; and these causes coloured her complexion with a semblance of health and strength, far more dangerous than the wan hue of less perilous disease: hence the mistaken report of "good queen Anne's good looks," as recorded by her historian-senator, Lockhart of Carnwath. In her accustomed thrilling sweetness of voice, "she thanked her assembled peers and commons for the supplies they had given her for the current year, *and for discharging the national debts.*"[2] She added, "that her chief concern was to preserve to them and to their posterity their holy religion, the liberty of her subjects, and to secure the present and future tranquillity of her kingdoms; but these desirable ends could never be obtained unless all groundless jealousies were laid aside, and unless they paid the same regard for her just prerogative which she had always showed for the rights of her people." Her majesty then prorogued her parliament until the 10th of August,—a day she never saw.

Lockhart pursues,[3] "About an hour after this, I met general Stanhope, walking all alone and very humdrum, in Westminster-hall. I asked him, 'What was the matter with him? for he seemed to be out of humour, when every other body was rejoiced at being able to get into the country.' He answered, 'that all true Britons had reason to be out of humour.' I replied, 'that I thought myself a Briton true, and yet was in a very good humour.'—'Why,' said he, 'then it seems you have not considered the queen's speech?'—'Yes I have,' replied Lockhart; 'and I was pleased with it, for I think she spoke like herself.'—'That's true enough,' said Stanhope; 'for, from what she said, I consider our liberties as gone.'—'I wish, with all my soul, it were so,' retorted Lockhart. 'How!' exclaimed Stanhope, 'do you declare

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath Papers, vol. i. p. 478.

[2] Which discharge consisted in funding an alarming increase of it. See Toone's abstract of Acts of Anne; Chronology, vol. i. p. 432.

[3] Lockhart of Carnwath Papers, vol. i. p. 479.

openly for your Pretender?'—'The Pretender?' said Lockhart; 'I was not thinking of him. But as you Englishmen have made slaves of us Scots, I *would* [should] be glad to see ye reduced to the same state, which would make our union more complete and equal.'—'Well, well!' cried Stanhope, ''tis no jest. You'll get your Pretender; and you'll repent it, I answer, ere long!' and with that the gentleman went off in a prodigious fury."[1] It must have been the queen's mention of prerogative that incensed the whig-general Stanhope, and exhilarated Lockhart.

The queen had, it was supposed, dissolved parliament so unusually early as the 7th of July, (o.s.) in order to prevent any discussions on the arrival of the baron de Bothmar, who was expected from Hanover to announce the death of the electress Sophia, at her palace of Herenhausen, the preceding 10th of June. German statesmen are proverbially as slow as those of Spain, and it appears that Bothmar did not arrive with his credentials until July 25. A general mourning was, as a matter of course, ordered for her majesty's illustrious kinswoman, Anne herself complying with the injunction that had been issued in her name for all people to put on suitable mourning. The substitution of the elector's name in the Common Prayer-book, in the place of that of his mother, as heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, caused the queen great agitation.

Anne's resolution of displacing Harley earl of Oxford from his dignity as lord treasurer, appears to have been fully made at this time, but she found that no insult could induce him to quit office. "The *dragon* holds *the little machine* [the treasurer's white staff] with a dead gripe," wrote Arbuthnot. "I would no more have suffered what he has done, than I would have sold myself to the galleys." Lady Masham huffed her cousin whenever he dined with her, which he usually did, and in company with his enemy, St. John lord Bolingbroke, not as her guest, but at the board of greencloth. On one of these occasions she taunted him by saying, "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of

[1] Lockhart of Carnwath Papers, vol. i. p. 481.

doing her any." This was as late as July 14, when it was found that nothing could induce "the dragon," as they called lord Oxford, to resign. The queen,—to whom he was personally obnoxious, as he had given her some unknown but mortal offence in his fits of intoxication,—imparted to the lords of her cabinet council the following extraordinary list of reasons for dismissing her lord treasurer: some of his delinquencies would have seemed more fitting for the discharge of an ill-conducted footman. Her majesty affirmed, "'that he neglected all business,—was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved to her with bad manners, *indecency*, [indecorum,] and disrespect.' The stick [white staff] is still in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning."[1] This letter was dated July 27th, 1714; it was written by one of Bolingbroke's under-secretaries of state. The blow was indeed given, but it was the death-blow to the queen. Her majesty was then at Kensington-palace, where she always sojourned, and held council when detained to transact business in the middle of the summer. She had, in the preceding June, been better in health than usual: her spirits had been cheered by passing the schism bill, which she deemed would add to the prosperity of the church, although it was feared by others that the bill would occasion some persecutions against the dissenters.[2]

The queen had visited Windsor in the beginning of July, but having been taken ill there, had returned to Kensington, in hopes of putting an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley, lord treasurer, and Bolingbroke, the secretary of state, by dismissing the former: she had frequently exclaimed, in

[1] Letter of Erasmus Lewis to Swift, dated Whitehall, July 27, 1714.—Scott's Swift, vol. ix. p. 166.

[2] See the Life of Calamy, vol. ii., who bitterly complains of it. It seems never to have been acted on; it was another edition of the 'occasional conformity bill,' the animus of which was, to prevent dissenters from qualifying themselves to legislate for our church by taking the sacramental test.

the course of the session, "that the perpetual contention of which her cabinet council was the scene, would cause her death;" therefore she determined to bring matters to a crisis on Tuesday, the 27th of July. Her majesty wrote a note to the earl of Oxford on the morning of that day, telling him "she was willing to receive the resignation of his charge." The earl ran to speak with the queen, who was at first denied to him, but he was admitted two hours later: he only stayed with her majesty one quarter of an hour. He then went to the treasury, made his payments and arrangements, and, at eight in the evening of the same day, returned to the queen, into whose hands he finally surrendered his white staff.[1] The adventures of this eventful day had not concluded; later in the evening a cabinet council was held, (after the earl of Oxford had resigned his staff, consequently about nine o'clock,) to consult what persons were to be named in the commission, into which the office of the lord treasurer or prime-minister was to be put, for every one of the Jacobite party shrank from its sole responsibility. Sir William Wyndham offered to be one of the five commissioners,—he was just appointed chancellor of the exchequer. None of the council could agree as to the other four partners. The chief Jacobites in the queen's cabinet council may be reckoned as lord Harcourt, the duke of Ormonde, sir William Wyndham, the duke of Buckingham, and the duke of Shrewsbury; but the last is doubtful. However this might be, the partisans of the displaced premier kept the invalid queen sitting at council until two in the morning,

[1] Lamberty's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18^{me} Siècle, second edition, vol. viii. p. 657. Somerville declares that the scene of Harley's dismissal took place at Windsor; but this is inconsistent with the circumstantial detail the author has translated from the French letter of Lamberty, which describes the comings and goings of Harley earl of Oxford from the treasury to the queen at Kensington. The fact is, Somerville had not the advantages of Lamberty, who was staying at the Hague with baron de Hiems, the Hanoverian minister there, *and had access to the despatch of baron de Hoffman*, the emperor's minister in England, brought from London by Craggs, who had been sent by the privy council to the elector of Hanover. Somerville has been deceived by the assertion of Erasmus Lewis, in the Swift Correspondence, dated July 22, who says, "Next Tuesday the queen goes to Windsor;" but on that day she certainly received the white staff at Kensington, according to Lamberty's detail, which he had direct from Craggs and the Hanoverian minister.

while they were raging at the Jacobite faction in the most frightful manner: the scene was only terminated by the violent agitation of the queen, who complained of the disorder of her head, and finally sank into a deep swoon from utter exhaustion. Nothing was settled, and her majesty was carried to bed seriously ill:[1] she wept the live-long night, without once closing her eyes.[2]

Another council was called for the 28th of July, with as little success in regard to any settled determination: it was again broken up by the illness of the queen, and consequently was prorogued until the 29th of July.[3] The queen declared to her physicians that her indisposition was occasioned by the trouble of mind which the disputes of her ministers gave her, and made use of these words to Dr. Arbuthnot,—"I shall never survive it." Her majesty was observed to be unusually silent and reserved at these two remarkable councils, probably from an utter incapacity for utterance.

Lady Masham became apprehensive that her royal mistress was on the verge of an illness far more alarming than any of the numerous attacks through which she had previously nursed her. In her alarm, she wrote the result of her observations on the queen's uneasiness of mind and body to dean Swift, the only politician at that crisis to whom she attributed energy and decision of character. Swift had been about the court the whole summer, soliciting the place of "historiographer to the queen," for the purpose of writing the history of the peace of Utrecht.[4] Her majesty, or her ministers, had given the office to the learned Madox,[5] a person whose heart and soul were buried among the dusty records of the Plantagenets,—

[1] Swift's original note, signed H., to Erasmus Lewis's letter. It coincides with Lamberty's foregoing letter. It is the old edition of Swift.

[2] Lamberty, vol. viii. p. 657.

[3] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c.: 1716.

[4] A great mistake, for he lived a century too near the time: he could not have published the gist of his documents. For instance, the Torcy Despatches we have just quoted would have caused many impeachments. Swift was then staying at the village of Letcombe, to keep out of the quarrels of his two friends, Harley earl of Oxford, and Bolingbroke.

[5] To whose learned researches, as historian of the Exchequer, the earlier biographies in this work have been peculiarly indebted. Madox troubled himself nought with the peace of Utrecht, or such moderns as Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs.

studies much more convenient than stirring up the yet glowing embers of a ratification which might have been called a cessation from bloodshed rather than a peace, so replete was its very name with the elements of strife, a peculiarity which it retains to this day. The stormy transition from sanguinary warfare to such peace as the treaty of Utrecht gave, was even then rudely shaking the sands of the queen's precarious existence. "I was," said lady Masham[1] to Swift, "resolved to stay till I could tell you that our queen had got so far the better of the *dragon*, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have much time now to write all my mind, for my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the lord treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was vexing and teasing her without intermission: she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last, (July 27th). I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, 'I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise with you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.' That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice, (if that wretched man [Oxford] had had sense and honesty to have taken it,) I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your charity and compassion for this *poor lady*, [the queen,] who has been barbarously used, will not let you do it. I know you take great delight to help the distressed, and there cannot be a greater object than this *good lady*, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here, and do not believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise every body's understanding but one's own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to *her*, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it."

At the very moment when the compassion of one of the mightiest minds in her empire was thus claimed for queen

[1] The letter is in the Swift Correspondence, dated July 29.—Scott's Swift, vol. ix. p. 168. Harley is called the dragon, and lord treasurer, in it.

Anne by her confidential attendant, the destiny deprecated for her majesty was near at hand. Two councils having been interrupted by the violent illness of the queen, the decisive one was delayed until the evening of the 29th of July, (Thursday). The anticipation of another agitating and protracted scene of altercation between the unmannerly worldlings, who, although they styled themselves her servants, not only violated the respect due to her as their sovereign, but conducted themselves with the most cruel disregard of her feelings as a lady and her weakness as an invalid, was of course most distressing to the poor sufferer, who was sinking prematurely to the grave beneath the weight of the crown she had sinfully coveted, and, for her own punishment, obtained. Worn out as she was with sickness of mind and body, Anne had not completed her fiftieth year. When the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet these trusty lords of her council drew near, Mrs. Danvers, the oldest, and probably the most attached lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington-palace, saw, to her surprise, her majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently upon it.[1] Mrs. Danvers[2] was alarmed and perplexed by the sight, as her majesty was seldom able to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed queen Anne who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed through the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked "whether her majesty saw any thing unusual there, in the clock?" The queen answered not, yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woful and ghastly a regard, that, as this person afterwards affirmed, "she saw death in the look."[3] Assistance was summoned by the cries of the terrified atten-

[1] Tindal affirms that the clock-scene took place on Thursday morning, (*29th of July*,) at eight o'clock. Yet no such serious alarm of imminent danger *could* have occurred then, as is plainly to be ascertained by lady Masham's letter to Swift, dated on the 29th; just quoted, p. 522.

[2] Said by Tindal to be Mrs. Danvers; by the Amsterdam Life, to be her daughter.

[3] Tindal, in his Continuation of Rapin, Barnard, in his History of England, and La Vie d'Anne Stuart, all mentioned this clock-scene, but all speak of it as occurring in the morning of the 29th of July. The letter of lady Masham sufficiently contradicts this assertion. Lamberty alone mentions it as happening in the *evening* of the 29th.

dant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed, from whence she never rose again. It appears that her dread of a third stormy council had caused her illness. "Her majesty was taken," says Lamberty, "on the evening of the 29th of July, with a burning fever. Her brain was affected, and she murmured all night, at intervals, words relative to 'the Pretender,' without cessation."

There can be no doubt that this peculiar bias of the queen's mind occasioned her illness to be concealed for several hours in the recesses of the royal apartments of her palace at Kensington. Dr. Arbuthnot and lady Masham dared not make her majesty's state so public, as to induce a general consultation of the royal physicians, lest one of them, doctor Mead, (a politician in the whig interest,) should hear the poor queen uttering "the perilous stuff" that weighed so heavily on her breast. Yet there was a medical consultation held, in the middle of that important night, by Dr. Arbuthnot and such physicians as were in ordinary attendance on her majesty, being Dr. Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Hans Sloane, Dr. Shadwell, and Dr. sir David Hamilton, (the same person whose very remarkable correspondence with the duchess of Marlborough has been previously quoted).[1] It was agreed that her majesty ought to be cupped, which was accordingly done, in the presence of lady Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, about two in the morning of July 30. Eight ounces of blood, very thick, were taken from her; she was relieved from her worst symptoms, but it was observed that her eyes looked dull and heavy.[2] Severe indications of indigestion occurred; indeed, the common traditional report that the death of "good queen Anne" was occasioned by her eating a vast quantity of black-heart cherries, was, perhaps, not altogether unfounded. Towards morning the queen fell asleep: it is said she rose at her accus-

[1] From the inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

[2] La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c.; 1716, Amsterdam, p. 447. This biography has preserved several links in the chain of the last eventful days of the life of Anne, entirely lost in her native annals; but, in common with several English histories, it calls Friday, July 29, which was not the case, for it is widely known that the accession of George I. took place Sunday morning, August 1, 1714.

tomed hour of seven in the morning, and was attired and combed by her women; but such an alarming relapse occurred at half-past eight, that Dr. Arbuthnot was forced to make her malady public, for he could not have recourse to the lancet without more authority, and he considered the royal patient was suffering under an access of apoplexy. When Mr. Dickens, the queen's apothecary, had taken ten ounces of blood from her majesty's arm, a sound was heard of some one falling heavily. The queen was sufficiently recovered to ask, "What that noise was?" Her attendants answered, "It was lady Masham, who had swooned from grief and exhaustion." It was judged proper to carry lady Masham for recovery from the royal apartments, and the bustle of removing her, together with the incident itself, was supposed greatly to alarm and hurry the queen.[1]

Her majesty experienced a third terrible seizure of pain and weight in the head just before ten o'clock the same morning, and every one around her believed that her death would be immediate. There is reason to suppose that the duchess of Ormonde had, in the late violent changes, succeeded to the functions of the duchess of Somerset, the queen's principal lady and mistress of the robes. Terrified at the state of her royal mistress, the duchess of Ormonde sent an account of it to her husband, who was then at the Cockpit, the official seat of government, endeavouring to arrange the jarring and broken cabinet council, of which he seems to have been president.[2] The news flew like fire over London, and the influential whig magnates, the dukes of Somerset and Argyle, forced their way into the assembling privy council, and insisted on taking their places therein. From that moment they swayed every thing, for the displaced premier, the earl of Oxford, had sent a private circular to every whig lord in or near London who had ever belonged to the privy council,[3] warning them to come and make a struggle for

[1] La Vie d'Anne Stuart: 1716, Amsterdam.

[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. ii. p. 370.

[3] Here we resume the narrative of Lamberty, whose evidence is confirmed on every side by eye-witnesses, *who dared not boldly say* what he said safely in a foreign land. His former position in England, (as an official in William III.'s

the Protestant succession. There is no doubt that Oxford had had immediate notice of the queen's mortal seizure on the preceding evening.

Dr. Mead's hopes made him bold in pronouncing the truth. No one about the dying queen chose to believe him; upon which he demanded "that those who were really in favour of the Protestant succession in the royal household should send a memorial of her majesty's symptoms to the elector of Hanover's physicians, who would soon pronounce how long Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, had to live; but he staked his professional credit that her majesty would be no more, long before such intelligence could be received." It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George I. The queen's demise in one hour was confidently predicted by her whig doctor.[1] He was often taunted afterwards with the chagrin his countenance expressed, when the royal patient, on being again blooded, recovered her speech and senses. Lord Bolingbroke went to her, and told her the privy council were of opinion it would be for the public service if the duke of Shrewsbury were made lord treasurer. The queen immediately consented. But the duke refused to accept the staff, unless the queen herself placed it in his hand. He approached her bed, and asked her "If she knew to whom she gave the white wand?"—"Yes," the queen replied; "to the duke of Shrewsbury." History adds, that when the dying sovereign placed it in his hands she added, "For God's sake use it for the good of my people!"[2]—a speech perfectly consistent with Anne's conduct as regnant, because, whatsoever wrong she practised before her accession, she was a most

cabinets,) and his acquaintance personally with all parties, rendered it not easy to deceive him. This excellent authority has been feebly impugned by Cole, because "making queen Anne *grieve for her brother on her death-bed, was disrespectful to the memory of that illustrious princess.*" This objector to documents which did not hit his fancy, was not the learned historical antiquarian, Thomas Cole, (as usually supposed,) but the envoy Christian Cole, whose intellect is much on the grade of that of lord Noodle, in the burletta of Tom Thumb.

[1] Bio. Brit.

[2] Lamberty's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8me Siècle, tome viii. p. 657, second edition; Brit. Museum.

beneficent and loving sovereign to her people, who have reason to bless her name to this hour.

Queen Anne retained sufficient intelligence to be conscious that the duke of Shrewsbury, then invested by her act with the power of prime-minister, in addition to his mighty functions of lord high-chamberlain and lord-lieutenant of Ireland, must, perforce, act according to the parliamentary settlement in favour of her distant kinsman, the elector of Hanover. Having thus performed her duty as queen, all the duties she had outraged in her early career to obtain the crown overwhelmed her conscience, and rendered her death-bed comfortless. When her mind wandered, she began to utter in a piteous tone, "Oh, my brother! oh, my poor brother!"[1] The bishop of London stood by her bedside, contemplating this awful termination of the successful fruition of ambition. He was the same prelate who had assisted her in giving peace to Europe, and had been advanced to the see of London on the miserable death of the queen's former tutor, the aged Henry Compton.[2] The nature of the injunctions given by the dying sovereign to Robinson, bishop of London, after the long private conference, in which she is said (in compliance with the recommendation in the rubric for the Visitation of the Sick) to have disburthened her mind of the weighty matter that troubled her departing spirit, was surmised from his emphatic rejoinder, as he left her bedside, "Madam, I will obey your commands. I will declare your mind, but it will cost me my head." The words were heard by the duchess of Ormonde; at the same time the queen said, "She would receive the sacrament the next day."[3] Whatsoever was done by the bishop of London it is impossible to say, but probability points

[1] Lamberty's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8^{me} Siècle, tome viii. p. 657, second edition; Brit. Museum.

[2] This prelate, who lived to be eighty-four, met with a dreadful accident. He fell backwards from the top of a high flight of stairs, which he was ascending without the assistance proper at his great age. He hurt the back of his head, and was taken up for dead, but revived, and, according to the cruel jest of Swift, was "as sensible as ever." He lingered in misery a few weeks, and died in the beginning of the year 1713. Tindal. Swift.

[3] MS. Memorandum-Book, preserved in the Bodleian library, copied by Macpherson in the Stuart Papers. The particulars agree wonderfully well with the important document of the whig statesman, Lamberty.

at the fact, that the royal wish was delivered to the duke of Ormonde, the commander of the army.

The queen, when the bishop had withdrawn, fell again into her delirious agony, and she reiterated unceasingly her former exclamations of, "Oh, my brother! my dear brother! what will become of you?" Something within her mind stronger than delirium must have whispered that her recently given commands would be useless. Little did the queen anticipate when, as the princess Anne in 1688, she was eagerly employed in casting the well-known stigma on the birth of her brother, that her death-bed lamentations would be for him, and that her last agonizing cry would be his name! She continued to repeat this sad exclamation until speech, sight, and pulse left her. The privy council then assembled[1] in the royal bed-chamber, demanding of the physicians to declare their opinions, who agreed that the queen's state was hopeless. All the members of the privy council withdrew, except the bishop of London, who remained near the insensible queen; but she never again manifested sufficient consciousness to speak or pray, although she, from time to time, showed signs of actual existence. As the privy council separated, the duke of Buckingham came to the duke of Ormonde, clapped his hand on his shoulder, and said, "My lord, you have four-and-twenty hours to do our business in, and make yourself master of the kingdom."[2] The military force was in the hands of Ormonde. Buckingham knew that a direct appeal to arms would be as useless as it was criminal; yet if any popular indication had coincided with his wishes, he had little doubt regarding which side Ormonde would have taken, but there was no such movement.

The great seal was put to an important patent by four o'clock the same day.[3] It was to provide for the government of the country by four-and-twenty regents, constituting

[1] Lamberty, ibid. The privy council, or some of the most responsible members, must have been assembled in the queen's chamber, because Lamberty says "*they quitted her*, but the bishop remained with her," &c.

[2] Marginal note, Carte's Memorandum-Book, marked vol. xi., pp. 4 to 13; 1714. Bodleian.

[3] Letter of C. Ford to Swift.—Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 173.

an *interregnum.* The act had been prepared for years, and enclosed in "*the* black bag," which the duchess of Marlborough exultingly intimates had long been a source of inexpressible horror to queen Anne, whensoever her thoughts glanced that way.[1]

Dr. Radcliffe, who had been, since noon, sent for from Carshalton to attend her majesty, returned for answer in the evening, "that he was ill, and could not come." The queen's friends were positive that, although the poor man was actually in a dying state himself, he could arrest the power of death, almost by looking upon the royal patient, for "the lord Gower had often been in the same condition as the queen with the *gout in the head,* and Radcliffe kept him alive many years." The privy council never sent any order to Dr. Radcliffe, nor was his name ever mentioned there, or by the queen herself; it was only lady Masham who sent privately an agonizing entreaty to summon him.[2] "I am just come from Kensington," writes Charles Ford, an official in the government and a correspondent of Swift, Saturday, July 31, "where I have spent these two days. At present the queen is alive, and better than could have been expected: her disorder began about eight or nine yesterday morning.[3] The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; while it was being done, the queen fell into convulsions, or, as they say, a fit of apoplexy, which lasted two hours, during which time she showed but little signs of life." At six in the evening of the same day, another anxious watcher within the palace-walls, Erasmus Lewis, one of the displaced secretaries, wrote to Swift,—"At the time I am writing, the breath is *said* to be in the queen's nostrils, but that is all. No hopes of her recovery. Lord Oxford is in council; so are the whigs.[4] We expect the demise to-night. There is every prospect that the elector of Hanover [George I.] will meet with no opposition, the French having no fleet,

[1] Coxe MSS. [2] Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 172.

[3] Thus reckoning the queen's illness only from Friday morning. Such was the official date of queen Anne's mortal attacks, while the ambassadorial reports of Hoffman and Bothmar declare she had raved that live-long night.—Lamberty.

[4] Much of Lamberty's intelligence is thus verified, line by line, by these subministers; they dared not put to paper the rest of his intelligence.

nor being able to put one out so soon. Lady Masham received me kindly: poor woman, I heartily pity her. Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up. A report had been carried into the city, during the course of Saturday afternoon, that the queen was actually dead; and, what was more infamous, stocks rose on it as much as three per cent.;" but that was really no disgrace to the queen's memory.

Again the rumour spread that her majesty's danger was over, and that she was fast recovering. She was prayed for in the daily service at St. Paul's cathedral,[1] but not in her own royal chapel of St. James;[2] and the omission there excited the surprise and anger of her anxious subjects. Dr. Mead, the whig physician, again manifested his chagrin when the queen seemed to rally and recover as the day advanced, and actually imbibed a little nourishment, although past the power of utterance. The council, which had sat through the preceding day and night, adjourned till eight next morning, having first despatched Craggs to Hanover by the Hague, laid embargo on all shipping, and ordered the Hanoverian envoy to attend with the black bag or box, wherein was deposited the authority for the regency in case of the demise of the queen.[3] It has been already observed, that the displaced minister, Oxford, had, at the first alarm of the queen's illness, sent round little billets to summon all the whig lords to the privy council, and when there, he continued to exert himself in favour of the Hanoverian succession.[4] The lords of the council sent to the lord mayor to take special care of the city; the trained bands were raised, and a triple guard sent to the Tower. All persons were deeply concerned among the populace at the state of the queen, as was visible by their countenances. Great solicitude was manifested regarding her, all the 31st of July, in the swarming and agitated streets; some reported she was better, others that she had died at eleven o'clock at noon. She was again prayed for in St. Paul's cathedral in the afternoon daily service, but nowhere else.

[1] Thoresby's Journal. [2] Ford's letter.—Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 171.

[3] Ford's letter.—Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 171; and Lamberty's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18me Siècle. [4] Ibid.

During the hours while the insensible queen was thus suspended over the abyss of eternity, other vigils were held in the recesses of her palace at Kensington, and other councils besides that one, the vigilance of which secured the throne to our present royal line. If the evidence of an enemy may be admitted, the "Jacobite members of the queen's household were greatly taken by surprise at her sudden and mortal attack, having shut their eyes to all symptoms of her danger, in strong reliance on a prediction which had given her years of life to come." One of the queen's physicians is charged with these defective conjurations; but Peter Rae[1] leaves his readers' imagination to rove over a formidable medical band without indicating the professor of the black art among them, further than that "one of her physicians, the most intimate with her, had pretended, by some other art [than physic], whether of calculation, magic, or other *infernal* speculations, to tell the great men of the royal household 'that the queen would live six years and a half.' This was certainly a reason why they were the more secure, and had not their design complete, and all orders and warrants in readiness for the execution thereof." So says this contemporary, but he comes to a false conclusion; for Anne would never have authorized any such warrants while she believed her existence would last one day.

"The first alarm of the queen's illness and surprising distemper," continues Peter Rae, "brought the whole Jacobite party to court: the great officers, as well as the privy councillors of the other sex, met in a certain lady's apartment. In these apartments business of the nicest nature in government used to be familiarly discussed. It was found that my lady [Masham] was with the queen, whereupon they sent for *the countess*." This lady had been watching by the queen for some hours, and had retired to take a little rest; she rose and dressed, but was ill and in tears when she entered the Jacobite

[1] Peter Rae's History of the Rebellion, p. 64. He evidently is guided by a curious pamphlet of that day, containing much authentic intelligence; it is called Two Nights' Court at Greenwich. Its name is derived from the circumstance, that George I. remained at the queen's house in Greenwich-park, (now the naval school,) the two first nights of his landing as king of Great Britain.

conclave. She is supposed to be lady Jersey, the widow of Edward earl of Jersey. Nothing could be done without lady Masham, who was sent for from the royal chamber. She entered in the utmost disorder, and without staying for any question, cried out, "Oh, my lords! we are undone; entirely ruined. The queen is a dead woman: all the world cannot save her!" Upon which, one of the lords asked, "if the queen had her senses? and if lady Masham thought she could speak to them?"—"Impossible!" returned lady Masham; "her pain deprives her of all sense, and in the intervals she dozes, and speaks to nobody."—"That is hard indeed," said another of the lords. "Could she but speak to us and give us orders, and sign them, we might do the business for all this."—"Alas!" said another lord, "who would act on such orders? We are all undone!" To whom another replied, "Then, my lord, we cannot be worse. I assure you, that if her majesty would give orders to proclaim her successor in her life-time, I would do it at the head of the army. I'll answer for the soldiers." The duke of Ormonde, commander-in-chief, is clearly indicated by this speech. "Do it, then," said Dr. Atterbury, the bishop of Rochester; "let us go out and proclaim the chevalier at Charing-cross. Do you not see that we have no time to lose?"[1] The *countess* begged them to waive debate, "for," said she, "there is nothing to be done; her majesty is no longer capable of directing any thing. She is half dead already; I'll die for her, if she lives four-and-twenty hours." The duke of Ormonde returned, "Lord, what an unhappy thing this is! What a cause is here lost at one blow! Is there no remedy?"

After some discourse they sent lady Masham to see if there was any alteration in the queen. She presently returned, and told them "It is all the same; she's drawing on. She dies upwards; her feet are cold and dead already." One of the secret conclave then proposed "to temporize for the instant, and on the last breath issuing from the queen, to proclaim the elector of Hanover, whom they would privately do their best

[1] This speech is not in Peter Rae's abstract of this council, but in his authority, the Two Nights at Greenwich.

to oppose; at the worst, they should all be exonerated, by pleading that they were the first and forwardest to proclaim him." The lords appeared stunned at this proposal; but one of them, turning to "the countess," said, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion?"[1]—"Let my opinion be what it may," she replied, "I see no other way. The queen will be dead to-morrow. Our measures are in no forwardness; all is disconcerted since the last remove, [meaning of Harley earl of Oxford from being lord treasurer]. To make any attempt would be to ruin ourselves, and help the establishment of those we hate. The successor must be immediately proclaimed; if we decline it, the whigs will do it with the greatest clamour, and will not fail to fall on us for not doing it. By all means do it, and receive the credit of it. Such is your only way."[2]

[1] Again Peter Rae has diverged from his authority. He puts a very long oration into the mouth of one of the lords, but to the same effect.

[2] The author received the following valuable communication from some courteous unknown correspondent. It will be observed, that the narrative agrees, in many circumstances, with Rae's Memorials, quoted above; and, as far as documentary historical biographers dare sanction any paper, the original of which has not been before them, we must say the coincidences with the whole tenour of the latter portion of the life of queen Anne are striking enough to induce belief in its veracity:—"When queen Anne was dying, Mr. Scott, of Brotherstown, a colonel of the guards, was on guard at the palace that night in which the queen died. He went to Dr. Arbuthnot, one of the queen's physicians, and desired the doctor 'to tell him whenever the queen was dead;' but the doctor told him, 'that he durst not.' Upon this the colonel desired the doctor 'to let him know by the sign of putting to the window a white handkerchief;' to which the doctor agreed. As soon as the queen was dead, Dr. Arbuthnot gave the sign; upon which the colonel went to the earl-marischal's house, and desired to see him immediately. The servant told the colonel 'that he was forbid to admit any person to his lordship till his bell was rung, as he was late up the night before, and it was yet very early in the morning;' but the colonel insisted on being admitted, as he had matters of great consequence to communicate to his lordship. He locked the room door, and then awaked his lordship, and desired him 'to rise immediately and proclaim the king, as the queen, his sister, was dead, which none out of the palace knew but him.' His lordship said, 'there might be danger in doing it;' but the colonel said, 'there would be none, if they did it without loss of time.' He assured his lordship, 'if he would draw out the guards immediately, and proclaim the king (James Stuart) at Charing-cross, he knew the duke of Ormonde was ready to do the same at the head of the army, and that he would take upon himself to secure the Tower;' but his lordship remained quite obstinate, and said, 'that it might cost them their lives if they failed in the attempt.' But the colonel repeated his assurance, 'that there was not the least fear, if done immediately;' and 'although they lost their lives, it was losing them in an honourable way,' and 'gave his word of honour, that if they were brought to a trial, he would do all in his power to save his lordship's life, and would declare, when on

Queen Anne drew her last breath between seven and eight o'clock, August 1, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign. Like her predecessor, she died on a Sunday morning. When the queen was released, the lords-regent commanded Addison, whom they had appointed their secretary, to announce the important event to the prince whom the choice of the nation had appointed her successor. The celebrated author was completely overwhelmed with the

the scaffold, that it was by his persuasion his lordship did it, he being a young man.' But all was to no purpose; he remained quite obstinate, and would do nothing, at which the colonel left him in a great passion. This conference was not known until after the battle of Sheriffmuir. Dr. Arbuthnot asked at colonel Scott, some time after, 'What he meant by being so particular about the queen's death?' but the colonel would not tell the doctor.

"When earl-marischal was retreating after the battle of Sheriffmuir, in company with Mr. Irvine, of Brackly, they being very much fatigued, his lordship threw himself down on the ground, and burst out a crying, which surprised Mr. Irvine greatly, who bade his lordship 'not lose courage, as he hoped soon to get to some place where they would get rest and refreshment.' His lordship replied, 'that it was not the fatigue they had undergone that day that distressed him, but that he had to answer for the death of all the men that were killed that day. Had he taken colonel Scott's advice at queen Anne's death, he might have saved his country by restoring the king when it was in his power.' And although 'we had then failed, I *would* have died with honour; whereas I *will* die now like a dog, unregretted;' upon which he told Mr. Irvine the whole conference that passed between colonel Scott and him at the queen's death, which surprised Mr. Irvine extremely. Mr. Irvine told this to Mr. Ogilvie, of Balbignie, colonel Scott's half-brother, and to Mr. Peter Smith, Methuen's brother. Some time after, colonel Scott came to Balbignie, where he met Mr. Irvine and Mr. Peter Smith. Mr. Ogilvie, in presence of these gentlemen, asked the colonel 'if the above conference had passed between the earl-marischal and him at queen Anne's death?' The colonel confessed it had; 'but desired it might not be spoke of while he lived, as it might lose him his commission, he being still in the army.' Mr. Ogilvie told his lady, who is still alive, and ready to attest the truth of it.

"Edinburgh, 30th April, 1768."

"Of this date I wrote the above, as dictated by Mrs. Agnes Haldane Dundas, and she read it to Mrs. Ogilvie, who said 'she was ready to give oath to the truth of the narration.' "CHARLES WILSONE."

"Glasgow, 18th November, 1812."

The reader will observe that many particulars coincide with the narrative above quoted. The only difficulty in the history is, wherefore so determined a man as colonel Scott seemed to be, should be entirely swayed by the decision of the earl-marischal of Scotland? seeing his guards were on English ground, and the commander-in-chief of the English army affected to be willing to do the same. The truth is, that every one of the Jacobites wished the proclamation to be hazarded by some one rather than himself. The guards indicated were probably the Scots Royals, the incorporation of which regiment or regiments into the force of the body-guards of queen Anne has been noted in the preceding chapters, —a circumstance not a little confirmatory of our anonymous correspondent's anecdote.

importance of his task, and while he was culling words and phrases commensurate in dignity to the occasion,[1] hours fled away,—hours of immense importance to the Protestant cause in England. At last, the regency was forced to call to its assistance Mr. Southwell, a clerk belonging to the house of lords, who announced to the elector of Hanover "that the British sovereign was dead, and that the throne was vacant," using the dry, technical phrases best fitted for tidings received, if not without positive exultation, certainly without affectation of sorrow. "On the Sunday morning, the proclamation of George I. took place," says Thoresby,[2] who witnessed it, "mightily to the satisfaction of all the people,"—of which there was the greatest concourse ever known, not only of the populace, but of the nobility and gentry, who attended in their coaches. The bishop of London and vast numbers of the clergy were likewise present. The next day, this witness of the peaceable recognition of the line of Hanover "went to prayers at St. Dunstan's, where king George was prayed for." Three days afterwards, he saw the triumphant entry of the duke of Marlborough, "who returned from a sort of voluntary exile, passing through the city of London in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback, and some of the nobility in their coaches, followed by the city trained bands."[3] This array was made to intimidate those who were inimical to the Protestant succession; and these persons reflected, with the utmost bitterness, on Marlborough, for assuming a demeanour so joyous and triumphant, when the corpse was scarcely cold of his early friend and benefactress. His grand coach broke down by Temple-bar, much to the satisfaction of the Jacobites.[4]

A fortnight afterwards, the good old antiquary, Thoresby, visited Westminster-abbey, to see the royal vault preparing to receive the corpse of queen Anne. It was with difficulty

[1] Tindal's Continuation. Addison was chosen secretary of the regency on this emergency. He was made secretary of state in 1717, the year after his wretched marriage with the countess-dowager of Warwick. The anecdote is recorded by Dr. Johnson, in his biography of Addison.

[2] Thoresby's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 245–248. [3] Ibid.

[4] Peter Rae's History of the Rebellion.

he made his way through the immense crowds that thronged to gaze on the last resting-place of their native princes. "It was affecting," says our moralist, "to see the silent relics of the great monarchs, Charles II., William and Mary, and prince George; next whom remains only one space to be filled with her late majesty, queen Anne. This sight was the more touching to me, because, when young, I saw in one balcony six of them that afterwards were kings and queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but all now entered on a boundless eternity! There were then present, king Charles and his queen Catharine, the duke of York, the prince and princess of Orange, and the princess Anne." He mentions with reverence the velvet, silver plates, nails, and hasps which adorned the royal coffins; but all this cost and magnificence is hidden from the eye, and now moulders with the silent dead.

A vast mass of conflicting statements exists relative to queen Anne, whose memory has experienced more than the accustomed portion of praise and blame that usually pertains to the royal dead. Anne never refused her regal assent to one bill tendered to her to be enacted into a law; no person was put to death in her reign for high treason,—circumstances which rendered it remarkable in English history. "As to her privy purse,[1] it was the poor's box, a perpetual fund for charity. And it appeared after her death, (for she made no ostentation of her charities, nor were flatterers employed to trumpet them about,) that several persons had pensions from the privy-purse,—pensions not given as bribes to do the dirty work of a minister, but merely out of charity for the support of indigent families. If she was frugal, it was to enable her to be generous, and she would have thought that she defrauded her people if she had been niggardly in order to lock up that money in chests which should circulate among them, or had sent it to foreign banks; and therefore all she could spare, she returned back again to them as their right. It

[1] From lord Chesterfield's estimate of the revenues of the house of Stuart, contained in a work entitled Common Sense, or the Englishman's Journal. It is attributed to this nobleman in the Catalogue of the Brit. Museum. Although troubled with a superabundance of quaint politesse, lord Chesterfield was a wise and beneficent statesman.

must be observed, that all this was done without any thing that looked like sordid saving,—no retrenching her servants at their tables, allowances, or perquisites; the hospitality within doors was equal to the charity without."

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a member of the house of commons, was fiercely attacked there by a friend of his, who was rendered desperate by his sorrow for the demise of the queen. To this the physician replied by a letter of remonstrance, in which he thus mentions the deceased sovereign; the date August 3, 1714:—

"I could not have thought that so old an acquaintance and so good a friend as sir John always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows that my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability, and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety than the death of that glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physician that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare that nothing was omitted for her preservation. But the [political] people about her,—the plagues of Egypt fall on them! put it out of the power of physic to be any benefit to her.

"I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well, to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise. However, ill as I was, I would have *went* to the queen in a horse-litter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell sir John as much: his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend. Thank Tom Chapman for his speech made in my behalf. I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly. I should be glad to see him at Carshalton, since the gout tells me that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together."[1]

Dr. Radcliffe, whose reminiscences are connected with the last moments of all the royal personages of the English revolution, did not survive queen Anne many months, and his death was reported to be in a manner involved with her own. There was a large portion of the people who passionately lamented the last of their native line of sovereigns, and with these Dr. Radcliffe became an object of detestation, because the idea had gone forth among them, that he might have saved "good queen Anne, and would not." It is said that he dared not quit his house, on account of his dread of being torn limb from limb. Indeed, a letter of his is extant, in which he affirms that he had received many threatening missives, promising "that he should be pulled in pieces if he ventured to London."

[1] Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. pp. 174, 175.

However, he was not a man to be intimidated, and it is evident, by the conclusion of his letter above quoted, that he knew his fiat had gone forth by reason of his personal ailments, and that he could never again sit in the house of commons. He died on the 1st of November following, only surviving his royal patient three months.

That the melancholy struggle of the unhappy queen with conflicting rights and duties brought her to the grave prematurely, is the expressed opinion of her own domestic physician, Dr. Arbuthnot. There is true attachment and deep tenderness in the manner in which he speaks of the departed queen, when all regard to her memory was, to say the least, no great advantage to those who were seen to mourn for her. "My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination;[1] they could not exceed certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her. It surprised her suddenly, before she had signed her will, which, no doubt, her being involved in so much business hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate that she had been persuaded (as is supposed by Lowndes) that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I had figured to myself all this melancholy scene twenty times, and even worse, if that be possible, than happened; so I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants, some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, [George I.] which several people that know him very much commend." Thus lady Masham had not gathered riches, or even competence, by her services to queen Anne. It will be remembered that her majesty had been extremely opposed to Harley's resolution of making the humble attendant a peeress; no doubt, the difficulty of building a competent fortune had perplexed the queen. As to queen Anne's will, the royal personages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were fully convinced of the uselessness of such documents. "The

[1] Arbuthnot to Swift, vol. ix. p. 196.—Scott's Swift.

wills of sovereigns are never obeyed after death," said Louis XIV., not long afterwards; "perhaps as some counterpoise to the having their wills implicitly observed during life."[1]

The suspicions of the tendency of queen Anne to the cause of her brother led the whigs to a resolution of dethroning her, which there can be little doubt they would have perpetrated long before, had it not been for the moderation of her successors. Glanville, the member for Hythe, was heard[2] to declare, "that the queen and her ministers' designs for the Pretender were well known, and the opposite party had resolved that the queen should not remain on the throne one fortnight; for which purpose they had 16,000 men in readiness, not," he added, "to begin first, but to resist the intrusion of the Pretender." That prince himself was deceived by the hopes grounded on the revived affections of the queen, his sister, to her family, if the following anecdote be authentic. "The chevalier St. George was at Luneville when he received the news of the mortal malady of his sister, queen Anne. He returned to Bar-le-duc to be present at the assembling of his council; as he entered, he said, "If the *princess* Anne dies, I am lost."[3] Yet, while queen Anne remained free from delirium, it is evident that she made the strongest distinction between her crime of stigmatizing her brother as a spurious heir, and the act (which was no crime, but an unavoidable necessity) of excluding him from the succession to the British throne as a Roman-catholic. It seems that her remorse for her sin regarding the first, which agonized her death-bed, has been too much confounded with her supposed intention of reversing the other; but there is no regal act of her life in contradiction to the settlement which strongly secured the succession to the elector of Hanover. That prince (the next lineal heir to the throne of Great Britain, who was willing at the same time to tolerate the church of England and to take the *new* coronation-oath as a Protestant sovereign) was proclaimed the same day, as George I. king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

[1] Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon.

[2] By the bishop of London, in 1740; Birch MS. 4226, f. 20.

[3] Coxe's MSS., vol. li. folio 1: French letter.

In perfect consistency with the moderation and honourable abstinence from intrigue to gain this vast accession of dominion, for which every one must allow George I. due credit, his majesty did not hasten his arrival in England, which remained six weeks without the presence of any sovereign; thus giving the people ample time by their acquiescence to confirm his succession. Lord Berkeley commanded the fleet which was despatched to Orange Polder, in Holland, to await the embarkation of George I.[1] according to his pleasure. The king did not hurry himself, for he arrived not at Greenwich until the 16th of September.

The loss of queen Anne was sincerely deplored in most pulpits throughout England, for she was deservedly beloved both by the clergy and the people. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, wrote an eloquent oration on the demise of his queen, which he preached with universal applause in Ireland. He had considered himself extremely happy in the choice of his text, as applicable to the first of August, the day of her demise, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Subsequently, he was appointed chaplain to the then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was requested by the archdeacon to preach for him at Cork on the anniversary of the accession of George I., which was, of course, on the first of August. Sheridan, struck with the date, and entirely absorbed in his regrets for the last of the Stuart sovereigns, drew forth from some dusty nook his former sermon of lamentation for the loss of his royal mistress, and preached it with an energy and pathos that drew tears from himself, and many a desponding Jacobite. Meantime, the Irish courtiers were transfixed with consternation. To preach an accession-sermon with such a text, "Sufficient for the day is the *evil* thereof! was a piece of audacity only to be paralleled by the papist White of Winchester's never-to-be-forgotten sermon at the funeral of the first queen Mary, delivered before her sister and successor Elizabeth, the tenour of which was, "that a living dog was better than a dead lion." Sheridan's sermon has been quoted as a remarkable effort of expiring Jacobitism; it was, how-

[1] Swift's Correspondence.

ever, but an instance of remarkable absence of mind,—one of those practical Irish bulls for which he was noted.[1]

Fewer elegies and epitaphs were written on the death of queen Anne, than for any previous sovereign of Great Britain. The only ode commemorative of this "queen of the high church" was produced by a dissenting muse. It is in vain to expect from Isaac Watts, in courtly poems, his own genuine style of holy simplicity, which has rendered his name deservedly illustrious. When William III. had departed to his place, Watts dedicated an ode to his memory, in which, in a fit of sectarian enthusiasm, he mistakes the king for an archangel, and finds it difficult to distinguish between—

"Gabriel, or William on the British throne."

Poetic beauty had long departed from royal elegies, and perhaps the performance of Watts equals any strain devoted to the monarchs of the Revolution, although, in the course of it, he does a little business in the courtier-line, by interweaving a curious eulogy on the advent of George I., the rising sun of himself and all his dissenting allies.

"Princess! the world already owns thy name;
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renowned. Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchased by an angel's death!

But, oh! the parting stroke. Some heavenly power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high,
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be the name.

Britons! forgive the forward muse,
That dared prophetic seals unloose,—
George is the name, that glorious star
Ye saw his splendours beaming far,
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies.

'Twas George diffused a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day.
His influence soothes the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Joined with the sun, his beams are hurled
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook."

[1] Epistolary Correspondence.—Scott's edition of Swift, p. 482.

Notwithstanding the paucity of elegiac odes on queen Anne's death, her memory was cherished with no little affection, many years after her demise, by a distinguished class of her subjects. Swift, who is usually supposed to have been her enemy and calumniator, never speaks of her but with deep reverence; in one remarkable letter, he mentions her as "our late blessed queen."[1] In one of lord Orrery's letters, dated as late as 1741, he says, "Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting statues and pillars to queen Anne."[2] Pope, in his poetical letter addressed to lord Mansfield, (when he was the elegant young Murray, the Apollo and Adonis of the English bar,) gives a sigh of regret, at once to his days of youth and to her memory, by alluding to

"The golden days of my queen Anne."

Among the lower orders, for some years after her death, a cry raised of her name had power to influence them. In the reign of George I., the notorious Edmund Curl was doing penance in the pillory for some of his libellous publications, when he took it into his head to say to the mob, "that he was put there for speaking well of the memory of good queen Anne." Upon which "messieurs the mob" laid aside the various missiles with which they had intended to assail him, and when he had stood his appointed time, escorted him to his own home with great respect. Edmund Curl had already lost both his ears for speaking amiss of the parliament,—these disgusting punishments not being abolished by the Revolution.

It was an age when all of biography that was suffered to be connected with history was comprised in laboured dissertations called *characters*. A moment's thought will suffice to show how partial or unjust a series of assertions must be, detached from narratives of the facts, or supposed facts, on which they are presumed to be based. In illustration of the fallacy of estimating royal personages like queen Anne, or her sister, Mary II., by such performances, here follow *two* characters[3] of queen Anne, both penned by her domestic traitress and

[1] Inedited autograph in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., Cavendish-square.

[2] Scott's Swift, vol. xix. p. 257.

[3] Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

spy, the duchess of Marlborough. The malignant "character" was composed by that person to ornament bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times, meaning to wound the memory of her benefactress beneath the shelter of his shield. The bishop did not think fit to avail himself of the proffered assistance.

"Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful, till she grew *exceeding* gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul and cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness, which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, and the same sort of bigotry in religion." This passage, being written for insertion in a party work, appeals to vulgar opinion. The slight contraction in the queen's eyes the writer perfectly well knew had been occasioned by violent inflammation in her childhood, and was not connected with temper. The duchess likewise well knew, and had experienced, that excessive indulgence, and not moroseness, in his family circle, was the fault of the unhappy James II., her own early benefactor. However, this libel was to have been published under bishop Burnet's mask. Thus does the creature of the bounty of those she maligns pursue her theme. "Queen Anne's memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable,—that she could, when she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves bound by truth and honour to remember, while she remembered all such things as others would have thought it a happiness to forget. Indeed, she chose to exercise it in very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles. So that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made more empty and trifling by its chiefly turning upon fashions and rules of precedence, or some such poor topics. Upon which account it was a sort of misfortune to her that she loved to have a great crowd come to her, having little to

say to them but 'that the weather was either hot or cold;' and little to inquire of them but 'how long they had been in town?' or the like weighty matters. She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; in weightier matters she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a *certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her* to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment." As the duchess was considered the queen's "dictator" for thirty years, she had ample opportunity of speaking on this trait of her character; but it only became apparent to her, when the dictatorship was transferred for a few years to another person. "The queen's letters," she continues, "were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless they were generally enlivened with a few passionate expressions,—sometimes pretty enough, but repeated over and over again, without the mixture either of diversion or instruction."

In point of orthography, there was little to choose between the letters of the queen and those of her censurer. They usually made the same mistakes; for instance, they both write *wigs* when they mean whigs, and this, in the midst of an ardent political controversy, often gives laughable equivoques to their discussions. Swift or Addison may be permitted to censure the orthography of that day, which vibrated between unsettled and obsolete words, but not a person who committed the same blunders with those she condemned in the queen. "Queen Anne's civility and good manners in conversation (to which the education of great persons naturally lead) were generally well enough, till, in her latter days, her new friends *untaught* her these accomplishments; and then her whole deportment was visibly changed to that degree, that when some things disagreeable to her own humour or passion have been laid before her, she would descend to the lowest and most shocking terms of contradiction. Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion; her love to the prince seemed, in the eyes of the world, to be

prodigiously great; but great as was the passion of grief, her stomach was greater. I know that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was entirely groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her." The testimony thus given among a mass of malice and misrepresentation, ought to be considered conclusive in the queen's favour, since there cannot exist a doubt, that if the malignant writer could have mentioned only one instance in which she had seen the queen guilty of this vice, she would have quoted it without scruple.

"Queen Anne's religion," continues the duchess of Marlborough, "was chiefly implicit faith, accompanied with the form and course of a sort of piety. She had a zeal for the church as for an infallible guide, and a devotion for churchmen to such a degree, as if she thought this sufficient to sanctify every other part of her conduct, and the churchmen repaid her civility in compliments and adorations. I have often blushed for her and her preachers, when I have heard it almost constantly affirmed to her face, with the most fulsome flattery, and to her great satisfaction, 'that all we enjoyed was granted by Almighty God as the reward of her piety and religion.' And, indeed, if religion consist in such zeal and such devotion, or in punctual and formal preparations for the communion, or the like, (as she had learned, without doubt, from such tutors as she was blessed with,) then it cannot be denied that she had as much religion as could be lodged in one breast." As the duchess of Marlborough was a daring freethinker, down to a late period of life, and (apparently) departed in the same state of mind, her opinion on matters of religion is of little consequence. She breaks out into rage in her next paragraph, where she endeavours to prove many crimes on the poor queen, which merely amount to the fact, that the political course she had to pursue and her lately awakened affections were diametrically opposite. Anne was certainly not the worse woman, because she did not persist to the end of her life in the obtuseness of feeling of

which her uncle, lord Clarendon, has left us so hideous a picture, when, in 1689, she was acting under the domination of her favourite, who was even then her ungrateful calumniator. It is indisputable that, notwithstanding the agony of her internal remorse, the queen expired without in any way impeding the settlement which the country had been necessitated to make of the succession. Therefore the following malignant charges fall short of their mark.

"If religion," continues the duchess, "be justice, truth, sincerity, honour, gratitude, or the like, then one cannot tell what to say; but let queen Anne's practice speak for itself,—her broken vows, her violated alliances, her behaviour to her *old friends* at home, her conduct to her good allies abroad, and the returns she made to her native country for an immense treasure of money and blood, spent for the vindication of her title and the security of her life. She would speak in public of her zeal for the Protestant succession, and once she surprised the nation with the news of a particular friendship between her and the house of Hanover; but God knows what she meant, unless it were to delude the ignorant part of her people, for as for her heart, there was proof enough in due time that it was engaged at another court, [St. Germains]; there was little of it left for that house [of Hanover], and it came to be accounted an affront to herself to allude to *it* in addresses to the throne. In most cases, queen Anne was insensible of what related to the public, and could, with great coldness and tranquillity, let an express, that was known to come with any important good news, lie unopened for half an hour, though she was alone and had nothing in the world to do, whilst all about her were waiting with the utmost impatience to know the contents of it. She loved fawning and adoration, and hated plain dealing, even in the most important cases. She had a soul that nothing could so effectually move as flattery or fear." How, then, came the person who is thus dissecting her character, to be able to sway her royal benefactress for thirty years? Either she had recourse to the same base means, or, if Anne did not require them, her witness is proved false and malicious.

"A sudden surprise in an unguarded moment, would make the truth sometimes discover itself in her look, or in some unlucky word; but if she had time and warning enough to learn her lesson, all the arguments and reasons in the world could *extort* nothing from her that she had not a mind to acknowledge. In such cases she seemed to have the insensibility of a rock, and would resolutely dissemble or disown any thing in the world; and by repeating one single answer in the same words, could tire out the patience, and elude all such inquiries as were disagreeable to herself." It is a serious loss to the world, that the duchess herself does not subjoin her *own* recipe for eluding a cross-examination when persons were pursuing a series of inquiries "disagreeable to *herself*." According to her system of ethics, a queen-regnant of Great Britain is criminal to the last degree, if not explicit in her answers to any questions the keeper of her gowns and cloaks chooses to ask her on state affairs!

"She had," continues the ungrateful recipient of forty thousand pounds of solid money,[1] "no native generosity of temper, nor was often known of herself to do a handsome action, either as a reward or as a piece of friendship. The diligence and faithfulness of a servant signified but little with her, where she had no passion for the person; and even to such as she professed to love, her presents were very few, and generally very insignificant, as fruit or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in former reigns. In a word, queen Anne had little zeal for the happiness of others, but a selfishness that was great enough to make every other consideration yield to it. She was headstrong and positive in matters of the utmost importance, and at last preferred her own humour and passion before the safety and happiness of her own people and of all Europe, which she had either not sense enough to see, or not goodness enough to regard. Whether her memory will be celebrated by posterity with blessings or curses, time will show." Time

[1] Portions for her daughters of 20,000*l.*, and as much out of the privy-purse as gratuity to herself,—at first refused, and then positively insisted upon. See the statement of the duchess in her printed "Conduct."

has seldom shown a retribution more frightful than this vituperation on a mistress so bountiful to this calumniator, as queen Anne had been from her infancy.

Now let us turn the medal, and read the reverse inscription by the same hand:—"Queen Anne had a person and appearance very graceful, something of majesty in her look: she was religious without affectation, and certainly meant to do every thing that was just. She had no ambition, which appeared by her being so easy in letting king William come before her to the crown, after the king her father had followed such counsels as made the nation see they could not be safe in their liberty and laws without coming to the extremities they did; and she thought it more for her honour to be easy in it, than to make a dispute who should have the crown first that was taken from her father. And it was a great trouble to her to be forced to act such a part against him, even for security, which was truly the case; and she thought those that showed the least ambition had the best character. *Her journey to Nottingham was purely accidental, never concerted*, but occasioned by the great fright she was in when king James returned from Salisbury; upon which, she said she would rather jump out of the window, than stay and see her father."

The falsehood of these assertions is proved by the letter of Anne to William, dated ten days before she absconded, in which she very deliberately mentions her intended flight; nor was there any occasion to perform the hazardous gymnastic of leaping out of a window of the Cockpit into the park to run away, because the princess, by the advice of lady Marlborough, had just had a pair of private stairs constructed, very convenient for the purpose of quietly walking out of the back-door. But to proceed with this inimitable document: "Queen Anne was never expensive, but saved money out of her 50,000*l.* a-year, which, after she came to the crown, was paid to prince George of Denmark, which was his by right. She made no foolish building, nor bought one jewel in her reign. She always paid the greatest respect to queen Mary and king William." Excepting a few trifling expressions, such

as calling William "Caliban," "Dutch monster," and vulgarer epithets, which occasionally occur in her correspondence with this candid friend, who (as king William's name was a strong party-cry just then) thought it best to scratch them out of her letters; yet, as the duchess of Marlborough made it a practice to show them to her party, a clue remained which rendered them legible under the erasures.[1]

However, to proceed with the laudatory character of queen Anne: "She never insisted upon any one thing of grandeur more than she had when her family [household] was established by king Charles II., though after the Revolution she was heir-presumptive to the crown, and after her sister queen Mary died, was in the place of a prince of Wales. The civil list was not increased on her having the crown, and lord Godolphin, who was treasurer, often said that, from not straining things to hardships, her revenue did not come, one year with another, to more than 500,000*l.* However, as it was found necessary to have a war to secure England from the power of France, she contributed, for the ease of the people, 100,000*l.* out of her own revenue[2] to lessen the expense in one year. Out of the civil list she paid many pensions given in former reigns, which have been since thrown on the public. She gave the first-fruits to be distributed among the poor clergy. Queen Anne was extremely well-bred: she treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals, and she never refused to give charity, when there was the least reason for any body to ask it. She likewise paid the salaries of most of her sister queen Mary's servants notwithstanding the hardships she had suffered in king William's reign; and, to show how good manager she was for the public, till a very few years before she died she never had but 20,000*l.* a-year for her privy-purse, which was vastly less than any king or queen ever had, (but at the latter end of her reign she had 26,000*l.*) which was much to her honour, because *that* is subject to no account. And, in comparison with *other* queens, [namely, of Mary II. and queen Caroline,]

[1] See the letters of Anne in chronological order, Life of queen Mary.

[2] This and the facts succeeding are verified from sources previously quoted.

queen Anne was as saving in another office,—that of the robes; for it will appear, by all the records in the Exchequer, where the accounts were passed, that in nine years she spent only 32,050*l.*, including her coronation expenses. I have put these facts together, for materials for the person who writes the inscription." And, actually, Dr. Hooke compounded a most laudatory character of queen Anne from this sketch, wisely omitting all the figments in the outset: Hooke, as a Jacobite, well knew how daringly false the Marlborough versions of the escapade from the Cockpit were. This fine character of queen Anne is still to be seen on the pedestal of her statue at Blenheim, where it stands to this day.

Those who have read the previous black character drawn of queen Anne by the same person, must think the contradictions between the two truly monstrous, and the emanation of a bewildered brain. Some candid persons, disposed to sentimentalize on the fierce duchess, have supposed that after a lapse of time her mind had softened towards her benefactress, and that she wrote the last character as a reparation for the first. But such inferences vanish before the fact, that the duchess herself favours the world with her motives in raising a statue at Blenheim to her former royal mistress, and adorning it with the laudatory inscription, the whole being, avowedly, not to do justice to queen Anne, but to vex and spite queen Caroline, the consort of George II. Here are her words: "This character of queen Anne is so much the reverse of queen Caroline, that I think it will not be liked at court."[1] In the middle of the last century, the duchess of Marlborough hated queen Caroline more than she did queen Anne: such is the real explanation of these discrepancies.

Other contemporary authors have mentioned traits of queen Anne according to their knowledge. When all are collected and examined, certain contradictions occur, for they do not enough distinguish between the actions of Anne in her youth, as an uneducated and self-indulgent woman, and the undeniable improvement in her character when the awful respon-

[1] Opinions of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

sibility of a reigning sovereign, whose practical duties were, at that era, by no means clearly defined, awoke her conscience to trembling anxiety for the welfare of her people. Much permanent good she assuredly did, and no evil, as queen-regnant, notwithstanding the ill-natured sarcasm of a whig politician, who, when mentioning her demise at an opportune juncture for the Hanoverian succession, declared that "queen Anne died like a Roman, for the good of her country."[1] But no sovereign was ever more deeply regretted by the people. The office of regality was, there is no doubt, a painful occupation to her, for her constant complaint was, observes Tindal, "that she was only a crowned slave,"[2]—the originality of which expression savours not of the dulness generally attributed to this queen.

Her very person is represented differently by those who saw her daily. "Her complexion was ruddy and sanguine; the luxuriance of her chestnut hair has already been mentioned; her face was round and comely, her features strong and regular, and the only blemish in it was that defluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood, had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance." Thus the frown that the duchess of Marlborough dwells on malevolently did not arise from ill-nature, but from defect of vision. The duchess has likewise given a malignant turn to a trifling incident arising from Anne's near-sightedness, quoted in her early life.[3] "Queen Anne was of a middle stature," observes another contemporary,[4] "not so personable and majestic as her sister, queen Mary. Her face was rather comely than handsome; it seemed to have a tincture of sourness in it, and, for some years before she died, was rubicund and bloated. Her bones were small, her hands extremely beautiful, her voice most melodious, and her ear for music exquisite. She was brought up in high-church principles, but changed her parties according to her interest. She was a scrupulous observer of the outward and visible forms of godliness and

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's Private Correspondence; Coxe MS.
[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, vol. ii. p. 370.
[3] Vol. vii. chap. i., Life of Mary II. and Anne, as princesses.
[4] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. pp. 303–6.

humility in public service; as, for instance, she reproved once the minister at Windsor-castle for offering her the sacrament before the clergy present had communicated," thus forgetting her position and dignity as head of the church.

If one of the bitterest of all her revilers, Horace Walpole, may be believed, queen Anne did not show reverence for the liturgy in her daily routine of private life. He says, that when queen Anne rose, prayers were read while her ladies dressed her, for the purpose of saving time, in the adjoining room. Now and then, the queen's ladies considered it proper to shut the door. One day, a very devout but unworldly chaplain being on duty, he ceased reading when the door was shut; and, to her great wrath, the lady of the bedchamber found he was not further advanced in the service when she opened the door of the queen's bed-room. "Why did you stop?" asked the lady, angrily. "Because, madam," replied the uncompromising clergyman, "I do not choose to whistle the word of God through a keyhole." Whiston, a man of sincere, although rather fanatical tendency of belief, is always mentioned as the person who made this remarkable rejoinder. The incident is attributed, by all but Horace Walpole, to queen Caroline, the consort of George II.; and it is certain that Whiston was the chaplain of that queen, and not of queen Anne, who disliked him on an imputation of Socinianism. Her government likewise brought him into some trouble, on account of his works being considered derogatory to the veneration due to the holy Trinity. These circumstances totally acquit queen Anne of this widely known but undeserved stigma, which has been fastened on her memory by the wicked wit of Horace Walpole, who thought the story too good to be lost, and dared not give it to the right owner. Great ladies had, in those days, a bad custom of proceeding with the affairs of the toilet during prayers, which was severely satirized in one of the old plays of that era, where the fashionable belle is described preparing for her morning toilet by saying her prayers in bed to save time, while one maid put on her stockings, and the other read aloud the play-bill.

The duchess of Marlborough acquits her royal mistress of all this reckless profanity at private prayers, by abusing her as a "godly, praying idiot," when in the seclusion of her chamber.[1] "Her life would have lasted longer," says another contemporary, who cannot forgive the harassed, world-wearied queen for dying at a political crisis, "if she had not eaten so much,—a propensity not derived from her father, king James, who was most abstemious, but from her mother. I say," continues Coke, "she supped too much chocolate, and died monstrously fat; insomuch that the coffin wherein her remains were deposited was almost square, and was bigger than that of the prince, her husband, who was known to be a fat, bulky man." There are prints extant, representing the queen's coffin when placed by her husband in the Stuart vault;[2] if they may be depended upon, both Coke and Thoresby, who went to see the lying in state of queen Anne, have exaggerated, when they represent her coffin as a square every way.

The queen's effigy in wax was certainly prepared for the purpose of being placed on her coffin. It is still in Westminster-abbey, and represents her as a very tall, as well as a very large woman. As it is the only funeral memorial that remains of this queen-regnant, it ought not to be destroyed. The antiquarian, Thoresby, followed the royal remains, and watched the final process which shut them from the world. "The lords justices [lords of the regency] had resolved to bury the queen on Sunday the 22nd of August; but as, meantime, they received letters from George I., with directions that her majesty's body should be interred with all the pomp and decency consistent with a private burial, the ceremony took place on Tuesday the 24th, when she was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel with great solemnity."[3] The difference implied by the terms public and private funeral seems to be, that the latter took place at night, or in the evening, by torch-light. "There had been," observes Thoresby, "a

[1] Coxe MS., Brit. Museum. Lord Dartmouth, in his Notes to Burnet, repeats this term, which is besides to be found among the MSS. of the duchess.

[2] Crowle's Illustration of Pennant's London.

[3] Rae's Hist. of the Rebellion, p. 73.

new vault made on the south side of Henry VII.'s chapel, in which the corpse of Charles II., and that of his nephew William III., of queen Mary, and prince George of Denmark lie. Here the remains of queen Anne were deposited, and there being no more room left, the vault was bricked up, having thus received the last sovereign of the royal name of Stuart that was ever destined to wear the regal garland of this realm."

Mourning rings for queen Anne were worn by the ladies of her household.[1] The ring is a heart-shaped locket, enclosing the queen's fine silky hair,—brown, slightly mixed with grey. The crystal is surmounted by a little crown of jewel-work, exquisitely modelled in gold, with a few diamond sparks. Inscribed at the back of the locket, which is of solid gold, are the words ANNA REGINA, with her age, and the date of her decease in Roman characters. No monument, not so much as the simplest tablet, marks the spot where queen Anne rests; nor could the humblest female pauper that ever breathed her last in a workhouse, repose less distinguished in death than this queen of Great Britain. The church of England owes her some memorial, for she deprived herself of much personal pomp and magnificence in order to benefit the church: she stands indubitably at the head of the short but illustrious list of Protestant founders. In ancient times, when a monastery or a college was endowed, the tomb of the founder was carefully preserved, and gratefully regarded through succeeding ages; but vainly may we ask for the monument of the foundress of 'the Bounty' which amplified the scanty livings of that church, the clergy of which are (as often observed) the worst and the best paid of any in the world.

Although queen Anne was, before she departed this life, on friendly terms with the king of France, she made no effort to afford sepulture to the uninterred bones of her father, and that duty finally devolved on a distant kinsman. In fact, the body of James II. remained unburied for a century after his

[1] A mourning ring of the kind, which has furnished the above description, was given after the decease of the queen to one of her ladies, Mrs. More, from whom it descended to Mrs. Buchanan, who at present possesses it. Her maiden name was Irene Pearce, and the ring was a treasured heirloom in her family.

daughter's death, and the circumstances regarding it form the last extraordinary incidents in the history of the regal personages of the house of Stuart. Lights were kept burning round the hearse of James II. until the French revolution. The church of the Benedictines, in the fauxbourg St. Jacques, was then desecrated;[1] but when the revolutionists opened the coffin of James II., they found the corpse entire, and in an extraordinary state of preservation. James had always been greatly beloved and revered in France, and at the sight of his remains, the crowd were seized with superstitious awe, and they were defended from those who would have destroyed them. How strange, that the bones of the stranger and the exile in the land should be reverenced, when those of the royal personages of France were disinterred and profaned! The municipal authorities took possession of the hearse and body; but the people crowding to see them from all parts of Paris, and being willing to pay for the sight, the functionaries charged from a sous to a franc for admission, and made the show of our king's corpse a profitable concern.[2] Will it be

[1] It has since been turned into a cotton-spinning factory.

[2] The incidents here detailed and reduced to narrative were carefully collected by personal inquiry from the traditions of Paris and of St. Germains, and from the information of some family connexions of the author, who attended the long-delayed funeral. Since the earlier editions of this biography, the truth of the above statement has been curiously corroborated by an eye-witness, a Mr. Fitzsimons, an Irish gentleman, who had attended the late sir William Follett as teacher of languages at Toulouse; he has published the following reminiscences in Notes and Queries, vol. ii. p. 243:—"During the French revolution of the Terror, I was prisoner in the convent of the English Benedictines, rue St. Jacques. In the year 1793 or '94, the body of James II. was still in one of the chapels there, awaiting interment in Westminster-abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again in one covered with black velvet. While I was there, the *sans-culottes* broke the coffins to get at the lead, to cast bullets. The body lay exposed a whole day: it had been embalmed. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hair and nails were very fine. I moved and bent every finger: I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth: I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet, also, were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes, and the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my fingers. Money was given to the sans-culottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sans-culotte, and that they were going to put him into a hole in the churchyard, like other sans-culottes; and the body was carried away, but where thrown I never heard. Around the chapel of St. Jacques several wax moulds were hung up, made, probably, at the time of the king's death: the corpse was very like them."

credited that, in the midst of the infidelity of the Revolution, whispers went of miracles performed by the corpse of James II.? Robespierre ordered the body to be buried, which was not done, but it was carefully and reverently preserved. When the allies came to Paris in 1813, the body of the unfortunate James II. still remained above ground, and the strange circumstance being mentioned to George IV., he generously ordered the bones of his kinsman to be carried in funeral procession from Paris to St. Germains, and there interred in the church. The long-delayed funeral of James II. then took place with royal grandeur. No mourners of his lineage attended his coffin on its return to St. Germains, for his race had passed away; yet his people followed him to the grave, for most of the English in Paris, setting aside all religious and political differences, attended the *cortège* in the deepest mourning. The indications of respect were extraordinary. Every English person behaved as if following the coffin of a beloved sovereign, who had died only the previous week.

George IV. directed a monument to be raised in the church of St. Germains to the memory of his unfortunate predecessor. It is of white, grey, and black marble, and, notwithstanding its simplicity, it possesses some elegance. An inscription in Latin marks the name and rank of the deceased, and the fact of his interment in 1813. James II. is the only British sovereign deceased between the year 1603 and 1813, to whom a funeral monument has been raised. So closes the last historical incident relating to our ancient royal line.

THE END.

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

LIVES OF THE QUEENS.

THE END.

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